

SIX MONTHS  
AT THE  
WORLD'S FAIR.

STEVENS.

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AT  
THE WORLD'S FAIR

MRS. MARK STEVENS.

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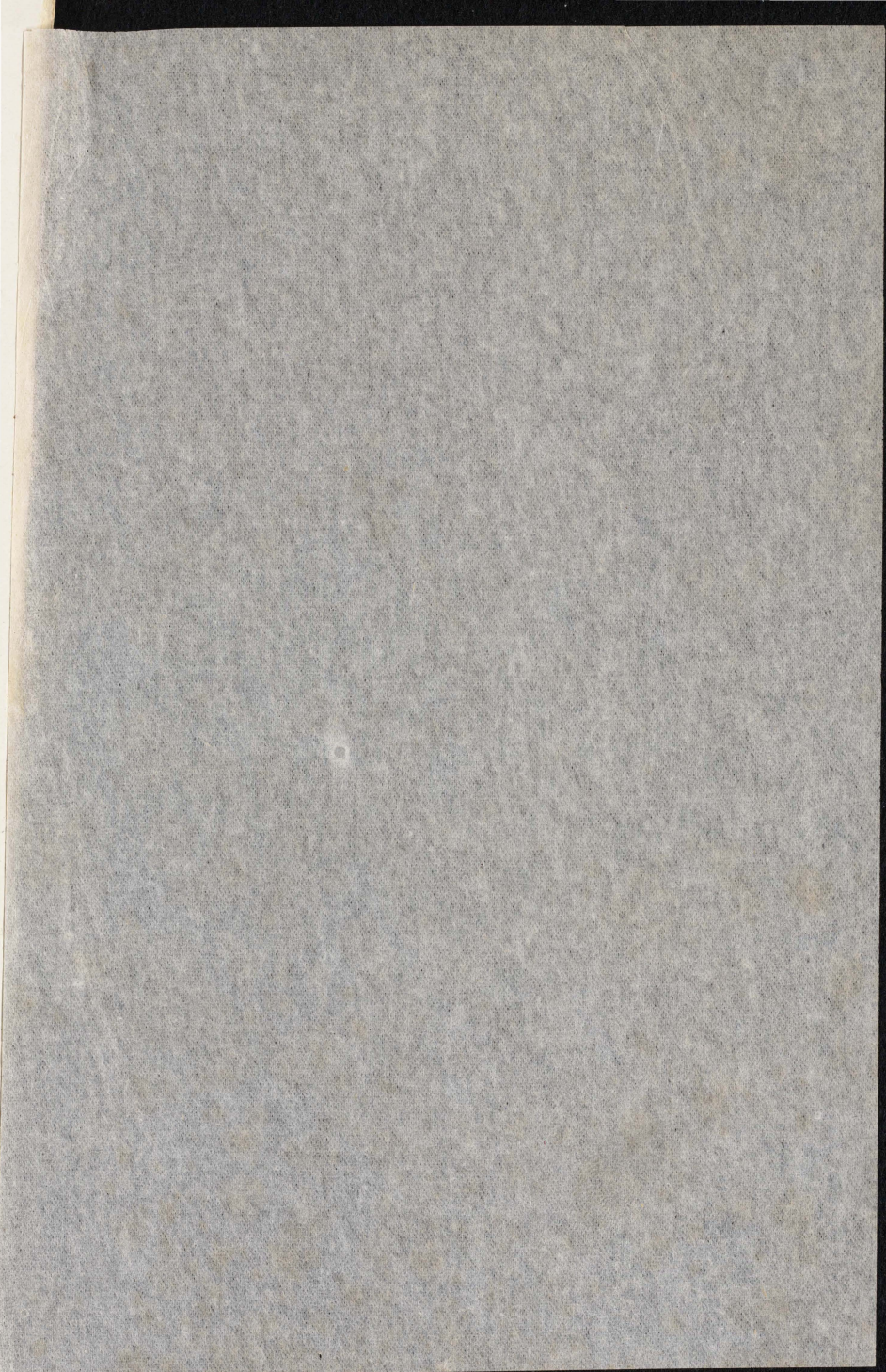
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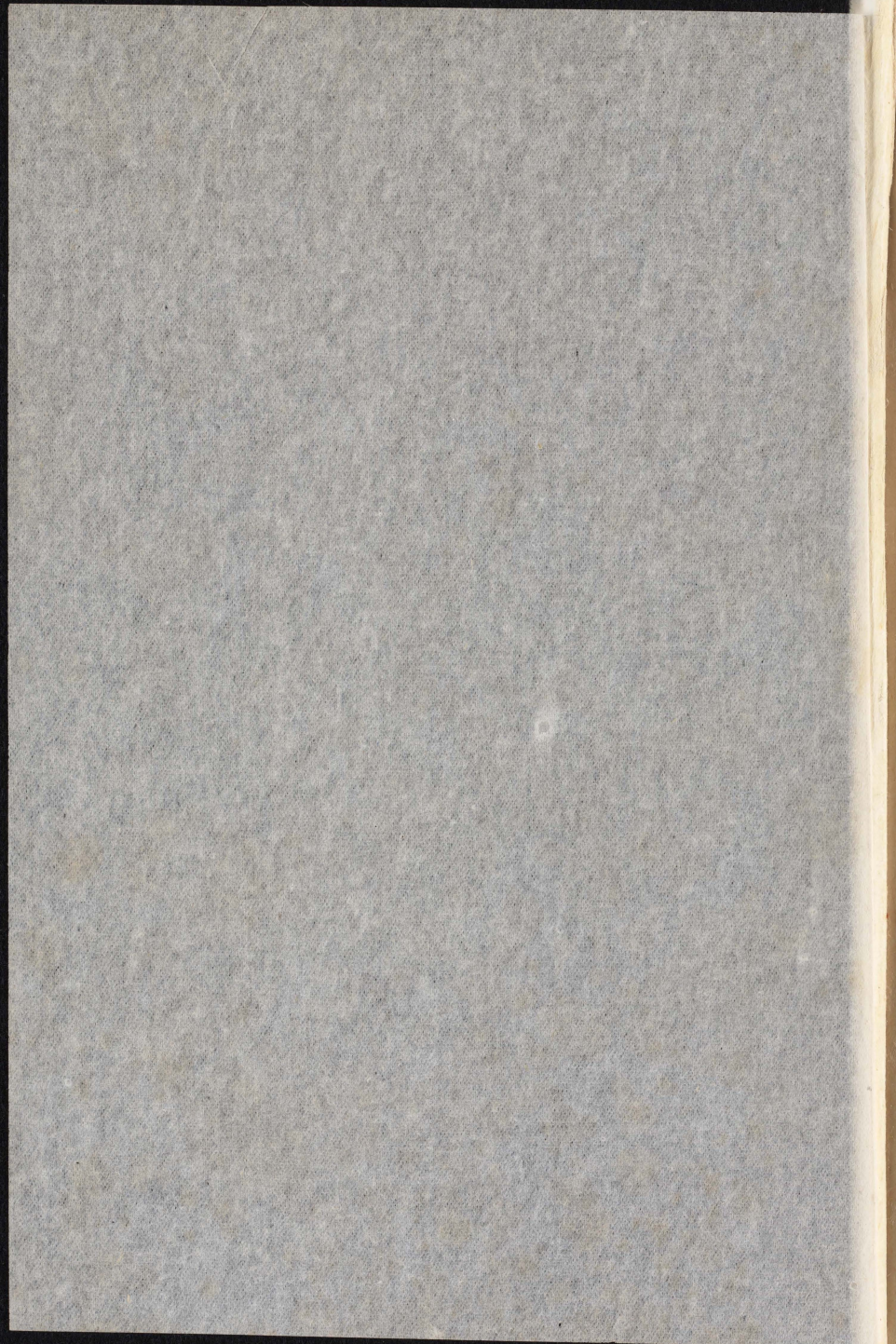


Yours Truly  
Mrs Mark Stevens











SIX MONTHS  
AT THE  
WORLD'S FAIR

BY MRS. MARK STEVENS.

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A LITTLE HERE AND A LITTLE THERE OF THE  
GREAT WHITE CITY—THE WORLD'S FAIR.

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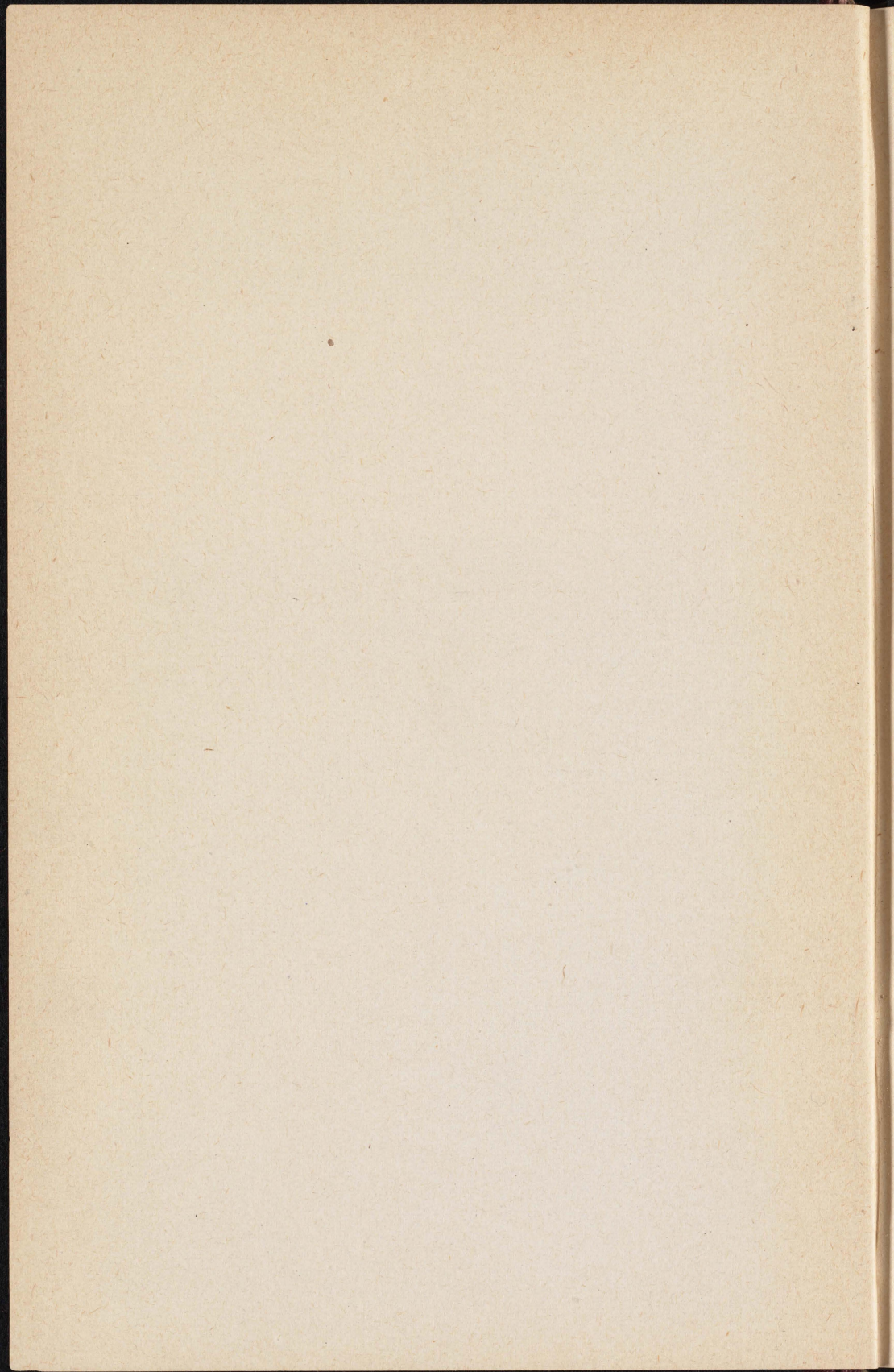
TO

THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH

AND

WORLD'S FAIR FRIENDS.







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## INTRODUCTION.

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No one regrets more than the writer that every country and State could not receive full mention. However, the topic "A Letter to the Scribe" will bring in some short notices, while the Western States, especially the youngest, have in some cases had more attention bestowed upon them than upon the others. For lack of space but little could be said upon any, and as the Western States are the most interesting, the aim has been to commence their earliest history, leading on quickly to '93, into World's Fair history.

Statistics have been mentioned in a slight way, and as little as possible, the aim being to relieve it of dryness by way of weaving in some romance, while accompanying the reader over the ground from one point of interest to another.

Everyone in the Fair was kind and "too lovely for anything," except that English Guard and those three French ones; the first being spoken of in the Victoria House, the others in France.

When asked if it were possible to write "Midway" decently, the answer quickly came, "Yes;" the instruction found there was in many respects of inestimable value, while amusements were to be seen galore, strange people and their sayings, the advertising of many fakirs at doors of their shows, while sellers frantically waved articles of merchandise before us, yelling "nicey," "goody," "cheapy," until we were thoroughly impressed what great salesmen these dark shadowy sons of the desert were.



Every exhibit of interest, like the Hawaiian Panorama, has received due notice, and some attention has been paid to the people of every country.

"An evening on Midway" gives but a slight idea of the performances given by staid, dignified Americans.

With these remarks now is launched on the broad sea of literature, a pirate-like appearing bark, laden with "Six Months at the World's Fair." Whether or not it is fair sailing over a summer sea under a sky of blue, or goes down into the stormy trough of the sea, its wreckage being completed by the fiery darts of criticism shot from out a black, heavy cloud hanging low in the east, remains to be seen. So, if it shares the fate which many other storm-beaten barques have suffered, going to the bottom never to rise, not a vestige of the wreckage ever floating to shore, then the verdict will be, "That humanity has been spared much martyrdom," and they have escaped gazing upon the last lines of this topic, which are the scribe's heartfelt sentiments toward humanity.

"Your goodness, your sorrow, your hopes for to-morrow,  
Your cause you so nobly defend;  
Your glory and gladness, your grief and your sadness,  
Are mine, too, for I am your friend."



# SIX MONTHS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

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## TWO MONTHS BEFORE THE FAIR.

Hundreds beside the scribe who were guests at the Hyde Park Hotel will not forget the pleasant life there. The days were filled with work for all officials from every part of the globe, but in the evenings, which were spent by them as guests in the great parlors, all met on the common plane of sociability. The great Exposition being of intense interest to all, never was the helpful spirit of broad-minded philanthropy, combined with real interest to be helpful to each other, more greatly manifested.

In those evenings were held conversations by brilliant men and women of letters, when flashed forth wit and repartee, clear and pure as the lights in a diamond. Among them were musicians of high attainments, and through the great rooms rolled "waves of melody" from Russian masters, played by Count Datoll, the Russian ambassador under the Czar. Often wandering minstrels, with harps and violins, would station themselves near the marble staircase inspiring all to impromptu dancing. As an English lady said:

"This is just Bohemian enough to be spicy," as lords, dukes and counts politely led the ladies out to trip "the light fantastic."

A pretty sight it was to see richly robed ladies from over the whole world chaperoning young girls, looking airy, neat and sweet in light, fine-textured costumes. On warm evenings windows were raised, then floated out on the air the rich combination of an Italian tenor, a French bass, an English alto, and an American soprano. Then elocutionists added their no small mite.



Every day the hotel register contained a long list of new arrivals, and we were not mistaken in knowing what country they came from, on looking at their features, but the "Midway" parties were refreshing affairs, for on the morning of arrival of natives from different lands, we were all there from "Hyde Park" to welcome Egyptians, Sudanese, Turks, Bedouins, Arabs, Japanese, etc. They were all excitement and wonder over Americans, sidling about them in great curiosity as they noticed their manners and dress.

A few Arabs and Turks spoke broken English. A blue-robed boy, whom we named "Toby," rushed up to us, wildly shaking a string of beads and bells, yelling:

"Donkey come. Me ride, me bet, me win."

We found out that he meant the donkeys would arrive the next day, and about their necks would be placed strings of beads and bells. A young Egyptian, dressed in a blue robe of fine texture, wearing a fez to match, both of these were embroidered in gold, handed us his card, bowed like a courtier, and stated in very good English he wished a position as a lady's servant, that being the capacity in which he served in Egypt.

Eyes like night, set in faces of Oriental women, peered from behind latticed windows; a black giant strode majestically back and forth guarding the door of this building. A few evenings later some wicked Americans came and gave him "something" out of a bottle, causing him to yell and bound like a deer, half as high as the buildings of the streets of Cairo. It so happened that he was placed in a patrol-wagon which afterward took in a company of Indians and cowboys from "Buffalo Bill's" show. The cowboys were not under arrest, but went along to see the "fun," and decided to plead the Indians' and giant Arab's cause. As they stepped in before the justice, it did not take long to join hands and form a circle about the judge, giving a war dance, whooping, while he cowered back in mortal terror, the policemen standing helpless with clubs at their sides, as the Arab, with one bound, cleared the long table fronting the judge.

Presently one of the cowboys stepped in front of him, saying:

"Yer honor, I'm a pleader to these 'uns. They're not drunk; they're just drunk; that's all."

The amused judge, thoroughly alive to the funniness of the occasion, asked questions after this fashion:



"What are you not up for?"

The cowboy motioned the Arab to the table. With one bound he was upon it, falling with it as its legs spread in every direction.

"Now, judge," says their pleader, "don't keep them in suspenders. Don't rob them of their feathers, trappings, and—"

"Their colossal dignity," says the judge, as was wafted to his nostrils the dying aroma of liquor, causing him to say, in a weak, yet tragic voice:

"You may go on suspended sentence."

When in the streets of Constantinople, we passed into a long building; the walls being richly draped with Turkish materials and decorated with armor, shields, helmets and swords, ages old. We were politely welcomed by Tadella Bey, a Turkish gentleman, who kindly escorted us to another building, where was a beautiful room representing the sleeping apartments of the Sultan. In the center was a solid silver bedstead; rich Turkish rugs were on the floor, while drapings of silk adorned the ceiling and walls. Unique stands were inlaid with mother of pearl, upon one rested a Turkish pipe. The smoke is inhaled through a long rubber tube, after it has passed through the water in the globe, which has a pipe attachment; so we suppose, if the Sultan wished he smokes in bed, allowing the smoke to escape as he desires from his royal mouth or his aristocratic nostrils.

A princess died on this bedstead, and superstition teaches them that no other relatives must sleep upon it, or they will suffer "the death" immediately. In such an event the bed is worthless to the relatives, so it is sold to strangers.

Tadella Bey secured this for \$25,000. It was massive and magnificent. Large twisted corner posts stood eight feet high; from the top of each ran silver bars, meeting in a canopy overhead. About these twined grape vines, heavy with leaves and grapes; these running to the raised center-piece, from which hung a cluster of pomegranates, plums, and nectarines. Hanging in luxuriance from the top of each post were clusters of fruit.

The base of the bed was handwrought in curious, open-work patterns; so high was it that when ready for occupancy it was climbed into by a silver ladder with six steps.

Leading from this room was a long hall, where we



looked upon elegant portieres, draperies, rugs, and old armor, covered with the corrosions of age.

Many were the cold, muddy walks taken over the grounds, through unfinished buildings, with their partly unpacked exhibits, which caused us to slyly peek and see all we could, regardless of guards, whose strict orders were for people to "pass on;" climbing over flat cars to look at various things and wonder where they came from, and where we would see them next.

Before the gates opened for the Fair, the keepers were not really particular, for often we asked them if they were not inclined to look in an opposite direction from us. One always replied: "It is not necessary, as I have dreadful spells of blindness, and one of them has just come on. While I yet cannot see, pass through, ladies, and if you are as sorry as you profess to be for me, tell no one; then I'll not have to die 'the death.'"

On every occasion the same cheery reply was wafted back to him: "You're our 'dahling Cholly,' and we'll not tell."

Later on, when one of the ladies held a pass and the rest of her party did not, she told him she "was fresh from the kentry, and dasn't stir a blessed step without the rest of them," they chiming in:

"We're all farmers, and dasn't budge an inch without we're all together."

"Fresh people should not be separated, and I am above committing such a sin. I have another of those blind spells."

As we turned our steps toward the Wellington Restaurant, situated on the second floor of Horticultural Hall, our usual response flashed back to him, "You're our 'dahling Cholly,' " etc.

"Ladies of the Hyde Park," you remember that day on which we visited the greenhouse, looking upon fields of Persian violets of every hue, then passed into another glory of primroses, which were three times larger than a silver dollar, where were Cinanaries, Alconas, and thousands of others in bloom? Then we retraced our steps to the Horticultural Building and passed through "Crystal Cave," which was situated under a center-piece of rocks and earth, making a mammoth mound over which vines trailed. It was set with stately palms twelve and fifteen feet high. A century plant loaned by Mrs. Mark Reeves, of Richmond, Ind., stood twenty-five feet high.



Commencing January 1st, 1893, at 11 a. m., it was found that it grew in height, up to February 21st, 718 inches. This plant was introduced to gardens in 1840. There was the *Cygas Virginalis* from the East Indies, over thirty feet in height. Great beds of Cacti, of every class. From the top walls of buildings trailed the Cobia vine, and over trellised pillars it clung, where birds nestled and chirped as they built their nests or flitted about in the forests from Alabama or among fig, orange and lemon trees in bloom.

The sacred banyan tree, resembling the flat-leaved cedar, is used by the Japs in landscape gardening. One, over one hundred years old, rested in a unique vase of Kyoto white, decorated with birds and flowers of blue. The tree died from the effects of the long journey.

Everywhere were busy workmen. A Jap chiseled marble ornaments for a finish to his bamboo bridge; a Swede, assisting him, in broken English said: "Bring you hammer," at the same time striking his fist against the woodwork of the bridge to make himself understood.

Men sprayed the trees and plants with nicotine diluted in water. Outside the building grew palms and cacti twenty and thirty feet high. From the sides of the cacti sprang new bulbs. A wag acting like a country lout drew about him a crowd as he directed their attention to the "gol dern great big cowcumpers, with little cowcumpers growin' out on 'em."

In the pond fronting the building east were pink, white, yellow, and purple lilies resting on broad green leaves. Last of all on that day we passed through a large, long room, where over two hundred women and men were making, on sewing machines run by electricity, hundreds of yards of bunting into flags of every nation.



## REMINISCENT AND RETROSPECTIVE.

The glory and grandeur of the beautiful "White City," fraught with happy recollections, is forever a thing of the past. Never again will we see such sights or hear such a conglomeration of all languages, in various forms of words called out by fakirs, as did we when passing from South Park Station under the Illinois Central Railroad tracks and along the route to the Fifty-seventh street entrance.

Nothing drowned the sound of their voices, or their energetic efforts to sell their wares, except the cars, which if, perchance, thundered over our heads, caused us to run a foot race to escape the frightful combination of noises and "bein' as how" the scribe and some others came from the "kentry," these things frightened us badly. Those "keers" thundering over our heads appalled us, and no array of finest rhetoric could convince us but that some time, under these very tracks, we'd be "mashed" for the last time. However, kind Providence was favorable to His children, and fewer accidents happened, perhaps, than was expected. One phase of humanity is to know as little as possible of fatalities, which, in their sympathetic helplessness, they are unable to prevent or undo. Many natures are so constituted as to feel every hurt given a fellow-creature, yet they would hold the maimed, disfigured victims of the most terrible catastrophe lovingly in their arms, doing all in their power to sustain them in comfort, if 'twere possible, until the final agony was passed, and their spirits had winged themselves to other worlds.

Prof. Winchell says:

"Who knows but the mansions promised by the Master are situated in the many different worlds."

Constantly it will be found that it has been impossible for the scribe not to "switch off," and now that she has struggled back into the surging crowd pouring toward Fifty-seventh street entrance, finding on every side jostling, good-natured people, she begins to feel that she is again gaining supremacy of the situation. Upon all sides could be heard the shrill-voiced advertising of fakirs; trusting you'll enjoy this, that it sounds natural:

"Here's where you get yer fifteen-cent lunch."

"Here's yer sisslin' hot Frankforts; three for ten cents. Last yer all day." (Yes, a lifetime.)



"Here's nice cold chicken meat, just as good as ever ye eat." "Here's yer ice cold lemernade, like yer mother useter made. It's makin' while yer waitin'."

"Smoked glasses make yer handsome; save yer eyes. Folks struck blind, deaf and dumb, ef they be goin' inter the grounds without these beautifiers."

"Here's yer 'ficial catalogue. Can't find the buildin's nor nothin' in 'um if yer don't buy."

"Cheapy, nicey, good," yelled an East India man, swinging his wares frantically about.

"Guide book—can't guide yerselves. Gives full directions. 'Ficial program of the day only one cent. Miss all the fun and sights without it."

An Italian played on an accordion "Ta-ra-ra-a-boom-de-ay," singing a jargon of words sounding like "Hornica-snookery-hornica-snook," to the end of the air, while a child danced among the people, kicking their shins and holding out her tambourine for pennies.

"Ladies and gentlemen, don't go by the greatest show on earth. Ye'll regret it to yer dyin' day. Here's where ye'll see the two-headed pig, the double twisted Lord-a-massa, the Indian-rubber man, who stretches his chist skin over his hull face; has the stretchinest skin in the worl'."

"Sweet Marie" pealed forth from a hand-organ turned by the blind, while into the tin cup held out to them by a monkey sympathetic ones hastily threw pieces of silver.

With nerves at highest tension all hurried through the gates of the World's Fair grounds. Wafted to the ear were strains of "Marguerite," played by the big organ run by machinery, which rested the ladies' brass band of Fenton, Michigan, who sat on the flat, long roof of the entrance into the Esquimaux village, which natives paddled about in the lagoon, dressed in skins, running out their tongues and making faces at the crowd. Boatmen plied down the stream removing green slime and scum from the waters, showing how, in every particular, the laws of health were observed. All night large forces of men cleaned the streets and lawns, while through the day men went about with bags, picking up everything, so that no piece of paper as large as a penny could be seen. Wagons ran all night carrying rubbish to the southwest portion of the grounds, where it burned night and day, as did the offal outside the City of Jerusalem.

Every one carries in memory some specially pleasing feature of the Fair. All say it was the greatest event of



their lives, and it has given value and verity to all other things. There never was and may never again be anything so grand or of like interest that will be as uplifting and ennobling. Imperial leaders and their magnificently uniformed bands were there from all over the world and from every State in the Union.

Thomas and Sousa, leaders of band music in America,—we repeat only what is already known of them—they are past masters in their profession. Ruscheueyh, the royal Prussian director, with his famous band, was stationed in the Austrian village. Try as we may, language is incapable of describing such melody as they made. Every one had their favorite band, but the officials who were there throughout the Fair felt they could place no choice on any particular band, the music of all was so pleasing.

There was the grand Mexican brass and string band; Ziehrer and Herold, leaders of the Imperial bands of Germany; the Cincinnati and Iowa bands. I am sorry not to be able to give the names of their leaders. Then there were hundreds of others just as fine. The West Point band played on the green for Michigan day. Never will we forget how finely was rendered by them the "Hunting Song." Like very hunters, loud and gladly they sang, "A-hunting we will go." Then came the bay-ing of hounds. It seemed that this was the only band which could give such genuine zest and reality to this composition.

A large volume could be devoted to the musical attractions at the Fair. It rested and gave pleasure to sight-seers, not easily described in words, though we knew the effect, if it cannot be described. High-class music could be heard everywhere, which sent over us thrilling waves of happiness, making us feel as light in spirit as were the twittering songsters on swaying boughs, singing nature's grand hymns of praise, in which we silently assented with our whole hearts, which were light as the eider-down, as sweetly soothed in lovely music's strains, we looked in every direction upon broad, white streets lined with marble-like palaces, and on grassy lawns ornamented with stately palms, plants and flora of all countries.

It was an unbearable thought that such beauty, typical of heaven itself, should ever be removed, and never did the people of the whole world express more heartfelt regret and sorrow than that so magnificent a dream of beauty should be blotted out of existence.



## THE BATTLE SHIP "ILLINOIS."

This ship was built under the authority of the United States naval department. It faithfully represented one of their new battle ships. It was erected on piling in the northeastern portion of Jackson Park. It was surrounded by water, and had the appearance of being moored to the wharf. It possessed all the fittings which belong to an actual warship, such as turrets, bristling with guns, then torpedo tubes, boats, anchors, chains, cables, davits, awnings, all deck fittings, showing all appliances for working them. Officers, seamen, mechanics, and marines were detailed by the Navy Department, so the discipline and mode of life on naval vessels was completely shown. At the forward end of the upper deck was a cone-shaped tower, called "the military mast;" near its top were receptacles for sharp-shooters, where were mounted rapid-firing guns.

The battery, all mounted, comprised four thirteen-inch breech-loading cannon, twenty six-pounders, rapid-firing guns, six one-pound rapid-firing guns, two Gatling guns, and six torpedo tubes, or guns. These were placed as in a genuine battle ship.

It was under the command of Lieut.-Com. E. D. Tausig, under him Lieut. Poundstone, Ensign Blow, Past Asst. Engineer Bennett, Lieut. Russell and Gunner J. J. Walsh, all of the United States marine corps. All visitors were treated kindly and politely by them, which made them and their vessel very popular.

One day a couple seated themselves for their trip back to the city. There were plenty to tell them the battle ship would sail in just one hour. Presently the man remarked: "Golly, wife, some of these World's Fair folks lie like fun; for we was told this boat would steam out in just fifteen minutes."

He offered his tickets to Ensign Blow, who kindly informed him they were for the "Whaleback."

"Thank you, sir. We did not suppose it made any difference to the steamboat folks which boat we rode back on to the city. That fellow who sells ice cream soda across from the 'Victoria House' told us this was the boat to take."

When people boarded this boat to take a ride upon it, the mistake is not to be wondered at, for it was a marvelous deception, and completely rigged for a voyage.



## THE VIKING SHIP.

In the year 994 Lief Ericson, son of Eric, the outlaw, sailed with thirty-five men on a voyage of discovery in a ship like the "Viking," which was anchored near the battle ship "Illinois."

The Norsemen lived in an uncongenial climate, so were led to build these first ships, whereby they might establish themselves in a more congenial clime. Their lives were spent in planning and executing maritime expeditions. Fathers gave fleets to their sons and bade them seek their fortunes on the ocean's highway.

These boats were supplied with stones, arrows, ropes, and grappling chains with which to sink or overturn boats of the enemy, or use in other ways to draw near to them these pirates of the sea. The World's Fair "Viking" was a perfect pattern of the first old Norse ship of over one thousand years ago. She was seventy-eight feet long, sixteen feet wide, standing well out of the water, and of thirty-one tons burden. On her bow there rose, ten feet high, a gilded, grinning dragon's head, with glaring eyes; at the opposite end a tail spread out like that of a huge fish. Her mast was sixty feet in height, and when sailing into the harbor carried a large square sail of brown and white canvas. Floating from the mast was a scarlet flag, bearing a black raven, and the letters "Viking." At her head waved the stars and stripes, at the stern the flag of Norway.

She was rowed with steady strokes by a dozen men or more after leaving the steamer "Ivanhoe," which had towed her up from Evanston, where Capt. Anderson and his crew were met by this steamer, which had on board Mayor Harrison, the City Council, other prominent citizens of Chicago, President Higginbotham, Royal and State commissioners. This large reception committee, headed by Mayor Harrison and President Higginbotham, extended their greetings, while Mayor Harrison welcomed and extended to them the freedom and hospitality of the city.

The demonstration made over the "Viking" as she sailed into the harbor to drop anchor by the modern warship of the nineteenth century, was welcomed with the same joyful enthusiasm and approval as were the Caravals on their



arrival. As she slowly sailed along, decked out with many ensigns, this grinning head facing us, we wondered if the fishes, in fright, had not gone to the bottom forever.

On inspecting what the Danes and Norwegians had possessed as boats, we were amazed that they should have endured and lived through the hardships of cruising in the Polar regions.



## THE SHIP "PROGRESS."

This historic ship was anchored in the lagoon, not far from La Rabida. She was built in 1843, and had seen nearly fifty years of service. Built of oak and heavy timbers, she had defied the icebergs of the Arctics, also serving on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans. She was fitted out as if ready for a northern cruise with life-boats, charts, compasses, quadrants, and all necessary adjuncts.

On the upper deck were the try kettles and furnaces used for melting whale blubber. Below, the space which usually was devoted to cargo and berths, had been transformed into a museum, such as had never been seen before in Chicago, containing curiosities numbering into the thousands. We have not the slightest desire to name many of them, nor the reader to hear them, so, on mentioning a few, will pass on to something else.

Ambergris, worth \$450 per pound, the basis of all high-class perfumes, which is the result of intense suffering and serious illness of the whale until vomited up by it. The lecture was given in broken English by the first mate of the boat, a German, commencing like this:

"Some whales have teeth, others have whiskers," pointing to a piece of whalebone about ten feet in length, with a heavy fringe on the sides near the end of it. "This," he said, "prevents the whale swallowing anything it does not want," etc.

We, as children, remember how we captured little mud-turtles by the shore of some lake or river. Here was one seven feet long, weighing fourteen hundred pounds. There is no old resident who does not remember with horror the old buck-saw he used to push through cordwood. That was not a circumstance to the saw of the salt water saw fish, seen on the "Progress."

Then we saw the fashionable costume worn by the women of the South Sea Islands; a fringy skirt of dried grass; next we saw a huge, long skeleton of the much-doubted sea-serpent; then a four hundred year old quadrant, which came over in the "Mayflower;" whales' jaws fourteen feet long; sharks' teeth, and more skeletons of marine monsters; a mummified Australian boy, five hundred years dead; the wind blew him out of the tree in which he was fastened, and sailors brought him away.



There were delicate laces which looked like linen, which the women of the South Sea Islands make of the cactus plant; horns of the narwhal, of pure ivory, six feet long.

From the first trip made by the "Progress" in 1844 she was a lucky ship. Her first voyage was around Cape Horn to the Sandwich Islands, then north to the Arctic Ocean, her voyages lasting from three to five years, in every case resulting in large profits to the owner and crew, except in 1871, when she lay in the ice of the Arctic Ocean, in company with thirty-eight other whaling ships, loaded with valuable cargoes of oil. For five days this staunch ship battled with perilous storms in momentary danger of being crushed by icebergs and fields of ice which hemmed them in on every side.

At the end of this time she was in clear water forty miles south of the ice fields. The next day five of the ships hove in sight, making six survivors of the fleet. They reported the rest of the fleet crushed in the ice, beyond all hope of rescue, with twelve hundred souls aboard in imminent danger. Capt. Dowden called a meeting on board of his ship, the "Progress," which was attended by the captains and officers of the surviving vessels. They unanimously decided to sacrifice their valuable cargoes of oil and rescue the castaways, who soon were aboard their ships, sailing toward Honolulu, reaching that port in safety.

The captains of the lost ships presented Capt. Dowden with a beautiful gold medal and watch, accompanied by a touchingly grateful letter. Capt. Dowden still had charge of her at the Fair.

During the war the ship "Progress" was sold to the United States government. It was then filled with stones to be sunk at the entrance of Charleston Harbor to prevent blockade running; but she was spared that fate, and after the war was sold to New Bedford parties, who fitted her out for whaling in the far north. In two seasons she earned them the enormous sum of \$200,000. Chicago parties heard of this historic old ship, went to New Bedford, bought and fitted her out for sea, and started her for Chicago and the World's Fair. She was towed to Quebec, Montreal, then by way of the lakes to Chicago. On arriving in the lagoon where she was to be anchored she tipped completely over, but, luckily, righted herself with no loss or harm done.



## VANCOUVER'S ISLAND INDIANS.

These natives, consisting of men, women and children, were filthy, ignorant, and suspicious, entirely unmanageable except by a half-breed Frenchman, who married one of the squaws, adopting all of their modes of life and beliefs, in order to bring them away from their island and carry out his money-making scheme. From the island he brought the old weather-beaten boards of huts, which were packed in a huge, hewed-out log canoe; also tall posts on which were ugly carved faces and hands, daubed in various colors. The huts were re-erected upon the Fair grounds; from the bottom of each post an archway was cut for the spirits of the sun, moon, stars, water, fire, etc. These were for good and bad spirits to pass through.

When coming out or going into their hut they passed under the arches of these posts, which they refused to come to the Fair without, so as to keep in good nature all spirits. Their incantations and rites were horrible. We unavoidably saw one of their diabolical performances. Rude rollers were fastened to the feet of an Indian, who, with the ferocity of a wolf, fastened his teeth into the Frenchman's arm, who allowed it to prove his sincerity to them. His hands were tied behind him, and the tribe unmercifully whipped and compelled him to run in a circle upon some boards, drawing the Indian. His arms were a mass of bruises and scars, which he exhibited with great pride; he said it proved how brave he was. After the performance, on being asked if he believed in such foolishness, he replied, "I no talk when show through."

Slits were cut in the back of another Indian, then strips of tanned hide being run through them, he was whipped and driven until the slits were broken. For a while it made him insane, and then the tribe considered him a god. They were forbidden by the Exposition officials to repeat any more of their tortures, but so fearful were they of displeasing the gods that they persisted in it more or less throughout the Fair.

Near here were the mat and bark houses of the Winnebagoes of Wisconsin, wigwams from Maine, the Iroquois village, Apaches, representatives from British Guinea, many selling baskets, bead work and other trinkets. On



the shores of the lagoon were the various canoes of these people.

Not far from here, near the dairy, was a log house of pioneer times, its occupants engaged in carding, spinning, weaving and knitting. This illustration of Indian and pioneer life was a forcible comparison of advancement made during the past four centuries, as was shown by the Fair and its buildings devoted to material and educational interests.



## THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

This exhibit was shown in the largest artificial mountain ever made, which appeared to be of red sandstone, but was constructed of timbers, staff and sheetiron, then painted and sanded to resemble nature. This structure, with its tiny clay ruins, was an exact reproduction of Battle Rock, only on a small scale, in McElmo Valley, overlooking the Mancos river, situated in the southwestern part of Colorado.

Mr. Jay Smith, under whose supervision was this exhibit, spent months exploring these ruins, which were seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, extending sixty miles from the Mancos to the Animas river. He returned with thousands of relics, dishes of stone and crudely-fashioned pottery resembling animals, but hardly distinguishable as such.

There were found no hieroglyphics of any religion or art well developed, as has been found of other races, or writings of any kind. These pre-historic people probably constituted the earliest civilization of the American continent. On the heads of some mummies we found very light hair, so we decided some of them were blondes.

A loud-voiced woman, with a growth of chin whiskers, asked the young man who was advertising for this exhibit: "Have you living cliff-dwellers? Are they dangerous?"

To the last part of the question he replied:

"Certainly not, madam."

"Well, if the rest of the folks are not afraid, I'm not."

She passed in, and after looking a while at the miniature ruins she remarked: "These cliff-dwellers must be mighty small people. Hope they will come out and show themselves, for I want to see them."

These typical homes of the once living consisted of one room, with irregular openings cut in the wall, which served as windows.

Following the trails which led to their homes, we passed into mysterious caverns and niches, lighted by electricity, disclosing to our view, far back in these dark caverns, fine oil paintings of the ruins of Colorado, which were done by Alex. J. Fournier, the artist of the expedition. We came suddenly against high walls and boulders



nine and ten feet high, which caused us to wonder how they used to climb to their domiciles.

On emerging from the opening in the top of the mountain we followed the trail laid out for pack animals and visitors, where Rocky Mountain goats skipped about or lay in shady ledges.

At the foot of the mountain we found elk, black-tailed deer, moose, etc., which added to the realism of the scene.



## THE INFANTA OF SPAIN.

On the arrival of Princess Eulalie, her suite, and Prince Antoine in Washington, they called in state, elaborately attired, upon President and Mrs. Cleveland, for whom the Princess expressed great admiration—a sentiment we all feel—for the “first lady of the land.” Washington was a beautiful city, she thought, and the United States a great and wonderful country. This she knew from reading the writings of travelers and hearing descriptions given by prominent American officials.

On their arrival in Chicago they were met by President Palmer, Gen. Davis, Officials of the Fair, Mayor Harrison, the City Council, United States Infantry, cavalymen, and other organizations. They were extended a hearty welcome to American shores by Mayor Harrison amid booming of cannon, ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, and playing of bands. As they rode between the lines of enthusiastic spectators the Mayor pointed out to the distinguished party objects of interest, while captains and generals acted as body guards, followed by a long line of marchers.

Children were excused from school to see a real, live princess. These irrepressible “young Americas” hurrahing loudest of all, giving vent to shrill whistles, interspersed with yells of “Hurrah for Eulalie and Carter.”

They, with the prince, smiled, evidently pleased with the wild outburst, which was a genuine, hearty western welcome. Many expected to see a stately brunette, but were agreeably surprised in seeing a girlish-looking, pretty blonde, who conducted herself with charming dignity, and when standing by the majestic dark-browed prince, they made an attractive and imposing-looking pair.

On meeting Mrs. President Palmer, the princess saw her equal and peer in queenly beauty, and it was honest flattery extended by all that Mrs. Palmer was and is the most beautiful woman living. In one of her speeches at the “Woman’s Building” she said: “We women of the United States are all queens, blessed and possessed of more privileges than are women of any other country, and we improve our opportunities to purify social conditions, even before casting the ballot. When that opportunity comes we may



expect to bring about a social revolution, causing better conditions and organizing a common sisterhood and brotherhood, it being the answer to prayers of earnest men and women."

At the reception held in the "Woman's Building," in honor of Princess Eulalie, there lingers with us a gentle memory of her sweet face, and pretty figure, who on that sultry day reminded us of Euterpe, so pure she seemed in a light blue silk, white silk gloves, a white sailor hat and a fleecy veil, her hair gleaming through it like gold.

The prince was magnificent in his dress for state occasions, it being a coat of white doe-skin, lavishly trimmed with gold and ermine; one sleeve hanging loose, trousers of the same material, shining boots drawn up over his knees, about his waist a white watered silk scarf, on which was appended insignias of royalty.

At a concert given at "Festival Hall" in their honor, they appeared for a few moments, accompanied by Mayor Harrison, Mrs. President Palmer, President Palmer, Gen. Davis and others. The princess looked vivacious and happy. No doubt she was thinking of the morrow, when incog. she would be rolled by a chairboy through the "Midway." It was, of course, a unique and delightful experience for her to pose for one little day as an independent American citizen. As she rode along it was not long before all knew that it was the princess. She bowed and smiled in the most charming manner, seeming really anxious to recognize all courtesies. She went about like all the rest buying at the booths, lunching in the Vienna Bakery and dining in the Austrian village.

Eleven rooms were set aside for her use at the Palmer House, many being historic, having been occupied by the Princess Louise, President Cleveland, Grant, Gen. Logan and many others, not forgetting the old emperor, Don Pedro, of Brázil. It is a pleasure to the people of the United States to know that the princess and prince were enthusiastic over the reception given them, and returned to their country with fine impressions of our great and wonderful country, which has given to the world in magnitude and splendor the grandest Exposition that ever has been or ever will be.



## DUKE VERAGUA.

The duke and family were gentle, unassuming people, possessed of admirable self poise and culture, goodness marking their features and every action, supporting the old saying, "Blood will tell." The duke was about five and a half feet in height, having light hair and burnsidcs, a trifle gray, mild blue eyes, prominent nose and rather large mouth. His kindly face was also capable of firmness, and even stern severity, if necessary. The duchess was a trifle taller than he, looking much younger than she really was, with her sparkling brown eyes and sunny smile showing perfect teeth; a head of soft brown hair completing her attractiveness. It could truly have been asserted that she was "fair, fat and forty."

Their daughter was a handsome blonde with a pink and white complexion, about eighteen years of age, "divinely tall and divinely fair." Their dark, manly son was about twenty-four years of age. The very modesty of this royal family was the key to their popularity.

On the 17th of May, 1893, occurred the seventh birthday of the little King Alphonso of Spain, which was celebrated there with jubilees and festivities of various sorts; predominant the cruel bull-fights, where richly-dressed, dark-eyed *senoritas* gave ravishing smiles of encouragement to the brave caballeros as they waved the red flag in front of the maddened bull, whose sufferings are intense under the gay ribbons floating from its shoulders, which, when they appear, one knows there has been deftly inserted deep in his flesh a sharp, barbed piece of steel. It's no matter when, with his sharp horns, he tosses the horse with its rider, ripping the blinded animal open, its entrails dropping and dragging upon the ground, the rider springing from the horse as it falls, fortunately escaping, perhaps a few minutes after to be gored to death. Meanwhile others are attracting the attention of the bull, while if the injured horse does not die outright, his entrails are stuffed back in with bunches of straw; then he is whipped to his feet, perhaps to have his life mercifully shortened by another mad plunge from the bull, or to go until he drops dead.

All this time a band of music is playing, while the enthusiasm of the spectators has reached its highest pitch of



excitement, while several men and horses have been disemboweled before the bull has been artistically speared to death, by those who must greatly feel the importance of so proud a position. Gaily caparisoned horses dash in, and quicker than one can think they drag the dead bull out of sight, then the horses; meanwhile the men have been disposed of, all of which are of no account whatever, as there are yet left plenty of bulls, horses and men to go through with this barbarous performance for the amusement of the people. It is asserted that while the bull fights were discontinued in some parts of Mexico, that the priests became dissatisfied, because when these bull fights occur it makes an increase in the treasuries of the churches, and the claim is made that the churches cannot be supported without the bull fights. Such a state of things being true, what would be the objection to worshipping in "nature's temple," close up their churches and go back to the unassuming, loving teachings of the Master who abhorred all forms of cruelty, which is wickedness, and He called it sin.

As the duke and other wandering sons of Spain were thousands of miles away from the lapping waves which beat along their native coast, the Duke, on that date, gave in honor of the young monarch a banquet at the Auditorium. Here is the menu. As you read it, now tell us, "honest truth," are you not hungry?

Little neck clams. Pocahontas broth.

Soft-shelled crabs, Jefferson.

Cucumber salad. Philadelphia chicken, William Penn.

Boiled mushrooms, Sam Ward.

Saratoga chips.

Minnehaha punch. Jacksnipe, Ticonderoga.

Sweet potatoes, Henry Clay.

Jellied chicken liver. Cauliflower salad, Hiawatha.

Apple dumpling, Martha Washington.

While the banquet was in progress American airs were played. As it neared the end the duchess and daughter appeared on one of the balconies and the feasters applauded them heartily, while many gallantly left their tables to pay them their respects. At the table of the host, on his right sat President Palmer, of Michigan; Camille Krauntz and Marquis De Barboles, French commissioners. At his left sat Gen. M. Dupuy De Lome, of Spain, and Anton Von Palitscihekpalmforst, of Austria.



Before these honored gentlemen rose a bank of red roses, lilies and bluebells, typical of the colors of the American flag. Scattered about were numerous banks of yellow and red tulips, typifying the Spanish colors. This was the after-dinner speech of the duke:

"I salute the representatives of all the nations and the eminent persons who honor us to-night with their presence. You have come to celebrate with us a memorable day in Spain, the birthday of a king who symbolizes the glories that our nation reached under the monarchy which represents the liberties that the Spanish people have obtained in the present by their energy, who also represent the hope of a future peace and prosperity. Alphonso XII. died when Spain had just completed her political reconstruction, and was concentrating anew her efforts in the interior on the development of her resources. This work demands time and perseverance, and can only be accomplished under a regime which will allow the exercise of all modern liberties, while maintaining the respect of the law. The sincerity with which Her Majesty, the Queen Regent, fulfills her constitutional duties, her love for Spain, and her example in all virtues, both public and private, will undoubtedly make of the young king who to-day completes his seventh birthday a king worthy of the high mission entrusted to him by Providence.

"The many marks of sympathy which Spain is receiving from all parts at this celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the great discoverer shows plainly the admiration which my country inspires in all the nations of the Old World, as well as of the new. Spain greets all kindly, wishing them all prosperity, but at this time I must make a special distinction in favor of this hospitable nation and the charming people I have met. I now propose our first toast to Mr. Cleveland, President of the Republic."

Wild cheers greeted the toast which caused the crystal pendants festooned about the electric lights to jingle musically and throw varieties of splendid colors to every tone of the inspiring music from the distant band.

Gen. M. Dupuy De Lome next proposed the toast of "Prosperity to Chicago and the World's Fair," particularly to the "White City" of the Exposition, which, he said, "was an object lesson of the enterprise, labor and energy of the world."

Mr. Walker Fearne responded to the toast, saying,



"That despite unpropitious weather and elements, the nations of the earth had found their way to the Columbian Exposition, and enriched it with their treasures." He paid high compliments to President Palmer, Gens. Davis and Burnam, declaring that so close had the ties been drawn between his department and the foreign commissioners, he had grown to understand and appreciate the higher principles and true friendliness of these men to the United States and the Fair, adding, "in fact, I have almost become a foreigner myself."

Mr. Arthur Caton proposed the health of the duke and the Commissioner-General of Spain, which was drunk with all honors to them. Then Count Campillio proposed the health of all foreign commissioners, which was responded to in French by Commissioner-General Krauntz. The count brought the banquet to a close in a graceful toast to the ladies of the duke's party. On this occasion the flag of Spain was entwined in the folds of our Nation's beautiful flag. This was constantly repeated by all countries during the Fair, and we believe and trust it has established a bond of love between all nations and America which will last forever.

Although the duke and family were the honored guests of our nation, he felt obligated to spend money in return for the kind generosity shown him. It was most inconvenient for him to accept the invitation to America in the Columbian year, having some time before made financial investments which, on coming to the United States, he placed for careful attention in the hands of a friend, whom Commissioner-General M. Dupuy De Lome said, played him false. Toward the last of the Fair a cablegram announced to him that his castle was in the hands of and occupied by scheming, ignorant creditors, wholly incompetent to judge or care for his palace or the contents, which were valuable and historic. In imminent danger were these relics which had been handed down and preserved for generations, dating from Columbus' time. His charts, maps, swords, trophies from the New World, etc. So it was sad and heavy-hearted that the duke and his family returned to the home of his ancestors to find his palace, art gallery, and his dearly prized stock farm all in danger of being sold at a sacrifice to satisfy creditors. It was sad to contemplate that the descendant of Columbus, in the year of the Columbian festivities, should become bankrupt.



President Palmer did something more than regret. Said he, "Shall we see the descendant of the discoverer of America, in this the Columbian year, deposed of his fortune?"

"No," said Gen. Davis.

A meeting was immediately called, which was composed of prominent citizens of Chicago, New York and other cities. They decided to raise a large fund by popular subscription, which should be invested in United States bonds for the benefit of the duke and his children after him. An appeal was to have been sent throughout the United States, South America and the West Indies, asking it as a grateful tribute to the memory of the great discoverer.

President Palmer acted as chairman of the finance committee to receive and acknowledge all contributions in conjunction with the committee and the Spanish commissioners. How much of this, if any, was accomplished we are unable to state. Gen. De Lome said the duke was worth only half a million to begin with, which is considered a small fortune in America. A few years ago he lost several pensions, which had helped to swell his income. I doubt not I voice the sentiments of this nation in saying we are sorry indeed that at any time the descendant of the discoverer of this great land should be financially embarrassed.



## THE CARAVELS OF SPAIN.

On the afternoon on which the caravels were expected thousands of spectators were gathered on the peristyle along the lake front, on piazzas, roofs, in windows or any convenient place by which they might catch the first sight of the "Santa Maria," the "Nina" and "Pinta," these being the exact reproductions of those ships in which Columbus first sailed to the West.

For hours we patiently looked over the stretch of water. An enthusiastic, neat-appearing old dame, dressed in a Garibaldi waist, with full gathered skirt, which the breeze inflated until it was the size of a small balloon, (she weighed over two hundred pounds, yet she had daringly elevated herself on one of the World's Fair camp chairs), her inflated skirts engulfing the heads of spectators, disclosing to view her low-laced heelless shoes. She chewed gum, keeping time to the music of a band near by. Suddenly she cried out. "There they be a-comin'." A broad smile came over her face; her black sun hat had become suspended on her left ear, finally dropping to her shoulder. In an excited, good-natured manner she grasped the scribe's arm, saying: "They be a-comin', and I've seen 'em fust. Jist hist yerself onto my cheer and be second best in seein' 'em."

She climbed down in a manner hard to describe, while the scribe, feeling that she was doing it almost at the risk of her neck, cordially accepted the invitation, and expects, even hopes, that she contributed toward amusing the tired crowd in her frantic efforts to be "second best in seein' 'em."

Soon the most notable procession that had ever invaded those waters came in full view, passing under the peristyle, accompanied by electric launches, boats of hide, bark, etc., rowed by Esquimaux, Indians, Samoans and South Sea Islanders, who had rowed into the broad waters of the lake to welcome the caravels which had been escorted by the "Whaleback" and sloops of many kinds.

Capt. Concas doubtless felt imbued with the spirit of Columbus as the caravels were welcomed with the booming of cannon, while from steamers and "Machinery Hall" screeched hundreds of whistles, accompanied by chimes



from every bell in the "White City," all this not drowning the shouts coming from thousands of throats.

As the curious fleets passed "Liberty," she gave them a stately, silent welcome. The first to welcome Capt. Concas and his crew, as they landed, were Indians in full war paint and feathers from Buffalo Bill's wild west show. Majestically they waved their arms in welcome. The Spaniards gazed in admiration, and courteously returned the salute.

On the Grand Plaza were the United States troops, under the command of Col. Rice, also the United States marines. Mounted on fine horses were British troops from Tattersall's, gorgeous in their red coats trimmed with gold, wearing shining silver armor and helmets; also the Spanish marines, those of Italy, and other countries.

There was a large representation of the queer people from "Midway;" most noticeable of all were the South Sea Islanders, naked to their waists, wearing a short, fringy skirt of dried grasses, and a pleasant smile, which helped out their costume quite a little.

Capt. Concas, his officers and the invited guests were escorted to a position between the American and Spanish marine corps; on between United States troops, following them a grand, imposing procession of officers and soldiery. Capt. Concas and his officers lifted their hats repeatedly in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic greetings. The war-like column swung into a roped-in space, three by five hundred feet; the Spaniards were escorted to the platform by the welcoming party. President Palmer, arm in arm with Senator John Sherman, who was speaker of the day, conducted the guests from Spain across to where stood Gen. Miles, Mayor Harrison, Frederick Douglas and Officials of the Exposition. Two notable personages present were Wm. E. Curtis and Hobart C. Chatfield.

Then occurred the grand, impressive evolutions of the soldiers and marines, ending with military salutes and waving of flags from masts and other places on and off the water. The flag of Aragon and Castile floated from hundreds of places, and pennants from every land, and the Stars and Stripes, but on this day the place of honor was given the Spanish colors.

The bands played Spanish airs, while enthusiastic cheers were given the Spanish visitors and their sovereign. Capt. Concas and his men will never forget their welcome to "the new world." Fine speeches were made by Presi-



dent Palmer, Gen. Davis and Gen. Sherman, who made the American speech of the day, and many others, but space will be given to Capt. Concas, who, after saluting the officials, said:

"I have the honor of bringing to you three ships, patterned exactly like the fleet in which Columbus set sail on the 3rd of August, 1492. This fleet was built in the same land; his crew was Spanish, ours is of the same blood. We came animated with the same spirit as did he. As did his ships, so did ours sail from Palos. We left behind us the old convent La Rabida, and here we are, royally welcomed to your great "White City," in sight of what seems the same La Rabida which was placed there by the special authority of His Majesty, the King of Spain. She wished to properly celebrate the event. She could not send the same men, or the same ships, but has sent copies of them. The flag of Aragon and Castile embodies all the legends and history of Spain, and were she and Europe to be wiped away from the face of the world, yet would that flag and its unforgotten legends be the first page of American history. These traditions will never die, for America will live forever. These caravels are sacred to the memory of those who gave to white men America. We have brought them in the name of Spain to serve as a foundation stone to that monument of progress which is found in this magnificent West.

"I thank you, Mr. President, for your boundless courtesy and hospitality. I thank you, Senator Sherman. I wish to specially thank Mr. Herbert, and particularly do I wish to thank Mr. Curtis; but for him it is possible these caravels would have never been built. I want to thank Lient. Little, whose skill and ability have so much aided in building them. Finally, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you all for your beautiful reception."

The caravels were anchored near La Rabida throughout the Fair, and were striking object lessons. At that time the spirit of Columbus was nearly four hundred and three years old. There they were, anchored thousands of miles from the waters traversed by Columbus, set in the midst of marvelous results of industry. All this we owe to Columbus for believing, as did Galileo, that the earth was round, and that there was no falling-off place, neither did he believe what had been taught for two hundred historic years, that the pillars of Hercules marked the end of the earth, and that beyond them there was nothing but a



boundless waste of water. More than this, Columbus believed in God and His providence, or he would not dared to have gone down into the sea with a fleet like that shown at the Fair, for these vessels would not inspire anyone of to-day to take a sea voyage in them.

The furniture and fixtures of the "Santa Maria" were copied from the old one occupied by Columbus. The floor of this vessel was wide in the front and tapered to the rear. In the center was a hewed oaken table of primitive pattern, fastened by irons to the floor; upon it lay the first chart ever made of the American continent. There was an old-fashioned hour-glass for measuring time, an astrolabe for observing the stars, and studying their altitudes; and for taking depths of water, a jackstaff; an inkstand, goose feathers for a pen; a rudely carved candlestick about one foot high; all these were patterned from the fifteenth century. There was a duplicate of the flag with which Columbus took possession of San Salvador. It was about one foot square, of red silk plush, its edges fringed with gold and embroidered on each side with the same material. On one side appeared the Madonna and Infant Jesus, on the other the crucifixion.



## THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

This old fashioned structure with its quaint walls and roofs of the middle ages, formed a striking contrast to the magnificent architecture of the Fair. It gave, however, a correct idea of the religious architecture of old Spain in the time of Columbus, when discouraged he sought and obtained shelter, encouragement, and blessings from the Franciscan priest, Father De Marchena, who used his influence in behalf of the explorer, with Queen Isabella.

The convent was situated in a comparatively isolated spot near the lake. The lagoon near by was built up with rocks to represent, as near as possible, the proper surroundings of the original convent. Inside the convent were found relics from every quarter of the globe, which were the most valuable of the Exposition.

When we visited it in April, just before the opening of the Fair, it did not take a great stretch of imagination to suppose ourselves in Spain, and in the original convent. Inside the altar, leaning against the wall, was a worn wooden cross, apparently hundreds of years old; then unframed, faded old paintings of Mary and the Babe, and saints. The walls of the convent were lined with illustrations of the life of Columbus. The paintings of him, Ferdinand, and Isabella were rare ones of great age, and court relics innumerable were everywhere.

As we stood, or walked about in this mysterious quiet, we could not dispose of the fancy, while fronting the altar, that again we saw Columbus with his young son kneel for the parting blessing. We passed around the narrow old corridor which surrounded a court in which were stately palms and beds of flowers; next passing upstairs to the second corridor. Here upon its walls were old maps and charts drawn by Columbus, besides drawings and paintings of his departure from Spain, and his arrival at San Salvador. So crude were these depictions that they appeared to have been done by savages.

In modern paintings were given his return, imprisonment, and that which comes last to all of us, the pathetic death-bed scene.

As we visited the many cells we seemed to be in the original cloisters; some were perfectly empty, while others had many interesting relics in them. In one room was a



pile of stones and tile, taken from the building and roof of old La Rabida, and the small iron bell, which so many centuries ago had called the faithful to vespers.

In another room, we found a bit of the ashes of Columbus, resting in a glass receptacle, which resembled a watch charm. This bit of his ashes was preserved when his bones were removed into a metal box, the fac-simile of which was there shown.

There was an old boat, in which it was claimed Columbus rode to the "Pinta" on his departure from Spain; it was hewed from hardwood and certainly looked old.

On this, our first visit, the circumstances were different from those surrounding it after the Fair opened, when it seemed to us, it was made sacrilegious by counters crowded into this place loaded with articles for sale, all of which were not entirely historic of Columbus' boyhood on up to manhood. The earnest efforts of the saleswomen to dispose of them all, combined to take away this feeling of the historic sacredness connected with the place, so on our first visit, you cannot wonder we were impressed, aye, moved to tears of reverential awe, as for the time we seemed to live in the dim ages and to love and honor him as though he were present.

The glass ball, in which rested the bit of his honored ashes, was watched day and night, while many were the attempts made to carry it away.

We believe predominant in the nature of Columbus was his love of discovery, and if through it he expected to possess untold wealth or earnestly wished for it, he was only human. The facts are with us that he did make a great discovery, and no one is more worthy or is more entitled to receive the honor.



## THE MAHARAJAH.

Soon after his arrival from India, he and other dignitaries of his country were escorted by Director-General Davis, President Palmer, and other officials to the pavilion, south of "Electricity Building," where, with due honors, they were seated, while he reviewed the United States troops.

The Maharajah and his officers, as black as the "ace of spades," were decked in all their finery. He wore a scant yellow skirt, a flowing white satin coat, and an enormous white turban of sheer-stuff taking many yards for the construction of so great a thing; the others wore yellow turbans, white skirts, and flowing red coats. All carried the ever-present fan.

As His Majesty gazed on thousands of United States troops, he seemed overcome by their greatness, and brilliant appearance. His servant fanned him vigorously, seeming to realize it. He thought Chicago a wonderful city. Unlike many foreigners, he was not astonished at distances, as his country is of magnificent largeness. He was a generous buyer, and possessed fine taste as to quality. He purchased many beautiful dolls in the "Illinois Building," rare toys of every description for his many children, rich and beautiful articles of wearing apparel, and costly knickknacks of various sorts for his numerous wives.

One day when on "Midway," with an American friend, he was informed that they "would paint it red." "Where's our vermilion?" said he. "Oh," said his friend, "we'll tone it in various shades of rich red before evening with no need of vermilion."

When evening arrived, he had become an American artist in "painting," leaving him poorer in pocket, but richer in experience.

He said "Midway" was "good enough" for him, and society "need not fall over itself taking up his valuable time from recreations on 'Midway,' as their social functions in polite society," he said, "were not in it," so to speak, beside "Midway."



## NEW AND OLD MEXICO.

San Juan is the leading county in New Mexico. Its first settlers located there in 1876, but not until four years later did emigration really begin, and late as 1884 stock raising was the principal occupation, the low bottom lands being devoted to farming.

In 1886, by legislative act, San Juan county was created. Since that time the growth in that section has been steady and healthful. There are about 80,000,000 acres of land in New Mexico, and a large amount is under cultivation by irrigation. An inexhaustible water supply runs through the farms, and to the small or large home seeker, there are rare inducements for a much brighter future.

Lands with irrigation conveniences, partially improved, sell for twenty-five dollars per acre, while highly developed farms with small orchards command high figures. Their owners are justified in feeling that they would have to go a long way to better themselves when seven acres of land near Olio, and at other points, give returns of \$2,500 per annum.

Much government land is yet open to settlement under the United States homestead and desert acts. Upon the unirrigated table-lands, through some parts of it, are ditches leading from the rivers, and when capital sees the tide of immigration swelling the other necessary canals will be built. But the land ready for cultivation and occupation is so cheap, that few settlers, except those of little means, would undergo the delay incident to working out new lands. In fine, cheap lands, good soil, and sure crops, are offered to the general farmer, and to the horticulturist quick returns, big prices, and unlimited markets; to the stock grower, cheap forage and ample free pastures, and to everyone is promised health and sunshine in her rare climate, with its bracing atmosphere, pleasant nights in summer, and clear dry days in winter.

In San Juan county are millions of acres of pasture lands, exclusive of the Navajo reservation. This range of government land is free to the stock growers who fatten their cattle and sheep on the vast fields of alfalfa in neighboring valleys. Their first markets are the mining towns of Colorado.



Draft and road horses are another source of great profit. This county is reached by rail, from Denver, over the Rio Grande Railroad, to Durango, Col., thence by the daily stage down the Animas Valley. This county is traversed by three large rivers which head in the snow-capped mountains of southwestern Colorado, furnishing a never failing water supply for irrigation which is so general in New Mexico. These rivers are the San Juan, about two hundred and seventy-five feet wide, the Animas, one hundred and fifty feet wide, and the La Plata, thirty feet wide, with a respective fall of eleven, twenty-one, and forty feet to the mile.

Irrigated districts augment in production as they are worked, the sediment left by the stream enriching them. The first fruit trees planted in this county was about ten years ago; to-day her reputation for fruit growing is known over Colorado, and other states to which it is shipped. So remunerative is this industry that in 1891 23,000 trees were planted in this county alone; the next year nearly 50,000 were added. It is not uncommon for trees there to bear fruit the next year after being planted, often gathering from them pears or other fruit, weighing nearly a pound apiece. Vegetables of every variety flourish there, while flowers, there, as in Old Mexico, are sold so cheap that all may gratify their tastes in buying large quantities for a few dimes.

Undoubtedly the greatest opportunity of the agriculturist would be in growing alfalfa hay. Bee culture also is a fine source of income, and nearly every household has colonies of them, as wild bee-weed, and other flora, furnish an inexhaustible pasture for them. Honey in the comb sells for from ten to twelve cents per pound. Small colonies average from fifty to sixty pounds in the short season of their honey-making. Coal, lime, tile-clay, red and white sandstone, for building purposes, are found in New Mexico in large quantities. Many fire-clay beds have been discovered, which await someone to work them. Two newspapers are published in this county, "The San Juan Index," in Aztec, the county seat, and the "San Juan Times," at Farmington.

New and Old Mexico made great displays in every department at the Fair, and 'twas Michigan's pride and pleasure to leave the latch-string always out for the genial managers of the exhibit from Old Mexico, with whom 'twas her good fortune to be great friends, Senors Garibi,



Serrano, and over thirty other Mexican officials. There was formed for each other a bond of friendship and deep respect which will ever be remembered.

Old and New Mexico are so akin to each other that it seems proper to speak of them as one. It is stated on good authority, that opportunities for making money in Old Mexico are as good as in New Mexico; a residence in either for a few years only is sure to bring prosperity.

In the "Art Palace" was found a little of their art, which was of high order. There was no choice between the works of the sculptors, Jesus Contreras and Gabriell Geurra, who sculptured the busts of President Diaz. In oil, by Cleofas Almanza, the tree under which Cortez, "the conqueror" wept. Their religious pictures were splendid. "Ruth," by Bribeski, "Christian Charity" and "The Dream of the Martyr," by Ybarraran. How we pitied the dreamer when he should awake!

The building devoted to exhibits from Arizona and New Mexico stood nearly opposite that of Florida. Fronting it were specimens of Arizona's agatized wood, then cacti, which sometimes grows to an enormous height. In this department we found blankets made by the Navajos, and paintings depicting the scenery and the wild gypsy life of the hunters and trappers.

An old painting of Col. Kit Carson, and of the late Gen. Crook, of the United States army, buckskin jackets, metal belts, cat-o'-nine tails, thus we passed through her historic wilds into New Mexico to look at crudely carved stones representing the gods of the Pueblo Indians, and other builders of stone terraced cities. The relics of these cliff dwellers ante-dated the landing of Columbus. They were found in ruins which had been suddenly deserted by their tribes, leaving everything behind, which was long before the invasion of the Spaniards, who, on finding them, destroyed many of their emblems of idolatry.

It was stated of these unique specimens, that none of them were to be found in any museum, or institution of America, New Mexico, or Europe. These and other curios were loaned by Gov. Bradford Prince, of Santa Fe.

On a buffalo skin was a mythical representation entitled "Our Lady." She wore a crown tipped with stars. A halo of yellow light gleamed about her head. She was seated on great horns, extending from a man's head, he flying through the air with her.

We left musty, barbarous relics of ages ago to look upon



the refined art of civilization, decorated crystal and china, marvelous paintings; and tapestry work of a life-sized lion, stretched under a palm, every stitch so true and neat as to receive the commendation of being perfect. This work was done by Miss Josephita Desmaraas, of Las Vegas.

A hut in the mountains, surrounded by trees and rocks, was so impressive in its reality that it caused us to feel that we were among cliffs, and shaded by trees in this fine country.

A painting of Christ, six hundred years old, was brought to Mexico by a German over two hundred and fifty years ago. It was done in an art which has been lost for centuries. The painting, which was of rich colors, seemed to have been painted on the back of glass, then burned in. The picture was in a perfect state of preservation. Pieces of broken glass of this same art have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

Old Mexico day was grandly celebrated at "Music Hall." "Bess," and the rest of the ladies will ever remember with what perfect grace "the nice little man" escorted and cared for them, presenting them to the gallant Mexicans, handing out ices, and doing dozens of kindly acts besides. It was regretted that more foreign ladies were not at the Fair to grace with their witchery all such occasions.

When seated in the theater, listening to the grand concert, there were distributed souvenir books illustrated with scenery, architecture of their country, and portraits of the commissioners. In small bags, made of Mexican colors, was the famous raw kernel coffee. Lovingly their country's colors, red, white and green, was entwined in America's, while proudly, Fair Columbia extended her white arms protectingly over them, symbolical of what may come in the near future, while "Hail, Columbia," was magnificently played by the Eighth Mexican cavalry band, under the leadership of Capt. Encarnaseon Payen. Then followed selections from Donzetti, Caballero, Gounod, and others. The soloist, Mrs. Genevra Johnstone, sang several selections besides "Ave Marie," by Mascagna, with poetic pathos, Mrs. A. H. Burr being the accompanist. The last number given was the Mexican National hymn.

The vast audience rose to its feet with the Mexicans, who reverently sang it to the end.



## VICTORIA HOUSE.

Here was the headquarters of the royal British commissioners. At the request of Her Majesty, it was named after her, to show her interest in the "World's Fair." It represented an old English, half-timbered manor house of the sixteenth century, a pleasant home furnished with every elegance and convenience which inventiveness has contrived for a perfect home in this, the nineteenth century; time was when 'twas the reverse according to our present ideas of domestic comfort.

In the sixteenth century, earls, lords and barons, with large families and more than one hundred and fifty servants, were content with a large table to eat upon and a few benches for seats, these as furniture of a great apartment of state. According to the seasons of the year, if owning more than one estate they shifted from one to another, taking these articles of furniture along; the wide, elegant halls, in their homes, like that shown at the Fair, were strewn with rushes, often serving their purpose years for the servants to sleep on; this accompanied with racket, dirt and general discomfort. Such modes nowadays would stamp its owner as being worse than Bohemian.

It was a fine country to roam about in, plenty of good cheer, revelry, sword crossing, etc., but we fail to conceive of domestic comfort in those times of bare boards, stone floors and a few articles of rudely made furniture, but out of doors they had merry times, which doubtless compensated, and on coming home, 'tis likely they were not too nice as to details, if on the kitchen hearth the big fire burned briskly, and if in the larder there was plenty of game, wines, ale, and other goodies; but fashion changed with the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as we know she was fond of dress and display, so from one degree of fashion and custom to another there was a cultivated progress of elegance which spread abroad a taste for neatness and order.

Her royal trips through her kingdom being frequent, they learned to always be ready for Her Majesty, who was fond of coming upon them unexpected with hundreds of her servants; so it is easy to see how she brought about great refinement in castles and even plain abodes.



Now we will suppose we stand in the long wide hall of the Victoria House; at each side is a staircase, balustraded with carved oak, either staircase bringing one to the first landing where we faced the imperial grandeur of Queen Elizabeth's time. The ceiling was a copy of one in Conway, North Wales, which was built in 1550. It was one of the many places honored by her presence; another ceiling was copied from Haddan Hall, which still exists in Derbyshire; at one time it was owned by the Vernons, so occurs to us the names of "Dorothy Vernon," and "Sir John Manners." It is now owned by the Duke of Rutland, the most perfect old English mansion to be found.

The designs upon the massive Cassone, or oaken chest, which stood in the center of the hall and was the very ornament for it, was designed from the Italian Renaissance. This magnificent coffer was a reproduction of an old Florentine pattern which is in the royal palace at Naples. Portrayed on the gilded front panel was the departure of Columbus from Spain, which was accomplished by the royal British architect, F. Hamilton Jackson. On an armchair he had vigorously sculptured the discovery of America, and an extract from Robertson, the historian: "On October 11, 1492, after a long and adventurous voyage of nearly two months, Columbus was standing on the forecastle of his ship, the 'Pinta,' which always kept ahead of the others. He observed a light in the distance and two hours later the cry was heard from the crew of the 'Pinta,' 'Land.'"

"Soon as the sun rose all the boats were manned and armed. Columbus was the first European to set foot on the New World which he had discovered."

A pedestaled knight guarded each stairway, while grandfather's clock chimed in the corner; the baronial-looking drawing room, with high, heavy, oak panelings, archways hung with heavy rich curtains, a terra cotta fireplace, paintings hundreds of years old, beside the "Garden Party," which represented the one given by the queen on her thirtieth birthday, made a fine room. Especially 'twas so, when graced by the presence of Sir Henry Wood, Sir Richard Webster, and wives, who entertained on a grand scale, lavish refreshments always being served in the summer garden, while guests moved about this beautiful home, happy and at ease.

No officials succeeded better in pleasing socially than did these. Scattered about were copies of existing fur-



niture which once belonged to the Medici family, but now in the Pitti palace at Florence. The tables were copies of some in the museum at Exeter, England, a city of which 'tis said, is worthy of making a holiday in.

From the period of William and Mary was fashioned a cabinet of ebony, ivory, box and mother of pearl; wrought on pearwood were flowers, foliage, and birds in elegant profusion. A chair, once beautiful and of regal dignity, stood in tattered velvet coverings, and tarnished studs rested upon worn silken braid; this was a copy of the "Knole" chair in which King Charles sat during his trial at Westminster Hall. It was near Knole House, the gallant, witty and accomplished Phillip Sidney lived.

The settees were wrought after the manner of Jean Goujin, a French master of the sixteenth century. No one had time to sit in the old "cackle" or "gossip" chair, except those who held cards of admission; every day from two until five the public was admitted, then hustled out like so many sheep who said as they went: "Those guards did not act as though they wanted us to stay. Well, who wanted to? There was nothing to see; the rugs were rolled back and the rooms roped in."

These expressions were common, and heard from many every day of the Fair. The offensive and officious English-born guard said he had lived in America ever since he could remember. As an example of how different he was from Americans, when asked how many volumes were represented in the library, and this question was asked by a lady, too, he rudely replied: "I do not know; do not wish to; have never counted them; never shall; neither will I trouble myself to count them for you." He certainly did not follow out in true politeness that which is inborn in every American; even an uneducated ditch-digger would have shown more chivalry, so we met one American citizen, if he was one, that we were heartily ashamed of, and promptly disowned. He was placed there by the tradesmen of London, who furnished this house, and they should blush with shame for the blame which was heaped upon the shoulders of her Majesty the Queen, the general public taking it for granted that he was placed there by her authority. And because of his offensive insolence, which authority it must be was granted him by the tradesmen, it is due that the public be informed of the true facts, for there were hundreds who honestly supposed he was there by authority of the queen;



and many were the expressions made which otherwise would not have been.

Mrs. Tom Willett, a member of the "Columbian Club," of Flint, Michigan, was assigned the duty of giving a paper on the "Victoria House." She gave it in the form of poetry, theming after the style of "The Raven." Mrs. Willett's father was English born, and to-day is English to the backbone, and on reading her poem, which described the feelings of the general public, he said to her:

"I am ashamed that my child, coming of good English stock, would even express the truth of such a matter."

It caused no unkind feelings, only he was rather particular about talking familiarly with her for a day or so, but on being informed he should be proud of a child who could write anything as fine as this, he repented.

"On a sunny day and cheery  
As I wandered weak and weary,  
O'er the pave of the White City  
On Lake Michigan's fair shore,  
While I walked and gazed and pondered,  
On the sights through which I'd wandered,  
Wondered if I'd passed some portal,  
Missed some great important door,  
I bethought me of Great Britain,  
And her building on the shore;  
Only this and nothing more.

Sure, I thought, of all the nations,  
To exhibit great creations,  
And astonish all the people  
Of our great and glorious land;  
Queen Victoria, with her islands,  
With her lowlands and her highlands,  
Will outstrip all other countries;  
Outdo all I've seen before.  
I will see Victoria's building,  
I must see this one thing more,  
Only this, and nothing more.

Then, with footsteps slow and lagging,  
Dizzy head and spirits flagging,  
I sought out, by guard diverted,  
England's great Chicago home.



Fancy pictured gorgeous splendor,  
England's trophies and her plunder,  
Gleaned from all the lands around her,  
Ancient things outvying Rome;  
Here, I said, I'll rest a moment,  
Rest a while and then go home.  
Overawed, I passed the portal,  
And if ever weary mortal  
In one instant had her feelings,  
Fancies change as ne'er before;  
Lost her bright anticipation,  
In stern, cruel realization,  
And with some precipitation,  
Sought the freedom of a door.  
It was I, just murmuring faintly:  
This is English, nothing more;  
Only this, and nothing more.

One or two rooms, darkly furnished,  
Heavy hangings, brasses burnished,  
And one great and noble picture,  
Which the English did adore;  
Great, if length and breadth would make it  
Noble, so the English spake it;  
Peasantry were in the background,  
All the nobles to the fore.  
The Queen's jubilee, the subject,  
Pomp, servility galore;  
Only this, and nothing more.

Columbian guards were at a discount,  
English guards their places took.  
One who wished to ask a question  
Was discouraged with a look.  
We were marched, like galley prisoners,  
'Twixt the ropes' inviting aisle;  
'Twas our only consolation  
That it didn't last a mile.  
'Is this all?' I asked in whisper.  
'Do they show us nothing more?'  
Echo answered, 'Nothing more.' "

Note.—England and the Dominion of Canada made a large showing in every department of the Fair.



## TATERSALL'S BRITISH MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

At the stock pavilion, for many weeks every day, this startling exhibition was given, being realistic enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty. All were young English soldiers, who had served their time, being about thirty and forty years of age, wearing numerous medals of honor, which told a silent story of long, weary marches and bloody campaigns. These were heroes of Egyptian and other battle grounds.

If one had an idea that a military tournament was "tame" or "slow," none said so after witnessing one of their battles. As the men filed by in the grand march, we thought of America's close kinship, how theirs and our forefathers had once been a part and parcel of the British. Like true, loyal Americans, we can afford to honor the stuff these famous soldiers of England are made of, who never know when they are beaten, but keep on fighting. We know they can fight and fight well. Let us think how they have bravely faced the howling natives in the hot sands of the Soudan, or upon the burning plains of South Africa and India, then ask ourselves the question, could there be greater bravery manifested on the part of any soldier than that?

These soldiers were retired reserves, drawing pensions, subject to active service in any emergency that might arise. In the early part of the summer occurred the death of Adj.-Capt. Crocker, bringing profound sorrow to the entire brigade and officers, who for a time wore a band of crape about their sleeves, a mute tribute to his memory.

Now, in fancy, we are comfortably seated to witness the grand march. There is a bugle sound and Col. Vibert rides into the center, while around him is grouped the royal artillery; next comes his staff officers and orderly, forming a half-circle about him. In the distance red curtains part and two stalwart six-footers, clad in the magnificent uniforms of the First Life Guards, take their positions at the extreme north, remaining immovable as statues during the grand review. Close at their heels comes little Oliver Small, the youngest drummer in the world. He was smuggled into the army when only nine years old, which made the great little drummer a veteran, having seen five years' service. He wore a service ribbon,



showing that he participated in the Burmese campaign. He is the offspring of an old, non-commissioned soldier.

Here comes the Guard's band, playing stirring strains of martial music. Arriving at the center they face the east and halt; another bugle blast and the royal horse artillery appears, turning to the right, followed by the gallant First Life Guards. At the head of this corps rides Lieut. Rawson Turner, of the Fifteenth Hussars, who was with Col. Burnaby when he was speared to death at Abu Klea Wells, in that famous dash across the desert from Korti to Metameh before Khartoum and Gordon fell.

As each detachment entered the band played an individual air for each corps, greeting the Fifth Irish Royal Lanciers with "The Harp that Once through Tara's Hall," the British Grenadier Guards with "God Save the Queen," the Highlanders, "Highland Laddie," the Connaught Rangers fairly dancing to "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Next the king's royal riflers, lastly the ambulance corps, while the well-groomed and trained horses, as well as those who carried riders, were a glitter of gold. Steel armors were over the red coats of the riders who were gay with shakos and plumes, the whole tournament being made up of Life Guards, Lanciers, Grenadiers, Highlanders, Rangers and Riflemen, mounted and on foot, going through evolutions which were marvels of military precision, all these keeping perfect time to the inspiring music.

Swinging along came the famous "Black Watch," headed by a magnificently proportioned drum-major, then followed spirited contests between soldiers with fixed bayonets. A fine display of lance exercise by the Fifth Royal Irish Lanciers, a picturesque display of horsemanship in an earnest bout with armed infantrymen with fixed bayonets, their points being heavily protected in view of the intensely earnest and exciting experience, which made the spectators pretty nervous. As an incentive to make it as imposing and earnest as possible, prizes were awarded each time by judges who keenly watched both sides.

A wonderful exhibition of skill in driving was given by the two best teams of the Royal Horse Artillery, the best from Woolwich, the wheels tracked five feet and nine inches; the space between posts through which the guns were driven, first at a trot and then at a gallop, were six feet nine inches, allowing one foot space for the driver



of a powerful, six-horse team, to drag through this space a lumbering gun so nicely, as to not touch a post on either side. It was a grand exhibition of skill, which made one fairly stop breathing for the minute.

Nothing could be prettier, or more graceful, than the rush of a dozen dashing cavalymen, lighting simultaneously over furz-covered gates; then the exhibition of the Seventh Lanciers and Hussars in single file, double, fours and company front, was superb. In the mounted sword contest, which was a battle royal of "give and take," some resounding blows were given.

Very laughable and exciting was the Balaklava melee, which was a combat between the First Life Guards and the Royal Horse Artillery, armed with short hickory sticks, and with a basket-like arrangement, which, as the battle progressed, they slipped over their heads for protection, as they advanced upon each other, and tried to whack off the colored cockades fastened to each helmet. As each face was covered with a wire screen, the baskets seemed rather unnecessary. Sometimes one rider was belabored by three or four at once, then he would throw the basket over his head, perhaps to show the white feather, until the rest of his company came to his aid; sometimes his horse would get a thump, when it would plunge wildly about, seemingly to the great peril of the rider, and the hilarious amusement of the audience.

From beginning to end the spectacle was side-splitting, and a complete cure for the blues and indigestion. Next a wooden peg, twelve inches in length, by three inches in width, was driven into the ground until only six inches of it appeared. This was for the tent-pegging exhibition. The horsemen started from the farther end of the track, advancing at full speed, when, within a dozen feet of the peg, he dropped his lance, attempting to impale it as the horse swept past, succeeding every time in carrying it away. The two expert peggers were Lieut. Turner and Sergt. Lee, who skillfully used the sabre for the lance, receiving long, wild applause.

A specimen was given of real Highland dancing; then came the tug of war in the exhibition of strength between the British Grenadiers and the brawny Highlanders. As the rope stretched tighter and cracked it seemed it might be the cords which stood out on the arms of the men as they surged and strained each to obtain the mastery.

The musical ride was entrancing, which consisted of



evolutions on horseback, combined with sword exercises. As 'twas evening, the scene was enhanced by numerous colored lime lights, which played over the glittering helmets and cuirasses; the proud stepping horses, with their splendid trappings, keeping perfect time to the music, made a gorgeous scene. The tournament closed with a sham attack upon a mimic fort. A clever exhibition was given by the 12-year-old trumpeter, whose horse was trained to fall at the discharge of a cannon; as the horse rolled over the boy nimbly alighted on his feet, dropped behind his charger and popped away at the enemy. Soon he was seemingly wounded, and fell outside his breastworks, but was rescued by an officer, who apparently rushed "into the jaws of death," rescued the little fellow and carried him away in safety; still they stormed the fort with charge after charge, accompanied by sharp fighting. The scene was as real as a genuine battle, for the ambulance corps passed along and picked up the evidently dead and dying.

This instructive and imposing exhibition was entirely free from cheapness.



## JAPAN.

Japan was one of the first foreign countries to take active interest in the Fair. Her parliament at once appropriated \$630,785. Soon after this the representatives of the government arrived in Chicago. The Japanese Pavilion in Liberal Arts was a signal attraction; two vases of rare workmanship and design received first medals. Their merchandise was also on exhibit and for sale on Midway. Their large displays in all departments ably represented their ability and thrift.

Their whole exhibit was under the direction of the Minister of Agriculture, and, by the governmental authority of Japan vested in him, he was at liberty to call on any or all of its officials for aid in making a proper display. The tea houses were situated south of the gardens and on the shore of the lagoon. They made and served their tea in covered cups, serving with it sweetbreads.

One day in August twelve ladies were invited and escorted by the nice little man to a tea party on the wooded island. The Japanese houses of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries were built of bamboo, both plain and plaited, with no using of hammer or nails. They tied girders on the open roof with ropes of straw. These they rested upon, weaving beneath them rice straw, making roofs. When nearly completed the girders were removed. Then, agile as cats, they climbed over the roofs, staining them in mixed shades of green and red.

The work was so smooth that it had the appearance of slate roofing. The interior of the houses, especially the "Hooden palace," were strikingly beautiful, with friezes and panels richly colored, the background being represented as water. Delicate relief work stood out from it a foot or more. This thick with flowers and foliage, by or back of which sailed swans. In waxwork of perfection were cherry trees and rosebushes, loaded with their fruit and flowers.

In all the houses were antique ebony stands, ancient stringed instruments, tiny stoves, not larger than a quart measure, in which they burned a thick, white oil and iron-like ornamented urns, were used for cooking.

The Japanese who had charge of their educational department, in the Liberal Arts Building, was an English



scholar; their school was so American as to surprise us, on finding lessons written in English. He said: "A few years ago we sent to America for her brightest scholars in all branches; to-day we have a school system which is quite American, but we think our system of government an improvement in some ways on that of the United States, which has much red tape. Ours has not; it is easier and more quickly understood. Our people are progressive, and the number of college graduates is yearly increasing; but to expedite matters, and to faster get American ideas, and to put them into practice, we sent to her for civil engineers, scientists, machinists, etc. To-day we are quite an English-speaking race, thoroughly imbued with an admiration for everything American, and are putting the same energy and push, which are her characteristics, into our affairs. We have miles of telephone and telegraphy, electric lights, cars and cable, too, and some good railways. We are also trained in military tactics by Americans, and in case of war we should buy American arms. Our emperor is an energetic worker, never idle. He is a liberal subscriber to every magazine of any importance in America; he takes a lively interest in their cartoons and has an interpreter, so misses nothing American. The empress is his favorite companion, domestic in her tastes and philanthropic; so keenly sympathetic in her nature that she systematically visits several poor schools in which she is interested."

"Why," said he, with a look of disgust, "would you believe it, when we first came people said 'Those are Chinamen?' The Yellow sea divides us from that non-progressive pig-tailed race."

The art of Japan is distinctly its own; they possess fine imitative powers. While their impressions regarding objects are very different from any other nation, their ideal blending of colors is beyond criticism. In the Art Building, carved or sculptured out of wood and ivory, were mythological Buddhist beings, sets of falcons, a long-tailed rooster sitting on a plum tree limb, beneath it hen and chickens. These were carved out of wood, then black-bronzed.

An old monkey, holding feathers of an eagle, was carved out of cherry wood. Two enormous vases, very beautiful, which stood before the west entrance of French sculpture, were considered two of their main attractions. These secured medals.



On the second floor were peach-blossom vases, decorated with dragons in the waves. Incense boxes, then writing desks covered with gold lacquer work; metal screens, with open work tops; a copper plaque of monkey and insects; gold cigar boxes lacquered with cherry-wood flowers and maple leaves. In a large glass case was shown two pairs of portieres, embroidered with storks standing 'mid water and cattails. So vivid were the feathers it seemed they might spread their wings and take flight.

The other designs were peacocks and peach-blossoms; these were called the finest realistic art in that line at the fair. Their embroideries on textile fabrics and cut velvet were favorites for their delicate perfection.



## THE FRENCH BUILDING.

Looking the length of the west side of this building it had a long, narrow, not pleasant appearance; the beautiful architectural effects were seen only on the east side, which fronted Lake Michigan.

We stepped into a circular court, in the centre of which was a fountain; about it were flowering plants and ferns, while here and there were stately palms; arranged about were garden seats, some statuary, and urns of potted plants.

The north and south annexes were joined by a wide circular piazza, this view making a charming picture. The architect of this building, whom it was our pleasure to know (we regret being unable to give his name, his card being lost) was a pleasant addition to "Hyde Park" society, but he returned home immediately after the dedication of the building.

The north annex contained the relics which belonged to Washington and Lafayette, and in that particular room Americans were intensely interested; it was open from two until five p. m., six persons only being allowed in at a time, as officials were afraid of dishonest relic-hunters, so hundreds sometimes waited in vain to pay tribute to the memory of these two great men.

Those arrogant French guards did not treat people with even common civility, they pretended to not understand English and refused people admission who held official admittance cards. The following is strictly dedicated to the ones implicated:

Proudly they sneered and swelled up to their throats,  
Strode to and fro, those puffed-up billy goats,  
Punched back the crowd with an arrogant air,  
While refined people at them did stare.

They wished them all to believe  
They were looking at good French stuff,  
So, with tough pugilistic airs,  
They treated them mean and rough.

They belted them back from the ropes,  
Their fists and heads high in air.  
We sincerely wished these common French folks  
Had stayed away from the Fair.



In the center of the Washington and Lafayette room stood a large high glass case, beautifully ornamented with gold flowers and vines. In the case stood two urns composed of gold and silver, about four feet high. There were diamond-hilted swords, bejeweled daggers, gold and silver loving cups, and other things that had passed between these two great men, as gifts.

On the walls, in narrow frames, were scenes of their battles, printed in their time, describing them in the old style of spelling, a picture of Paul Revere's ride with poetry attached; portraits in oil of Washington and Lafayette when young men, and in older ages. The ceiling in this room was in reliefs of blue and gold over a cream ground.

In the south annex were shown photographs of criminals, first the whole person, next the face, then a part of it, then separately the nose, ears and eyes. There were two wax figures, one of a man who had been murdered and robbed; a curious, morbid crowd gathered about this ghastly sight. The other figure represented the criminal. All this was intended for scientific information and instruction.

On a tripod a photographic lens was placed, before the murdered man, representing how every footprint, or other significant mark which a murderer generally leaves behind him is photographed.

The architectural drawings of the French were interesting, showing methods of public construction, and that of private houses; their fire escapes and other accompanying conveniences. A diagram showed the old mode of flooding the streets of Paris and the awful sewers through which brave persecuted Jean Valjean, of the story, waded all one night, carrying on his shoulders, for brotherly love only, a helpless fellowman.

In another place *Les Miserables* informs us that it is to a Frenchman we owe the first studied-out plans for good sewerage.

The first offense given the French was when the painting "Adultery" was refused space in the Art Palace. They claimed that finely rendered art should be recognized no matter what the subject; for their opinions and bad taste they were unmercifully scored by the press. Thoroughly angry they locked the veiled picture in a room of the French Building saying it would return to France and never be seen by another American. They, and nearly every country refused to compete for medals, claiming they were not treated fairly.



One night, during a heavy rain, their beautiful exhibit in "Liberal Arts" was nearly ruined; they closed it claiming damages from the Exposition company. They then closed the French colony house. They certainly did have wretched luck. Their exhibits in every department were large, while that in "Liberal Arts" was exquisite. There was exhibited a fine patterned ebonized or enameled vase inlaid with gold valued at \$10,000.

In the Art Palace was shown sculptured casts from the eleventh to the nineteenth century, giving one a rare opportunity in a short time, of seeing France in many centuries. There was shown a portion of the Cathedral of Nantes of the year 1512, the outer walls ornamented with garlands of flowers and faces which age had crumbled away.

In the Cathedral of Nantes were represented the tombs of Francis II., Duke of Brittony and of Marguerite De Foix. From the Chapel of St. Germain was an ancient altar piece. In the Cathedral of Nantes of the sixteenth century the door jams were ornamented with flowers which slipped into grooves and thus shaped and completed each flower or character as the doors opened or shut.

In sculpture there were fawns, nymphs, and cupids, bathing, riding dolphins or seashells, some listening to their mysterious music, others playing with panthers, or gamboling about. A fine exhibition of strength was shown in "A Lion Strangling a Boa;" another, strangling a crocodile, and a "Rhinoceros Attacked by Tigers." These heavy and impressive pieces were by Auguste Cain, of Paris.

Frightfully realistic was "The Death of Jezebel," by Leon Auguste Perry, Paris. There was represented in oil the beautiful Christmas story of the "Annunciation," which is never dull nor old, by Alfred Pierre Agache. The bright light which streamed from Heaven through the murky darkness onto the angel, and past her onto the awestricken but happy faces of the shepherds over the glad tidings of a Savior born, was a refined and elevated effort.

"The Return of the Wedded Couple," by Jean Brunette, brought back to many happy memories, and in fancy they lived their honeymoons over again, as they watched the young bridegroom look with tender pride into the pretty-faced young wife. Next artist Jean Francois Raffaelli, of Paris. Every picture of his told the story intended



with atmospheric effect or the time of day. His arrangements of lights and shades were portrayals of realistic truth from his masterly brush. His Bohemians or "Rag Pickers of the Boulevards" and "In the Plains," showed him to be an aggressive, fearless impressionist, and again and again we returned to admire his pictures of the working people, not for the beauty in them, but for depiction of truthfulness in their coarse flesh and clothing. Especially noticeable was the hamlike skin of their hands and arms, which comes from constant contact with sun and soil; the crooked fingers and ungainly shoulders which are made by lifting and throwing heavy material. These he painted so lifelike that it seemed they must ache from fatigue. On some of his faces appeared hard coarseness and resolute reticence, while in the deep, leathery lines of others were shown secluded sorrows, blighted hopes and buried affections of long ago. But the "Grandfather" was a different effort; in his shirt sleeves he was strolling down a lane, smoking his pipe, while by his side toddled his grandchild, dragging a small tree limb. In the distance was their little cottage; he was reasonably conscious of his dignity and decently proud of the little one.

"In the Plains," an old man was seated in a wagon drawn by robust horses. The air was full of fine dust, and 'twas plain to be seen that the day was hot. There was the dusty cracked hub, with a patch of red paint half worn, while the paint had nearly disappeared from the wheels. It was just right and could not be improved.



## GERMANY.

"Das Deutsche Haus," Germany's beautiful home, was opened on May 23rd by the Imperial Commissioners and Privy Councilor Herr Adolph Wermuth; this edifice was the costliest of all the foreign buildings, viz., \$250,000.

It covered an area of about 135 by 110 feet. No building was more favorably situated for enjoyment of the matchless lake view. It was in general three and a half stories high. The basement was of rock-faced limestone; the first story of stuccoed brick; the upper stories of exposed timber slightly carved. The ornamentations were from the medieval period. The front was richly ornamented in high colors and gilded frescoes. At the apex of the gable was an immense black eagle, below it a group of medieval weapons, and knights with drawn swords defending the German crown. Extending over the sides were the arms of all the states of the Empire, and seeming to cling to the walls were ornamentations of leafy vines hanging thick with grapes, then twining near and about them were garlands of flowers.

Above these, in numerous places, appeared sunbursts of dazzling splendor. These ornamentations were by Prof. Sellinger; the architect was Johannes Kadke, both of Berlin. On the tower which measured 180 feet from the ground up, was a dial; inside of the tower were two bells; one rang the hours, the other the quarter hours. In the belfry near the chapel were chimes which rang twice a day. They were loaned by three persons, the Emperor, Empress, and the Crown Prince. This was done to show the interest taken by the Emperor in the Columbian Festival. They were made by Boshem, of Westphalia; they were not of common bell metal, but of steel, which is the new fashion of bells, it having been discovered that steel bells are lighter, cheaper, and more musical than brass or other metals.

These bells were made especially for Grace church in the Invaliden Park, in Berlin, at the royal family's expense in honor of the Emperor's grandmother, the Empress Augusta. After the Fair they were taken back and placed in that edifice.

Ascending broad stone steps we found the interior more interesting and even handsomer than the exterior. Be-



tween the first and second story windows was an old German rhyme which, translated, was:

“Armed and industrious,  
Full of grain and wine,  
Full of power and iron  
Melodious, full of thought.  
I will praise thee, Fatherland mine.”

On the walls at each end were frescoes eight feet high; these were masterpieces. One represented a cupbearer to the king; beneath it, in German:

“I will try to bring the work of my ideas,  
And of my hands into the fighting.

I will try and keep up the battle, and learn from the power of other people, in order that henceforth I may do better myself.”

The other fresco represented Fame with a trumpet; beneath it: “By this trumpet my honor and my glory shall be sounded all over the world, from the rising to the setting of the sun with a full clear sound.”

On the first floor we passed through a wide triple-arched entrance coming to a pavement ten feet wide made of tiling, manufactured in Germany. The lofty ceilings were grained, hand carved, and plaster spaces were ornamented with flowering vines and birds.

The elegant lobby was 30 by 40 feet and surrounded on all sides by heavy walnut columns and arches heavy in hand carving. We passed through double glass doors, and stood in another hall 54 by 48 feet, which was illuminated in many colors from the expensive stained glass windows.

There was a massive display of German literature, in elegant bindings, some of them bearing illuminated work of high order. Ranged along the walls, in cases, were large engravings well worth studying. Passing into the chapel the sunlight shone through the rich stained glass windows, throwing soft pretty colors over everything. There were glass cases filled with rich priestly robes, magnificent white satin or kid altar cloths, embroidered with gold and seed pearls, chalices and censers studded with precious stones, jeweled mitres, silk-leaved prayer books, bound in white kid and rimmed with gold.

“The Last Supper,” in relief work of carved wood, was the best of its kind we had seen. But those which most



touched the heart and brought into action all of one's better nature, were the wood carvings of "The Stations of the Cross."

Most pitiful was the sorrow of Mary, the Mother of Christ, Mary Magdalene and John; on his face was also expressed a look of hopeful faith, of his firm belief of a new life to be lived in the "New Kingdom," but he was unable to convey this comforting thought to his grieving companions, who gazed into the loved eyes from which life had nearly fled. Standing near was a grim-faced Roman soldier. In beautiful art all these were carved out in wood, to represent the life, death and resurrection of "The Christ." It was a silent but terrible reminder of neglected opportunities, which filled us with heartfelt sorrow and deep penitence as we thought how little He asked of each to make them a child of grace, and deep into our hearts sank His gentle plea,

"Child, give me thine heart."

The Germans wished Chicago to have their noble structure, but were unwilling that it should be used as a museum, or a place of public resort, except in a religious way.

Another elegant room was the office of the commissioners, situated at the right of the front entrance. It was an alcoved room of solid carved mahogany. Lovely colors streamed over it from stained windows onto the hangings of elegant tapestry, and its furnishings, and as a whole, made it indescribably beautiful.

In this grand building was a remarkable picture entitled "Grandfather's Birthday," by Adolph Pichler; it showed a little girl placing a wreath of wild flowers about the portrait of her grandfather. In this picture was the father of the child, thus representing three generations.

The Bible has furnished this noted artist subjects for many of his most celebrated paintings. "Mary and Jesus" is one of his highly-prized works; "The Death of Jacob," another famous picture which is owned by the city of Munich. In a department not connected with this building proper was a display by Waldhoff, of Mannheim, who has an immense factory employing 1,200 operatives, turning out 240,000 pounds of cellulose daily, an exhibit which was of great interest to paper manufacturers.

Germany's art received unusual notice from visitors and the press. "The Thorn Puller," sculptured by Prof.



Eberlin, of Berlin, was a ragged-dressed boy scowling with pain, his teeth closed tightly together, pulling from his foot a thorn. Another was a little one scowling, half crying, yet bestowing a look of confidence at grandma, who was pulling the sliver from its foot.

"Moses Destroying the Tables of the Law" was a grand effort, by Prof. E. Herter, of Berlin. A bronze group entitled "A Deathly Embrace" was a man struggling with a lion; grandly depicted was the muscular powers of man and beast.

In oil paintings: "Evening," by Meyer, was a beautiful scene; night fast approaching as the peasants came over the hills from their labor, and as the twilight deepened there were thrown over the scene shades of green-gray and dull red; they passed a fenced field where a brown-eyed cow was standing in grass spangled with daisies; by that time the harvest moon had arisen, over which drifted fleecy clouds, and 'twas "Evening" again, by F. Behrend. In this the laborers passed by lowing cows and bleating sheep into their low-built huts with thatched green roofs. The next morning one of these women stood on the flower-gemmed, grassy hillside, watching with pride thirteen fat calves, the "Pets of the Peasant's Wife," by Prof. Anton Braith, Munich. "The Harvesters' Repast," by Prof. E. Henseler; again were the peasants pictured in restful happiness and content on their way with covered baskets to the place for the repast. A coarsely dressed old lady, a blue handkerchief tied over her head, led a child; two girls followed, one carrying the basket of food, the other holding in her coarse blue apron some herbs she had gathered from the field they had just passed through, in which were sheep; even the shepherd dog was hearty and happy. The strong men and sturdy boys came to the repast carrying scythes, rakes, and jugs of water.

"Jack Remains at Home," by Prof. Josef Wopfner, Munich. The disappointed little boy wished to go, but he seemed to be quite reasonable about it, and tried to be bravely cheerful as he pushed the boat out to sea, and thought of the good time his little brother would have that day. 'Twas easy to see the half-suppressed sob expressed in his face as he thought of the "Good times, but I'm not in them." A group of twenty-two cows by Herman Baisch was perfection. One became separated from the herd and wildly plunged through the brush to the others. The position taken was nature itself, while every cord,



muscle or projection of bone could not have been given truer representation.

A pure-faced nun was taking a quiet walk; the sun shone through the stained glass windows of the abbey, throwing upon the pathway and trunks of trees patches of colors; the shadings of pink, green and white dotting over her quiet dress, then on to the white pathway and in shadows upon the grass and tree trunks, was so able an effort, with the sunlight streaming through the trees, causing their rays to be perfect and uneven just as they should be, that it was really to us a marvel. This was by Karlsruhe, of Berlin. Fritz Fleischer Weimer's "Old Wife and Dogs" was greatly admired for truthful depiction of vulgar reality; an old witch of a woman, leering and smiling, wore shoes which slipped at the heels, and displayed great holes in her stockings. It was a cold wintry day and the wind blew her unkempt garments about her neglected figure; stray hairs seemed to wave across her face; we believed her to be toothless and could picture her in one of the most dreadful looking homes smoking a short black pipe. Under one arm she carried a young dog, while with the other hand she dragged along two, tied by pieces of rope, who pulled hard and were unwilling to come at all. We thought we heard her give a cackling laugh and say,

"Come on, ye varmints, ye."

On a heap of straw lay the mother dog and her puppies; one of them ventured out and returned with a bone, "His First Booty," by Miss Biderman. This was a fascinating picture, true to life and very cunning. All who saw Miss Constance Strecker's cat said,

"What is the matter with that cat?"

Quick as a flash they'd answer themselves:

"Oh, it is sick." Yes, it was "My Little Sick Cat."

"Rolling Mill," by Prof. Adolph Menzel. In this impressive picture there were so many of the brawny-armed men, bare to their waists, wearing slip-shod, tattered shoes that we could not count them; the hot flames of the furnace threw a light over their faces, making their skin look coarsely red, not unlike leather, so long had they been in the baking heat, day after day, for years. One may have placed all the fancies they wished in this picture; the smelting process was shown; a dump wagon moved on its track away; the ponderous turning wheels and swift moving shafts whirled, while hoarse orders came from the throats of the men. It seemed to us that



a lifetime spent in such a place would excuse them from heat in the hereafter; it was a scene of din and confusion, and seeing this picture was as real as though we were in the very place itself.

"The Martyr's Daughter," by Prof. Albert Dusseldorf, was a scene from the Christian persecution under the reign of Diocletian. The pure, sweet-faced daughter was surprised in the catacombs by soldiers, while decorating with flowers the crypt in which lay her father; the fierce soldiers rushed in, brandishing their swords, and she bravely faced them showing no fear, and they seemed to turn toward the opening to go. The light shining from the opening was just strong enough for the effect intended.

F. Von Preffenger admirably portrayed "Dancing Begins." The Gretchens and Hans had formed the set, and were waiting for the musicians to tune up; in another room were lunch tables, where were young people sitting or standing about. Here a young man smoked his pipe looking unutterable love at a modest young miss, who was evidently at her first dance. The next morning "Before Sunrise," this maiden, carrying a bright copper pail, tripped over the grass thickly scattered with daisies; men and women passed her on their way to the fields, and the same Hans of last evening lingered to say good morning, and regretfully moved on to his work, while she went to milk the cows; a faint color in the east grew brighter; 'twas the reflection of the rising sun.

"The Poacher's Wife" had fallen in the snow, with face hidden in her hands, which rested on a bench; the forest-keeper had brought the dreadful news of her husband's death, who lay stretched on a sledge at the gate; his mother and his children stood in the door; the lighted lamp shone through the small panes of glass, so real as to distract the attention from the main subject of this picture of merit. We are sorry at being unable to give the names of the artists of these last two pictures.

"Scene Near Naples by Moonlight," by Prof. Oswald, was finely rendered. Out of the bluest of skies, the moon shone over the whole scene; the water of the bay seemed shimmering in its reflection; women with baskets sat on the ground by fruit stalls; off at the left lights shone from the homes of the villagers. In the distance was old Mt. Vesuvius; everyone who could was out for a stroll and enjoying this perfect evening. We do not know where the artist of "My Studio," Karl Kaler, lives, but 'twas a mag-



nificent effort in coloring, texture of draperies, rugs, and portieres; rare paintings adorned the walls; tastefully arranged were statues and bric-a-brac, a rich, magnificent room for the Persian cats and kittens shown in the picture to scamper about in.

A woman for a time admired it, then said:

“‘Not Competing.’ Queer name for it anyway.”

Ragged lines ran through it which had been so nicely adjusted as not to be noticed only by those who knew that the artist, on receiving word from an art committee, where his picture had been on exhibition, that it had not received first medal, cut and slashed it with his knife, until it was thought to have been ruined, but the picture was yet valuable, even as it was.

“Salome, the Daughter of Herodias,” by George Papperitz, Munich. She was a voluptuous and beautiful Jewish maiden, with waving black hair, melting dark eyes, arms and neck of marble whiteness, yet with a pinkish tinge, and fine texture of flesh. She wore a purple skirt and sandals, was bare to the waist, but covered with gold chains and jeweled ornaments. A gauze drapery was carelessly thrown about her. This picture would have been attractive, but for history carried out, for she held out from her a golden platter, upon it the head of John the Baptist.

“A Duel Behind the Fence,” by L. Knaus, Berlin. ’Twas a rough and tumble fight between two small boys; five others were spectators, and all acted as umpires. From the very poise of their figures, and the expression of their eyes, ’twas easy to see which they were in sympathy with, They pushed each other back, for each wished to figure in it, fairly saying:

“Let’s have fair play. This isn’t yours or my fight, let ’em have it out to the finish, if it takes an arm.”

“King Wentsel Raging,” by Fritz Rober, Dusseldorf. The king on horseback in a frightful rage, accompanied by a hangman, rode through the streets of Prague; everyone he met, who displeased him, was executed on the spot.

Germany’s pastoral paintings, animals and religious themes, were grand, and ’twould fill a large volume were we to speak of every picture we admired there.

On June 15th occurred German Day, which was one of the grandest of the Fair; from many bands came entrancing music, followed by long lines of marchers, consisting



of men, women and children, a majority of them representing German musical societies. No finer music was rendered at any time of the Fair than on that day.

At their concert, given in Festival hall, Nordica, Germany's sweet singer, who is their leader in musical circles, added great interest, enthusiasm and entertainment to the festivities of the day. 'Tis not necessary to talk at length on Nordica, who is already famous.

In July the German Turners, or gymnasts, held a festival in Milwaukee. From there they came to the Fair, and marched through the grounds many thousand strong, to the German building. In 1810, Frederick Ludwick Jahn, commonly called "Father Jahn," a patriotic German, concluded the only way his beloved fatherland could rid itself of French oppression was by systematic physical education of the Germans. At that time the best part of Europe was at the feet of Napoleon.

Jahn was a man of education, possessed of personal magnetism which enabled him to procure zealous and patriotic pupils. Through his influence the first gymnasium was opened at Berlin in 1811; his idea was to educate his people for self-government; like many other reformers, he was looked upon by the government as a dangerous enthusiast, and instead of respecting him for services rendered his country, his gymnasium was closed by the government and he was sent to prison.

In 1842, King Frederic William IV. admitted that gymnastic exercises were a necessary part of the education of men. Turner societies were then opened to the public. At present gymnastics are compulsory in the regular army. The victories of the Germans in the war of 1870 was ascribed by leading writers on warfare to their superior powers of endurance, brought about by these exercises.

In 1848 many Germans emigrated to the United States. Nearly all were Turners, and they at once started Turner societies. The first was established in Cincinnati. At the opening of the civil war there were 150 societies in existence; most of these were compelled to disband, but were re-organized at the close of the struggle. To be a member of a Turner society, a man must be eighteen years of age, a citizen of the United States, or promise to be when he attains his majority. He must be of good character; if he proves to be otherwise, he is dismissed; so to Germany we owe much, for they brought to America



exercises which now are prevalently practiced among men, women and children, making stronger, healthier and brighter citizens of them.

A book written by Gutsmith, one hundred years ago, is still recognized authority. A short extract:

"We are not athletes, and our youths shall neither knock out their teeth, nor crash their ribs. They shall neither kill others, nor wrench their own limbs."

In this exercise health is sought, not its destruction.



## BRAZIL.

This new republic, which is second in size to America, with a population of more than 16,000,000, attracted great attention. She had been but a few years under a new regime, which is always at first difficult and laborious.

When invited to make a representation at the World's Exposition, she was passing through a crisis; for the proclamation of the new republic had just been issued. A revolution arose through ambitions and pretensions of numerous agitators, which ended in May, 1892, with the exile of many officers and generals.

In the last part of this month commissioners were selected, having one brief year for soliciting contributions, besides contending with unsettled difficulties. Though their affairs were not in a normal condition, if every country succeeded in making as comprehensive an exhibit they were to be congratulated, for 'mid discouragements, and the short time allotted, it was astonishing what they accomplished.

All spaces allotted in buildings were too small, and in many instances exhibits were crowded, destroying the effect and making it difficult to examine them. Her building was called "the pearl of architecture," and at night was exceedingly beautiful, when glittering from dome to basement with electricity.

It was designed by Lieut.-Col. Francisco De Souza Aguiar. Its interior was magnificent in design and furnishings; and Brazil's cultured, gentlemanly officials were called the handsomest commissioners on the grounds.

On the walls of the grand salon and reception rooms were some of their fine paintings, "Proclamation of the Independence of Brazil on September 7th, 1822."

At the head of a portion of his army rode the general proclaiming independence, while laborers ran from their work to hear the news. It was an exciting and grand portrayal by Pedro Americo De Figueiredo. Intense religious fervor was displayed in "The First Mass," by Victor Meirelle. Shown in photographs were scenes of coffee farms and their methods of cultivation.

Arranged in pyramids were fancy glass jars of Brazilian coffee, which they claimed was a perfected lineal descend-



ant of genuine old Mocha, the most excellent produced. Brazil raises over three-fourths of the coffee used in the world, which means seven million sacks yearly. Two thousand sacks of raw coffee were sent for use with their machinery in "Machinery Hall," which cleaned and prepared it for market use.

We must return to the "Art Palace" for a few of their paintings. "A Country Ball in German Colonies," artist Pedro Weingartner; the first colonization in Southern Brazil was made by Germans, which have spread over many of their states, so they carry on extended commerce with Germany. Later important colonies were founded by Italians in agricultural and industrial activities.

Since 1877 hundreds of thousands have settled there, contributing astonishingly to good citizenship. Henrique Bernardelli, a noted Brazilian artist, showed two paintings, "Mother Nursing Her Babe," and "Gen. Dedora Proclaiming the Republic on November 15th, 1889." Both had received medals from other Expositions; in the last named no one could forget the portrait, so filled was it with vigorous, magnetic life.

In sculpture was "Christ and the Adulteress." His strong, masterly attitude and commanding expression represented truly what we believe to be a just representation of the Master when He said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." We were indeed glad to see a face and form with none of those weak, feminine attributes which have been too often depicted of Him by artists; for the greatest Teacher of mankind would necessarily have a noble, strong, yet kind face.

Brazil has numerous factories and mills with all modern appurtenances, spinning and weaving wool, cotton, even silk of fine quality. There are numerous tobacco factories there, it being a staple product; like other countries they have an abundance of breweries and distilleries, mills for flour, rice, corn and others. In the north of Brazil goats are raised; in the south various domestic animals, fine wool sheep taking the lead.

In "Mines and Mining" was shown her great wealth in diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, topaz, beryls, amethysts, opals, agate, chalcedony, jasper, rare specimens of crystalized gold, marble, limestone, clays, coal, copper, iron, salt, sulphur, and mineral waters.

A golden pyramid represented the mass of gold extracted from one state in 100 years from 1720 to 1820,



value \$303,083,000. From 1836 to 1886 extractions from more territory represented over \$26,000,000.

In "Electricity" she showed an interesting collection of telegraphic service; many kinds for naval purposes. The director for torpedoes and electricity sent from the navy yard of Rio de Janeiro a special apparatus for testing and firing mines. A beautiful chart described their telegraph lines, and a collection of maps illustrated the development of their telegraphy. Their various models were so perfect it was freely admitted they could not be surpassed.

In "Forestry" twelve states were represented out of the twenty which compose the union. Their exhibits were large in variety; two large logs of rosewood claimed special attention, as did polished specimens.

In the leather exhibit was a large rubber sphere, fine tanned leathers, and skins of native animals. In "Transportation" their exhibit was in two sections, maritime and land. In the first were miniature models of men-of-war, small ships and their machinery; a large long log hewed into a canoe, also a long raft for coast navigation and fishing. Although these are primitive, they are yet used by them, as nothing much has been accomplished in Brazil in fishing industries, but a grand future awaits it.

In the land section were suburban cars, samples of work made in their railroad shops, and photographs of engineering; many maps which would have been of further instruction were not exhibited for lack of space.

Brazilian anthropology was interesting, not because it exceeded in beauty and magnitude that of other countries, but a great part of it referred to an extinct people found on American soil. These of Brazil were excavated from the great islands of Marago, which are situated at the entrance of the Amazon river; these islands are 96 miles from north to south, and 127 miles from east to west. It is supposed they were inhabited by warlike tribes of Indians, who courageously defended their native soil from European invaders.

Their potteries, consisting of urns, vases, dishes, etc., were sculptured and decorated in an artistic manner, which is hard to reconcile with the ignorance and incapacity of the Indians who now live in these islands. Many vases were covered with a fine layer of red clay, over which were raised designs in white; some were of spherical form, joined to a slender neck, their handles augmenting their elegance of ornamentation.



Their idols were adorned to represent ancient Egyptian priests; on their heads were bonnets, the wide ties drooping over the shoulder; on others the hair was represented in ancient style. There were undeniable proofs of a well-practiced art in terra cotta, and we are led to believe that these ancient people were of advanced civilization when inferior races crowded them out, causing the decay of their art and progressiveness.

This island of numerous cemeteries offers a wide field for study and investigation of the human race, which in our day is rapidly taking on great development.

But little space was given the work of Brazilian women in the "Woman's Building," so it was scattered in other sections; it was a large collection of fine embroideries, needlework, and hundreds of specimens of beautiful labyrinth laces, showing patience in exact and delicate detail. There were drawings, paintings, water colors, pen sketches, and many other articles of skilful taste.

The women of Brazil are a home-loving and home-abiding class; they dislike publicity and all that is noisy, which to them is indicative of immodesty. Being born homemakers and mothers, their home is their world; for it they would live or die. They are thorough in habits of order and economy, and are a combination of poetic delicacy and Christian piety, making them devoted, judicious mothers, loyal friends and ministering angels in sickness. A Brazilian mother never allows her daughter to roam about at will; if she attends a daily school, some member of the family escorts and returns to bring her home. This duty oftenest falls upon the brother, which accounts for the chivalry of these gentlemen. A case of infidelity is rare among Brazilian wives, who are hospitable in the highest degree.

Among them are dentists, physicians, midwives and excellent journalists.



## ITALY.

Late in the year of 1891, Italy officially announced she would take part in the Columbian Exposition. She made a magnificent display in nearly every department, naturally contributing largely in fine arts, making on this line a stronger impression, especially in sculpture, than any other country except France, Austria or Germany. This has a special reference to her sculpture.

In her section in "Art Palace" stood the statue of "Modern Mythology," by A. Appolini, of Rome. This was given the "golden apple." Cold and impassive, at first it seemed, but slowly the thought dawned upon us it takes on color and is warming into life. 'Tis a perfect human form, and fascinated we listen to hear her "Hello," for she held at her ear the telephone receiver. His medallion of Dante's "Beatrice," and many others, received high praise from critics. "Eve After Sin," by A. Alegretti, was of touching conception in expression and attitude of remorseful sorrow.

A prim, sour-looking woman stood by it, and savagely said:

"Wish I could been in Eve's place. I'd showed her how I'd not made every woman in the kingdom suffer for her foolishness."

Her not very edifying remarks were drowned in the laughter of spectators.

A noble effort was the bust of "Liberty," by L. Bistolfi, of Rome; a bronze of Othello, by Calvi, of Milan; most apparent in his expression was hate, fierce affection, gloomy doubts, and jealousy, as he looked on the handkerchief in his hand.

"High Wave," by Fiasche, Florence. One never tired of watching the laughing girl draw from contact with the waves, and there's not a subject we carried home more clearly in our minds, or that has left a more certain longing to see it again. "A Flower Among Flowers," by E. Garibaldi, was a maiden of lovely face and form, surrounded by garlands of flowers.

These are but a few out of the hundreds, and 'twill be the same in oil and water colors; so much was worthy for which space cannot be given.

"The Ill-fed," by Gabrina, was pathetic and described



half-starved people. His most noted one is "Columbus," which he was four years completing. "Such a Sweet Note," by F. Andriotti, Chicago. The artist's treatment of the subject made the title of it most apparent; pure and true was the "Lady of the Pearls," by Belinben.

Their reproductions of classic bronzes from excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, were copies from the originals which are in the National museum at Naples; so real was imitated the corrosions and ravages of age, one might fancy they smelled the mold and closeness of their long burials. Of hundreds shown we mention a few, "Hercules Taming a Stag," "Mercury in Repose," "Faun and Bacchus," and statues of "Seneca" and "Ptolemy."

Venetian glass was manufactured for the first time in America on "Midway." A reception was given in this building by Marquis Eurico Ungaro and the royal commissioners of Italy, where for the first time in America was witnessed the intricate and delicate modes used in manufacturing this glass.

The melted lumps of glass, which looked like goldstone, while in a melted condition, were attached to iron rods, then two men walked from each other the length of the building, twisting and stretching the hot mass into a uniform rope, leaving it on the floor to cool, while they repeated the process with other colors; uniform lengths were cut from each of these, and placed upon a layer of glass, which had been fitted by means of melting into the creases of the shovel it lay upon. After this it was subjected to the heat, then a mold attached to an iron rod was rolled over it, taking it up to its shape; immediately it was removed from the mold, and with scissors they trimmed the opening and with pinchers closed the bottom; then 'twas pinched and pulled into fantastic shapes by eye, not by measurement, like so much wax, into any pattern desired, melting more glass and sticking it on, then pulling and pinching out ornaments like butterflies, birds, flowers, dragons, in fact, doing anything they wished to increase the general beauty.

In "Liberal Arts" they exhibited a punch bowl, placed on a tripod of the same material, which was hundreds of years old and was a lost art. The tripod and bowl were of crystal amber (we say this because it looked like it); between its outer and inner walls were curling ribbons of purple and pink tinted white, a bluish-gray tinge running through it.



In the next room of the Venetian works men patiently ground on emery wheels small, flat, colored stones, which are used in mosaic decorations for cathedrals and many other buildings. Here they built with tiny mosaics, flowers on jewelry. The particles used were so fine that a microscope was required to aid them in their work.

Next we passed through rooms hung with crystal chandeliers where tables and shelves were filled with exquisite Venetian glassware, finally arriving at the reception and banquet, where the Marquis gave a speech of welcome, in which he literally joined Italy and America in marriage. All were presented with the glass from which they drank and which they had seen made.

Present were the Duke of Veragua, the Duchess, the son and daughter, and many others of note.

In "Liberal Arts" their musical institutions were largely represented from Naples, Rome and Florence. On October 12th there was given, by talent mostly from their country, a grand concert at Festival hall, followed in the evening by another gorgeous program in the assembly room of "Woman's Building."

Here was witnessed one of the richest stage effects ever placed before a public. It consisted of tableaux representing Columbus, from his christening as a babe to his death.

First, there pealed forth from the big organ, which is now in the new university hall of Ann Arbor, the "Royal Italian March," played by Henry B. Roney; then was sung from the Columbian ode, written by Miss Harriet Monroe, a tenor solo by Dr. N. H. Pierce:

"Alone, alone, behind wide walls of sea,  
And never a ship has flown  
A prisoned world to free."

Next from the organ was given "Coronation March," "Le Prophete," by Meyerbeer; then a costumed chorus entered representing the genius of youth, music, poetry, astronomy, history, religion, truth, enterprise, progress, Columbus, tradition, geography, travel, fame, drama.

The first age represented was Columbus' father and mother with him, as a babe in arms, and with Genoese before the priest for the baptism. Next the "Genius of Youth," Master Charley Davison, of Grace Church choir, sang "With Verdure Clad," "Creation," by Haydn; then by the choirmen of Grace church, a Gregorian chant of the



fifteenth century, "O come let us adore the true God, One in three, and three in One."

Second age, "Inspiration;" young Columbus playing pallone with playmates; he held a tambourine to catch a ball thrown him. Next the "Genius of Tradition" sang the song of "Aspiration:"

"In the dark I've lived,  
But I dream of the day,  
God has shown me a vision and pointed the way  
Over land, over sea.  
Though I faint, though I fall,  
I must follow it on and reveal it to all."

Third age, "The Scheme." Ferdinand and Isabella, surrounded by court ladies, soldiers, courtiers, the cardinal, monks and priests, all listening as Columbus seemed to tell Isabella. This was sung by the "Genius of Enterprise:"

"There is a land that lies asleep upon the ocean's breast."

Fourth age, "The Departure," with "Ave Maria" and "Glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, may God lead the hero to the hidden coast."

Fifth age, "Realization." He had found the land and Indians. (These were kindly furnished by Col. Cody, from the "Wild West Show.") The "Genius of Geography" sang the prayer of Columbus:

"God, who through the storms hast led us,  
Thou, whose love has cheered and fed us,  
Thine the glory, thine the praise."

Sixth age, "His Triumphal Return."

"Hail to the leader, joy and praise,  
Crown him with deathless glory."

In the seventh age his death was represented by Hon. John C. Wyman, Commissioner of Rhode Island, one of God's good men. The choir sang "Trovatore," Verdi:

"Pray that peace may attend the soul departing,  
Whither no thought or care of earth can follow."

Lastly came the apotheosis, and Miss Harrison stood arrayed as fair Columbia, while the "Genius of Music" and the choir sang:

"Columbia, on thy brow are dewy flowers,  
Plucked from wide prairies and from mighty hills."



These are abbreviated selections from the Columbian ode, written by Miss Harriet Monroe; we would that we had it to give you in full. This ode will go on in history as one of the noblest ever penned.

After this followed the promenade concert; the Exposition band was stationed at one end of the gallery; at the other the Mexican orchestra. It was a proud, glittering array of splendid costumes, uniforms of foreigners and Americans.

Pretty Madam Korany, of Turkey, now of New York city, was costumed in white, trimmed with gold embroidery; her luminous eyes were aglow, her dark hair falling in loose waves, was carelessly knotted back under a scarf of creamy Spanish lace worn over her head in the Syrian fashion.

This lovable, lithe little woman fitly represented the poet's dream of Lalla Rookh.

The Imperial German commissioner wore white trousers, high shining boots with spurs, a red coat trimmed with gold braid and buttons, upon his head a fez.

Ceylonese in native dress passed to the guests their famous tea. The Marquis and Cavalier Geutta received with the royal ambassador and ambassadress, Baron and Baroness Fava, in whose honor the reception was given. The committee of ceremonies were leading officers of the United States army and navy, and they acted in conjunction with those of Italy.



## WANDERING ABOUT.

Aimlessly wandering down the broad walk under the shaded portal of "Liberal Arts," stopping for luncheon and sipping "moniers," or the German chocolate; at one counter two saleswomen rapidly sold at twenty-five cents a box, sand from San Salvador, "the identical sand upon which Columbus trod, when he discovered the New World," so they said.

Over in Van Hauton's, seated in their marble building, in chairs of burnished brass and velvet, waited upon by dainty muslin-capped and aproned Gretchens. Over on the Colonnades, then the peristyle, watching the "Whale-back" sail, like a thing of life, into the harbor, unloading its freight of happy humanity.

Addie thought she was capable of stepping on the movable sidewalk without aid from the handsome guard, who so gallantly assisted its passengers off and on; but alas, her confidence in self was misplaced; she reeled and fell prone upon the shoulders of a gentleman, who, though surprised, pleasantly informed her, "Accidents would happen, and to take her time to get to rights, that many were his experiences in life which had been more unpleasant."

She apologized, saying she trusted she had broken no bones.

"Nothing," said he, looking most pathetic, "but my heart."

His wife accompanied him; introductions followed after the metropolitan fashion of the Fair. It was Professor and Mrs. Brown, of Washington, D. C. After a pleasant restful ride and chat, we strolled to the lake front and watched the life-saving service.

Lake Michigan was raging, throwing white-caps, and over the tempestuous waves shot the life-line over the mast to rescue the sailors, rapidly following it the life-basket in which they rode over the cable safe to shore, except for a dipping purposely given them by the life-saving crew, who grew reckless in this mirthful performance, heartily singing:

"Heave away, lads, now loosen the cable,  
We'll wet 'em to the skin, if we are able;



We'll save his life, now tighten the cable,  
Think of his home and wife, his darling Mabel."

Others of the crew who had gone out in the life-boat were struggling in the water, but aided by life-preservers and their over-turned boat, which had righted itself, soon with strong, heavy pulls, they were riding on high, foam-crested waves, or suddenly sank into the trough of the sea. On reaching shore one of them purposely fell into the water, and compelled the men to pull and tug with all their strength to get him out. When they landed him in safety on terra firma, he must have heartily wished he had gone to the bottom, for every man of the crew gave him a solid kick, as a sort of compliment for his heavy joke, which weighed about three hundred pounds.

We strolled by the battleship "Illinois," the soldiers' encampment; some were making an outdoor toilet, by scrubbing in a tin basin, with sleeves rolled above above their elbows, hair disheveled. They roared a song to the accompaniment of banjos:

"We're a jolly, rollicking lot, oh boys,  
Tra la la la la la la!"

As we passed the Victoria House their chorus floated out on the air:

"Vive la, vive la, vive la, vive,  
Camp life at the World's Fair."

On past the German building, under the Intra Mural, rounding the corner by France, stopping in Iowa, where its band was giving its afternoon concert; then into old Mt. Vernon, where was being given a minstrel concert, by white singers from the South, who entertained the audience with:

"Oh, see dat watermillion smiling fro de fence,  
How I wish dat watermillion it was mine,  
De white folks must be foolish to leave it dere alone,  
A-smilin' at me on de vine."

A brown-eyed little woman of the party stopped short in front of New Jersey to give her experience; how, in the first week of May, she attempted to visit the New Jersey building; how, as she stepped upon the porch, a



feeling of trepidation and inner-fright, utterly unexplainable, came over her, and tremblingly she placed her hand upon the big brass knob, when immediately the reason for such feelings began to dawn and to grow "dawner," as a liveried black man opened the upper half of the door a few inches, and asked if she came from New Jersey. Her heart sank low in its beatings, and tears of insulted pride leaped to her bright eyes, as he informed her that "this building was exclusively for the use of New Jersey people."

The under door was swung back, disclosing to her gaze a cozy, tasteful room, a bright fire in the grate, choice paintings upon the wall, statuary, bric-a-brac, beautiful rugs upon velvet carpets, and luxurious chairs. Some officials, sitting by a handsome table, stared at her, freezing her abused spirit for the moment into a state of hopeless despair at being outside the pale of New Jersey society.

Like a flash of inspiration the words leaped to the trembling little woman's lips, "Ladies, at least you're dressed like them, I am delighted to inform you I'm not from 'Jarsey,' but from the banner state of the Union, whose buildings throughout the Fair will always have room for more than one more. I leave this place, which is so exclusive, and invite you to come and learn of Wolverines how to give people a royal welcome."

The facts were, a few officials of the New Jersey building proposed that the "common herd" should not desecrate the sanctity of their World's Fair home, but these plans, which were evidently those of a very few of her officials, like the plans "of men and mice," ran "aglee," all on account of the rigid rules of the Exposition, that through the day every building must keep open house for the benefit of the public.

From here we walked into the broad, cool hall of Missouri's building, and were met by its genial executive official, Hon. Mr. Guinn, and wife. It being Missouri day, we found there Michigan's officials and those of all other states. A sweet soprano, accompanied by a Steinway Grand, trilled forth, "These are happy, golden days."

In the centre of the hall was a statue fountain, designed for a conservatory, entitled "Love's Dream." A maiden slept in a large shell, which rested in a bed of pond lilies; cupids, perched on fishes, guarded her. In one of the parlors was a sleeping Iolanthe; she was rising from a green,



mossy bank through the waves. Both of these were by Caroline S. Brooks, who contributed so large an amount of her rare art in so many places of the Fair as to be strongly identified with it, and it will go down in other ages that in World's Fair history her art was akin to life, and her figures seemed to breathe.

One of the lower parlors was unique. Its walls were sprinkled thickly with powdered iron, then studded with shining ores from Missouri. Soon its beauty was greatly marred. Umbrellas and canes were used in removing specimens as souvenirs, "sovereigns," as they were sometimes called. Such mistakes were made, as has been stated, by Bostonians or New Yorkers. Never was a rustic found guilty of making wrong pronunciations, but 't was always someone from some big city, who ought to know better.

Over in the Mexican building was a large oil painting based upon the popular history of Germany during the sixteenth century. It showed the interior of a room and several opening from it, of the castle of a banker, Antony Fugger. The emperor, Charles V., having returned from a victorious battle with the pirates, known as the "Tunisians," had brought back bond and note of payment. In a spirit of generosity the banker burned them in a fire of cinnamon sticks. A beautiful lady stood near offering him fruit; the massive old furniture, tapestry hangings, the rich robes of all; the fire-blower hanging by the grate; the inlaid ceiling of brilliant colors, and the dark, sombre richness of the whole, took us, in fancy, back to the slow progress of those many centuries ago, but, American-like, we leaped out of this slow, luxurious life for the grand present, and soon were wandering through old Fort Marion, Fla.

Passing through the shadowy, misty grayness of Florida moss, at last we came upon her many county representations and mottoes, reading like this:

"The land of peace, plenty and prosperity."

"The land of health, homes and happiness."

"We raise three crops of vegetables each year."

"Here's wine made from our grapes."

"Our rivers and creeks are full of oysters and clams; largest in the United States."

"Orange cider made from the finest oranges in the world."

"Beautiful shells and things of ocean beauty for sale here."



"Barrels of resin from the state which has the best and most."

In vain we tried to persuade the seller of the innocent, harmless chameleons, robbed of their God-given freedom, to die on the breast of someone, to make them feel sorry for the day when they entered into the transaction of helping to rob them of Nature's home. Someone proposed to him the motto: "No slaves in captivity in the South, but Chameleons in captivity at the North." But he seemed positive such a motto would not prove profitable, as 'twould appeal too much to the heart as well as the intellect, so the "frightened, panting little pets of Florida," wore tiny gold collars and chains, which were stapled by pins stuck in the wooden counter.

"Get a wooden man, young ladies," appeared on a label which was on a palmetto shrub, where appeared the face of a man. This sort of man was preferable, for he did not even know enough to sell chameleons.

Next, in the Kansas building, her appropriate motto met our eyes: "Sir Honesty, when raised to knightly power, took for his coat-of-arms the bluff sun-flower.

"When his scutcheon this disgraced, he said, 'My emblem shall be open-faced.'"

Two boys succeeded in being very funny. One kept asking questions in regard to the exhibit of silk worms.

"What are those yaller, peanuttty-looking things lying in bunches of smartweed and covered with cobwebs?"

"New kind o' peanuts, o' course."

We saw a stuffed ox hitched to a two-wheeled cart in the North Dakota yard. A statement read: "This is the conveyance which carried the first white man into our region."

We were much pleased with the mineral exhibit of Arkansas, and as one of the party broke off a piece of crystal from a huge specimen, a man came near and said, "Shut up."

We were not saying much, and again all we heard him say was:

"Shut up."

The professor looked a little wrathful, as the man in louder tones repeated:

"It's time to shut up."

"What do you mean?" said a stern-faced, masculine appearing woman.



"It's six o'clock and time to shut up."

"I have never been shut up on time by any man."

"It will not be a 'shut up' this time, madam, but a 'shut out.' "

As we passed out of the building the stern appearing woman turned to him and said:

"Now, you shut up."

"I will," said he, and he closed the door and locked it.



## THE COLORADO MINE.

This miniature mine was situated on the south side of "Midway." It was an invention of Wm. East, a practical miner. In this exhibition it seemed to us as though part of the mine had been cut down through and removed, exposing forty miners picking away with picks; mules hitched to coal carts, cars running to the shaft loaded with ore; buckets ascending and descending; in fact, a mine in complete practical operation.

The tramway upon which the cars traveled led Mr. East, the patentee, to secure the patent of the cable car system also. At the top of the shaft was a sluiceway, eight feet long and five feet wide, for the reception of finely pumiced ore; fastened over the end of the sluice was red flannel, which, being rough, caught all metal, which was squeezed into a ball, then placed in a stone vessel. Running out from this was a tube, which was corked; then quicksilver was added to the substance in the vessel, running through it with lightning speed, separating the silver and gold, which all this time was subjected to great heat. The cork being removed from the tube, the silver ran out, leaving the gold. During this operation a practical and scholarly lecture on mining was delivered by Mr. East.

It took Mr. East four years to study out and complete a mine to be seen in full operation, which excelled, and was more complicated, so he and others claimed, than the famous Strasburg clock.



## "BLARNEY CASTLE" AND THE "IRISH VILLAGE."

The first mentioned was under the patronage of Lady Aberdeen, while the second was under that of Mrs. Hart.

The hearty, handsome Irish lassies of both places were adepts in all occupations, commencing with the smallest detail in housekeeping, doing fine sewing, spinning, weaving, making Irish point lace, knitting, besides being up in the arts of playing the piano, violin, singing sweetly and dancing gracefully. The most industrious girls and boys of the Plaisance were these.

Their manufactures were all handwork. A large concession was paid by them to the Exposition Company, and this accounts for their articles being high priced. Bogwood was designed into various pieces of jewelry and funny toys, pigs with pipes in their mouths, etc.

Peat fires were laid under the large black kettles, and rush lights were ready for lighting. These, the girls said, were things of the past; that conditions in Ireland had been vastly improved upon, yet there was room for more. These pink-cheeked girls made sweet, clean butter, and sold buttermilk to the passers-by. They carded flax and spun it from the short rolls into coarse and fine yarns. They also spun a fine wool thread, which a man wove in a loom over one hundred years old, into a fine quality of cloth, in checks and stripes for gentlemen's clothing; other men knit socks all day.

Some of the girls worked incessantly on their beautiful laces, while others presided over their well-cooked dinners, which they served every day in Mrs. Hart's village. She was a black-haired, slight little woman, and like Lady Aberdeen, was philanthropic in her desire to show Irish industries and thus help them. Both villages were successful in carrying out this plan.

When the dairymaids of Blarney Castle were asked where the Kerry cows were, they answered, "In the pasture."

Yes, they were in the green fields of Ireland, and the people drank buttermilk and ate butter made from the milk of American cows.

The long narrow white stone which shone in the front of Blarney Castle near its top, was an imitation of the



original. When on the roof many kissed it to make themselves witty and eloquent and likely it answered the purpose quite as well as the genuine one.

One day, as Lady Aberdeen was watching a juggler do tricks, he noticed her amusement and said: "Givee me dollar, show how 'mericans do tricks."

She threw him one, which he deftly caught, slipped it into his pocket and coolly walked away. She was so amused at being beaten she threw him another.

In both villages were held "indade, an' indade" good Irish times, clog dancing and others; while Jimmie Dooley squeezed the bag-pipe, the village blacksmith would drop his tools for a merry bout. This was too much for a typical Irishman, so he jumped to his feet, saying: "I cannot kape still, at all, at all," throwing off his coat he nimbly "toed it off" to the music of "St. Patrick's Day," roaring out, "In the marning;" as he sang and danced he brought in funny rhymes to another tune, about "Hoin' the praties and feedin' the pigs."

Both of these villages possessed many attractions and much that was of interest; the outsides of these buildings, in the evening, were very pretty, but imagination ran riot when looking on the front walls of Mrs. Hart's village, when, by electricity, the foliage of trees were reflected on the seemingly solid masonry of the high turreted walls, and fancy pictured to us that which we had often heard sung in their fine concerts, "By Killarney's lakes and fells."



## THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

These natives with their copper skins, well oiled, carried out Mark Twain's requirement of full dress, "to wear a skirt, anyway."

The scenery in their theater consisted of oriental paintings of their country. Their love of noise was sweet music to them. In the "matu" dance of rejoicing they danced in a circle, clapping hands, laughing and contorting their bodies. In the Fiji "war dance" two natives sat flat on the floor and pounded on hollow pieces of wood, all singing dolefully; dashing suddenly and fiercely to the front of the stage, charging upon the audience with wooden swords, then cutting and slashing on imaginary captives.

In their club drill called "Alliuii," they gracefully kept perfect time, executing evolutions with fine precision, keeping their eyes on their leader and following his commands as well as could be done under the strictest military discipline. Next followed a duet given by two brown beauties, Fetoa and Lola, the natives joining in the chorus, making a crude attempt to combine the four parts of singing.

A little three-year-old, dressed like an American child, always came on the stage to sing with them, "America," in their language, which created great enthusiasm with Americans.

Next to this building was their yard, and in it their rush houses. These Islanders were absolutely clean. It made them very indignant when asked, "Had they ever been cannibals." They had been educated in a mission school, and plainly showed its civilizing influence when off the stage, being very sociable and kind-hearted.



## THE BURNESE ALPS.

In the "Alps" building the sky was so blue that the atmospheric effect was a light, hazy blue-gray, through which the sun brightly shone. Goats and cows rested on the grassy mountain sides, rich with verdure and blossoms.

At the right of "Midway" was a small, but beautiful panorama of the rising and setting of the sun in the Alps; when it rose we heard the "Alpine call;" when setting, the cows and goats, with their bells merrily tinkling, wended their way toward the small huts of the shepherd, which were in "the Burnese Alps."

In "Electricity Building" the red sun disappeared behind clouds of crimson and blue edged with gold. Night shadowed the village, then the street lamps flared out, and lights appeared in the houses, soon the lights went out. Toward morning, in the east, appeared a dim light growing brighter, until in glorious splendor the sun rose in clouds of light green, red and fleecy white, with flecks of blue, all gold shaded; then filed across the bridge, beneath which flowed a heavy rush of water, a team and hayrack; peasantry followed with rakes and scythes. On this perfect Alpine day they worked, laughing, singing and happy, until four in the afternoon, when they suddenly ceased and hurried over the bridge, for a dark, threatening cloud had shut out the sunlight.

Nature muttered, a gentle rain descended, growing into torrents as flash after flash of lightning was followed by louder thunder. In the noise of the elements we seemed to hear the bleating and lowing of the goats and cows; suddenly the sun appeared, and every hill and glade sparkled as though covered with millions of diamonds; then came "Alpine calls," mingled with hymns of praise, and singing of birds.



## THE JAVA VILLAGE.

This village was an exact reproduction of one in the western part of the Isle of Java. There were present one hundred and twenty-five natives, over forty of them women. They represented the pursuits and modes of life of the common people of the island.

The first building at the right was a police station, the alarm being a hollow tube of wood suspended from the ceiling; it was called the "kolkol" or alarm signal; next were their straw woven houses where rice was stored.

In a shed-like place women pounded rice fine in wooden bowls with blocks of wood. Women sat on the floors of their homes, weaving cloth in a primitive loom, fastened about their waists, the other end fastened to anything that happened to be near them. Slowly and patiently they necessarily wove their fine cloth, and 'tis no wonder these people stipulate that the fashionable skirt of their land shall be just wide enough to reach about them.

In other homes were the straw workers weaving rice straw into fine, expensive hats, and smooth rushes into tasty baskets, even covering bamboo whistles with a fine woven straw work.

In another house was shown model bridges made of bamboo, the natives building them in all the curious forms of their bridgework, showing arcs, girders, etc. There is one cantilever bridge in Java which has a span of one hundred and thirty feet.

They made bamboo blow pipes which experts use in killing game; in another house men were making swords and daggers in curious forms characteristic of Java. They worked white iron and steel together, making a beautiful Damescene sword, which was further treated with drugs and acids. The handles were decorated with the heads of gods from Javanese mythology.

In one of the houses lived the costumer for the theater, making beautiful gold and silver embroideries for the costumes of the actors and actresses. Others made slippers, cigar cases and decorated everything possible with wood carving.

The Batavia hatmaker and wife busily worked while their brownies of babies rolled about them on the floor. All these natives were happy little mortals, which is



typical of their race. A quarrel was never known among these loving, peaceable people. Spectators respected them for their native refinement, modesty and strict virtue. They were homesick from the first to the last of the Fair, talked but little, and did not seem to care to learn English.

Two young Javanese learned a few words so as to offer cigarettes to ladies oftener than to gentlemen, saying:

"How te do, Mr. Madam, goody, cheapy, fivee cent, nicotinye."

A native tailor learned to use an American sewing machine, which he industriously worked on incessantly; he was in great glee over a machine which accomplished in a day what had taken him a week to do by hand. He said: "Me go home, takeey machliney," spreading his arms in every direction, giving us to understand he would do all the sewing of the island, ending his speech by saying: "Big'um monly," meaning big money.

In house No. 27 an old lady performed the difficult and curious process of coloring their native cloth. It was hung on a rack, then with a small spoon to which was attached a spout, she drew on the cloth a pattern with beeswax. The cloth was then soaked in a coloring solution, which dyed only the parts not covered with wax; after this had dried the wax was soaked out in hot water, and another pattern put on for a second color, sometimes applying as high as six colors. The manufacturing and coloring of one skirt often occupied six months, being handsome and expensive when completed.

Everywhere in this village it was cool, clean and inviting. Some of the houses were occupied by the officials, and others by the actors and actresses, the star occupying one by herself.

House No. 8 was occupied by a native prince named Radhenadmin Soekmadilaga; he was "hadji" or priest, and had been twice to Mecca. The strange characters above his door were wise sayings from the Koran. The Javanese all are Mohammedans.

The pantomime acted in the theater represented some mythical history of Java. Ranged on each side of the stage were hideous looking dolls, which represented gods, devils and various spirits, which were supposed to fight some terrible battles during the play over the star actress, who was a lovely princess.

As the players came on the stage they bowed low and



impressively to the dolls, dancing slowly, posing gracefully, making cunning gestures with their little brown hands, looking seriously out of their black eyes. These dancing girls were from the court of the Sultan, and there their dancing is considered the highest development in native art, which, in Paris, obtained for the graceful, black-eyed, little brown beauties, an introduction to President Carnot, who expressed his admiration for these gentle, well-mannered little women.

The instruments used in the orchestra were long and narrow, sloping toward one end; metal plates were placed the length of them, which, had they been in tune, when played upon with pieces of metal, some of the airs would have sounded very well, for the musicians possessed much natural ability, and soon after their arrival learned to play "America," some hymns, "Yankee Doodle," and of course "Ta-ra," the popular air with the people of "Midway," who, if they had known what the word meant, would have called it one of America's "classic" compositions just the same.

Busy natives roasted and ground Java coffee, while in a cool building, around which ran a veranda, it was daintily served, as was their Javanese tea, which product, it was claimed, had never been sufficiently known in America to be appreciated.

Klaas, the ourang-outang, which was brought from Sumatra, possessed the strength of three men, and showed intelligence which seemed fairly human. In a roomy, strong wire cage he bowed, smiled, waved his paws, talked his language, sometimes hummed as though musical; when cold he covered himself with his blanket. The only syllables he was heard to say were "Kah" and "Kee." He was content and good natured. People did not plague him much, for he was so large they were a little afraid of him, which was fortunate for Klaas.

A lyre, high in air, gave forth sweet, weird sounds, from voices of the breezes, and a bamboo water wheel played a musical jingle. The "brownies" would have been lonely without these, which were so familiar a sound to them when at home.



## HAGENBECK'S MENAGERIE.

This arena exhibit surpassed anything of its kind ever held in America. Mr. Hagenbeck, at great expense, crossed the ocean, bringing a vast zoological exhibit, which was shown in large cages arranged around the outer walls of the pit in his building on "Midway." His lions were called the largest ever known, and his other animals were called the finest specimens ever seen in America. The wild boar dog, as large as a pony, weighed 400 pounds; the largest lion and lioness, Nero and Pasha, on their arrival indulged in a royal battle, clawing and biting each other until blood streamed down their tawny faces, giving forth roars which sounded like distant thunder, tearing out their manes and tufts of fur, scattering them thickly on the battle ground; attendants armed with sharp iron rods attacked them, but it had no effect until their master, Carl Hagenbeck, arrived on the scene, stepped to the cage and talked German to them with the swiftness of a race-horse; on hearing his voice and seeing his familiar face they at once quieted down.

Pasha was not quite satisfied, and on her first appearance in the arena pounced upon the lady lion tamer and chewed her knee; the tamer remained in a hospital until nearly the close of the Fair because of the injury. When she returned she came prepared for vengeance. She caused the lioness to be stoutly chained and stapled to the floor, then, stepping into the den, hammered her with a heavy iron until, grovelling, she whined and licked her hands. It was very evident which came out of the cage this time, "the lady or the lion." They have to be cruelly punished, but it's never excusable to be brutal, even for the sake of entertaining the public with some new feature. So long as such things are, we truly wish these terrific animals might be tamed with kindness, which is decidedly the successful plan followed out by those who have the most knowledge of animalkind, in taming horses, dogs and other domestic animals.

Pasha was compelled to ride a beautiful white horse, which was protected by a thick padding, reaching from head to tail; the lioness, growling and showing her teeth, stretched herself upon the animal, and rested her head against its neck. When allowed to return to her seat she sat with drooping head in an attitude of utter demoralization, whining complainingly to the rest of the school of this indignity which was heaped upon her every day.



One of the bears was a real swell; his coat of black fur shone like silk and lay in great wrinkles of fat as he walked on his hind feet, throwing his head pompously from side to side. He held himself haughtily aloof from the other slouchy, scraggy, "don't-care" bear, who, like many people did not possess the innate pride to stand straight, hold his head high, as did the "dude" bear, who desired to shine in animal society. The other, when walking on his hind feet, in a humped-over attitude, seemed as much as to say that "'Twas no use for him to brace up, wasn't good looking anyway, wasn't anybody," for every time Nero returned to his seat from his forced bicycle ride, he cuffed this bear's ears and supposedly said, "Am so tearing mad, I've got to do something."

A marvelous part of the exhibition was when the animals responded to "school's out." The wild boar dog, with the domestic animals, wild cats, leopards, tigers, lionesses, lions and bears played with each other, rolling about together, licking each others' fur as good natured as children. Pasha never failed to leave her play to get even with her master, the keepers, and especially the lady after she returned. She followed first one, then another about, showing her great white teeth, snarling and growling, while each most attentively fed her candy from a large supply kept in their pockets for this very occasion.

Lily, the smallest elephant in the world, weighed about thirty-five pounds. Mr. Hagenbeck loved and cared for her as tenderly as he would a child; she was perfectly tame and possessed a gentle nature. He valued her so highly that there was no price which would purchase his "little pet." She had not long been on "Midway" when she began to cough, get thin and refused to eat; everything was done to save her, but consumption had fastened its fatal fangs upon her, and with her head resting in Mr. Hagenbeck's lap, and her dying gaze resting upon the face of her best earthly friend, she passed away. He shed bitter tears of sorrow, not for her financial value, but because he loved the little animal, which he said "was almost human in intelligence," understanding all he said to her.

Tradition says that at nightfall a mournful procession, Mr. Hagenbeck heading it, carried her to a place near Washington Park, where she was tenderly laid away, and some day a marble shaft will mark her resting place, and upon it will be engraved: "Lily Hagenbeck, the baby elephant."



## THE MOORISH PALACE.

The exterior and interior architectural effects of this building were intended to represent the world-famed "Alhambra." The mysteries in this enchanted palace were unparalleled, standing as it did in a veritable palm grove, enhanced by groups of Moorish women and Arabs, Bedouin chiefs in armor, etc. We came suddenly upon a butler leaning against the wall in a doze, and bumped into distinguished appearing personages, saying, "Beg pardon," as we tried to push our way through solid glass.

A brown-eyed little woman stopped her husband short in his efforts to make arrangements with one of the wax figures (a woman, of course), to take a stroll with him and peep into the "wishing well" of crystal clearness and of fathomless depths. He said:

"Excuse me, madam, I will return to you presently." "Now, wife, how could you have the heart to break up anything so interesting as that?" "Well, I want you to tell me who that handsome, distinguished looking lady is across the room." "Why, it's a friend of ours; let go and shake hands with her."

"Why, yes, I am sure I know her," said his wife, walking up to her and reaching out her hand, while the opposite lady also smilingly extended hers, so heartily as to nearly change the old saying of "diamond cut diamond" into "glass cut glass."

Dazed by these magnificent mysteries we caught an apparent glimpse of far-off Tangiers, and wandered toward it, through endless stretches of colonnades, capped by graceful arches of gold and brilliant colors. Suddenly, to our horror, we found ourselves in the harem of the Sultan, surrounded by his favorite wives. An Oriental beauty was amusing his majesty in a graceful dance. A eunuch guarded the door of this most private family scene. Not meaning to intrude, we passed on through the bewildering labyrinths of colonnades and nooks, amused and amazed when unable to find our way out. Presently the cry "Help" was given, and we were led out of this mystery, only to pass into more. A North American Indian became lost in the maze; he had imbibed "something," so that on beholding many Indians reflected from his scowling visage, he gave a war dance and whoop, kicked in the mir-



rors, and rode away in a patrol wagon. It took more than six men to hold him. The Chicago Record stated that "Vice-President Stevenson found this place more mysterious than politics, for he got lost in the mirror maze, bumped into deceptive wax figures, and laughed until he cried in front of those distorting mirrors."

James Blair gave a special performance in the illusion theater for him and his friends, who were marshaled into a darkened room where Magneta was poised in mid-air on a ball. Suddenly the ball was withdrawn and she gracefully swayed about in space, moving in all directions with perfect freedom. Were we entranced, or was it our diseased imagination, or had the law of gravitation lost its force? In the next scene, on a slender stem the lotus flower began to open upon the bosom of the water; as the moon rose the flower opened to its fullness, disclosing the face and form of a beautiful woman.

Next was represented the well-known myth of Pygmalion's Galatea. He was the king of Cyprus, and so dearly loved art that in passionate conception of thought he wrought out of crude material a lovely maiden, so perfect that he ardently desired to behold her in living form. With unceasing prayer he besieged Aphrodite to breath into the statue a soul and pulsating life. At last his prayers were answered and we beheld the life blood pinkening the cheeks, expression and brightness coming into the eyes, completing the transformation of a seemingly marble statue into a living, lovely maiden.

We nearly believed the laws of Nature were defied. The Vice-President said:

"When a man of his age was unexplainably fooled by a mysterious illusion performed by a pretty girl, he would like to know where the young men came in."

Next in a mirrored room two persons saw hundreds of their own selves. Ladies could see how their dresses set both back and front at once, side or topwise, it made no difference. For once we saw ourselves "as others see us."

As we descended the stairs, gazing back admiringly upon ourselves, we stumbled onto the entrance to what the young man told us was "our future home."

"Five cents to h— and back."

On being promised we should return to earth, we entered this dread abode, where we witnessed the terrible sight of his Satanic Majesty riding down a broad, keen razor, which reached from a tremendous height to the bot-



tomless pit. On this toboggan slide were "boarders" who had incurred his special displeasure, so were they taking a forced trip with him.

"My guide and I did enter to return to the fair world,"  
And, heedless of repose, 'we climbed;'  
He first, I following his steps,  
Till on our view the beautiful lights of Heaven  
Dawned through a circular opening of the cave,  
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars."

"We climbed" stairs, drawing nearer sweet music made by the Spanish orchestra; on reaching the next floor we found in the museum works of art executed in wax by the celebrated sculptors, Louis and Gustav Castan, of Berlin. They were fine reproductions of world-famed people contributed from many lands, serving the purpose nicely to those who had never seen the originals. As we gazed on these historic people the "past returned." "Great events and men that had once been, we here beheld again." President and Mrs. Lincoln, a shot, and he lies back, pale in death, while Mrs. Lincoln and Major Rathbone stare at him in dumb terror. Then the figure of Wilkes Booth alights on the stage, and, slipping, he cries:

"*Sic semper tyrannis.*"

Next in the home of Martin Luther, where he was seated in the midst of his family, a loving husband and father, forgetting for a time his political and religious feuds. Near him sat his faithful co-laborer, Melanchthon, a happy moment to them, forgetting for the time their persecutions and discouragements. His children stood before him, singing, while he accompanied them upon the lute. Catherine, with babe in arms, looked with mother love and pride into its little face.

Next we saw an example of the mighty, who lord it over the lives of their slaves, for without a moment's warning, the executioner raised his sword, and the slave's head rolled down the marble steps. As we passed along we found examples which related to the lives of people in many parts of the world.

Sad news had just been imparted by the cobbler to the little street waif that her shoes were past repairing, and fancy pictured her barefooted, walking the cold wet roads. "Grow old gracefully" is good advice and is only followed out when one is possessed with the grace to try. Nothing



is dreaded more than wrinkles; when they come one nearly loses hope, but there was a remedy in the "fountain of perennial youth." Toothless, parchment skinned old maids, and trembling, bald headed, old dandies went through a door, and were given one immersion which made girls and boys of the old centenarians, so that, like Ponce de Leon, 'tis expected they started out to make new discoveries.

After a wild and exciting chase the poacher killed a chamois; he climbed where it lay, and was in the act of loading it on his shoulders when he was surprised by his deadly enemy, the forest keeper, who, with leveled gun, would have shot him had he attempted to escape. Accepting the inevitable, he followed the keeper, sadly thinking of his hungry family who awaited his coming.

One day, while Louis Castan was reproducing in clay, from a model in the usual scanty array, the door suddenly opened to a mother and daughter; horrified, the matron spread her hands over her innocent offspring's face, hiding from her the shocking view, while she haughtily pushed her back from the door and followed her out.

Little Red Riding Hood approached the wolf, who covered with the quilt, covered in grandma's bed, with her ruffled night cap on.

In this enchanted palace the sleeping beauty waited for the rich young prince to awaken her with his kiss, which would break the spell, which had been cast over her by a wicked fairy." Softly as the wavelets of a dreamy lake her bosom rose and fell," and 'tis a supposable case that she yet exists in the same condition as did she at the Fair.

A sweet and soothing picture of childlife was a pink-dressed little tot wiping the blistering tears from her brother's cheek, saying:

"Don't cry."

Wonderful art was displayed in the divine face of the Savior and in the startled face of the woman at the well, as He told her all she knew of herself.

Real, as though in life, was the faces and forms of Goethe and Schiller, German dramatists, poets and historians. Both shared honors in German literature. Mozart, the great German composer, who composed at six years of age; his masterpiece was "Don Giovanni;" his last and most sublime work was the "Requiem." Beethoven, the greatest composer of all time; "Fidelio," his "Ninth Symphony," is considered the greatest musical work ever



created. Shakspeare, the greatest dramatist of the English tongue, who astonished the world with wonderful creations from his master mind; his productiveness of truthful force, beauty and versatility of language, is past understanding. Richard Wagner, the ingenious founder of the modern music drama which has called forth fervent admiration, also bitter antagonism; we are tenderly attached to this musician of our century who gave his dancy, stormy, pathetic compositions to an appreciative musical world; his versatility was a rare talent. A special theater was built for him by King Ludwick, of Bavaria, where since, nearly every year, musical festivals are held.

Franz Liszt, the celebrated pianist and composer, was a brilliant exponent of the new school of music, created by Wagner and himself; the former later on became his son-in-law. Liszt was made an abbe of the Roman Catholic Church, but never deserted his art. Alexander Third, at the time we saw him, was living in constant fear of his life. It is asserted that he died of slow poison administered in his food. Standing near him was the reigning Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph First, dressed in the uniform of an Austrian general, wearing the star and ribbon of Marie Theresa and the golden orders of St. Stefan and the Golden Fleece.

King Humbert and wife, whose World's Fair subjects officially represented them there, celebrated in Chicago their marriage anniversary with all honors. Chancellor of the German Empire, the successor of Bismarck and Capriva, a chancellor who experienced many difficulties in the Reichstag in pushing through the military bill of the government, which led to a dissolution of the German Parliament by an imperial rescript. The general was born in 1831, coming of an old noble family.

Next a familiar English group; Queen Victoria, the Prince and his noble, sweet-faced wife. The reigning Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India succeeded to the throne when but eighteen years of age; she is dear to her English subjects and to all the dependencies of the English crown. Her writings are of rare merit. An admirable personal record is her "Leaves from her Journal of our Life in the Highlands."

Inspector Byrnes, New York's famous detective, who is author of the characteristic book, "Professional Criminals of America;" Hawthorne successfully told of this man in story, choosing him as one of his characters.



Who is not impressed with the pitiful history of little Louis XVII., of France, son of unfortunate Louis XVI. In his tender childhood little Louis was subjected to cruel, outrageous treatment by the shoemaker Simon, in consequence of which he died an idiot.

Dressed in a rich red robe, wearing the skull cap, about his neck a long gold chain, attached to it a solid gold cross, his hands extended to pronounce blessings, was his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.; he is son of Count Ludivico Pecci, and was born in 1810. In his youth he was noted for his brilliant scholarship and exceptional talents. He took orders in 1837, and was advanced to important offices by Pope Gregory XVI., who in 1846 created him Bishop of Perugia; in 1853 Pope Pius IX. created him a cardinal; he was chosen to succeed his prelate in 1878. Mgr. Satolli, who was His Holiness' representative at the Fair, closely resembles him. When Satolli arrived in New York bay the usual courtesies were extended by American officials, in paying respect to the dignity of whom and what he represented, the Pope and the Church of Rome. Satolli had not long been in Washington, which was before the opening of the Fair, when he was invited to officiate in the capitol at the funerals of Senators Barbour and Kenna; both died in April, 1893. Formerly such services had been conducted by the chaplain, but at these services the full ceremony of the Catholic Church was carried out with sprinkling of holy water, burning of incense and the lighted candles. Astonished and frightened orators began to exclaim, "Vigilance is the price of liberty." One thing is evident and a truth, this dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church was invited to officiate at these services, and accepted just as any churchman of any other denomination would have done, and 'tis authoritatively stated that the services of this church were not offered on this occasion.



### THE ORIGINAL GUILLOTINE ON WHICH MARIE ANTOINETTE WAS EXECUTED

Was purchased of France at a fabulous sum, official writings from the French government testifying to the fact that it was the original.

On October 16, 1793, Marie Antoinette was beheaded by this monstrous machine, which afterward beheaded over fifteen hundred others. The woodwork was old and brown, while the circular knife was rusty. In the background was a painting of the howling, blood-thirsty mob, who for hours insulted and stoned this unfortunate queen through the streets of Paris, severely injuring her and destroying her left eye. Clothed in black, her hands tied behind, the sad hearted, beautiful woman faced the board which the cruel executioner had tipped to receive her.

On October 16, 1893, just one hundred years from that sad and eventful date, we looked upon this vivid reproduction of the scene, which needed no explanation to bring home to the spectators the tragical significance of the event. Her snowy white hair, which some historians have stated turned white in a night, while others say in a few weeks, in her deepest misfortune contributed to increase her majestic beauty and dignity.



## THE STREETS OF CAIRO

Reminded one of a Mohammedan town and was built by an architect sent by the authority of the Khedive of Egypt. The exterior was uninviting, with carved openings over the long, narrow windows; beneath them were heavy balconies overhanging the streets.

Memories of childhood stories trooped before us, of Joseph and his brethren, of Pharaoh's daughter and her maids bending over the babe Moses, as he lay in his cradle of rushes, crying pitifully, causing the royal woman to adopt him. We fancied the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, and thought how all had wished to visit that far-off country, and with but little stretch of the imagination our dream of the Orient was realized, for the streets were swarming with Egyptians, Arabs, Nubians and Soudanese. Their temple doors were studded with ivory curiously patterned.

On each side of the temple were obelisks, crouching grim and black, which one almost feared to walk between. On its outside walls were battle scenes and hieroglyphics explaining them. Inside the temple were representations in wax of Rameses II., who persecuted the Israelites, and of princes and princesses. It was no wonder these mummies were thought to be real, for real they did seem. On the surrounding walls were represented scenes of the time of 1450 B. C. One was a judgment scene of a guilty soul placed in a pig, whipped into a boat, which floated back to earth; another was Rameses II. and his wife, adoring "Amonra" in his shrine, which was perched on the shoulders of the high priests and princes.

A lovely Jewish maiden danced before the high priest, who was seated in the altar, to the music of Oriental stringed instruments, while other priests performed some evolutions, which seemed like a cotillion mixed with the lancers.

In another room we climbed a ladder to look into a facsimile of the tomb of "Apis," or the "sacred bull." Every day at sunset the high priest called the faithful to prayer; all faced the east and bowed their faces to the ground while so engaged.

The priest fell in love with a typewriter, who was employed on the "Midway." On finding she was to return



home he organized a band of Arabs to steal her, as is their custom. She escaping, he was inconsolable, and tradition says he leaned over on the hump of his camel, weeping and wailing out his woes for days. The natives would not have allowed a married priest to officiate. So severed the affections of two loving hearts, for the managers of Cairo did not propose that their show should be interfered with by a weakling of a girl.

Sixty-one shops were presided over by these people of the Nile, where were displayed carved ivories, jewelry, brass-work, love lamps, embroideries, draperies, Soudanese arms, and ancient gold and silver coins. All worked at their trades, or acted as sellers. Many were tent makers, as in times of old. The men made bed quilts of red and white in applique work, sewing the patterns together in fine stitches, over and over. Hundreds of these adorned the walls of the Egyptian theater, where the dancing girls of the Nile gave sword and candle dances, their black braided hair hanging thick with bangles. About their necks were numbers of necklaces; on each arm six or eight bracelets. Their dresses were much more modest than their dances. They were dressed in gauzy waists with skirts, hanging loosely from their belts, wearing girdles of beads, or chains of Egyptian gold. This high art dancing of the Nile consisted of distorting and knotting the muscles, reminding us of a cat in a fit. One of them always flew into a rage at the audience, majestically striding back and forth, threatening the musicians and also the audience, who, not understanding what she said, thought, we presume, that if the weird sounds from the unmusical instruments did not keep better harmony and time she would not dance.

The barbarian wedding procession was so childish as to bring to the cheek a blush of shame, for the participants lacked intelligence and civilization. First came two boys carrying lights on poles, between them the stick fighters keeping time to the deafening tom-tom of drums beaten by Arabs mounted on camels. Another camel bore on its back a curtained box with nothing in it. Next came the magicians, with eggs on eyes and ears; then fifers giving deafening cat-like calls. Following them came the bridegroom and priest, carrying swords and shields. Closely following these came the bride covered to her feet with a red veil, while a drooping red cloth canopy, supported by poles, was held over her by Egyptian girls.



The magicians swallowed swords and committed other sleight-of-hand performances. Then followed the stick contest. Lastly came a sharp and exciting crossing of swords by the priest and bridegroom, the latter winning the battle and with victory his bride.

Black-veiled women pushed among the people, fastening bouquets upon the lapels of the coats of the gentlemen, telling them: "You be pretty, you rich," at the same time holding out their hand for the money, which made it almost impossible to escape without giving them some coin. So it was nothing new to hear one gentleman inform another: "Don't let those flower girls pin any bouquets on you; if you do you'll pay dearly for it."

In one building was a room of the seventeenth century, the woodwork of which was inlaid with ivory. Its costly gilded ceilings were inlaid in mosaic patterns, and elaborate draperies and rich rugs proclaimed the ease and luxury in which the wealthy of those days lived.

The ever present "Toby" and his donkey, with many other drivers, clamored for all to "donkey ride," and dignified men became boys again as they tore down the streets, often accompanied by their own sons, and so far as actions went one was as boyish as the other as, in happy abandon, they shouted, swung their hats and raced like mad. An old man said to his vinegary-faced wife: "I'll give you \$5 if you'll ride a camel." She remarked: "I've never yet seen the day I had enough money; I'll do it."

Soon she was mounted on a camel, swinging along like a boat in the waves of the ocean; he following on another, laughing so hard as to nearly fall off. She, with never a change in her lemon or lime-like expression, shook her fist at him, saying:

"You old gosling, you'll pay me \$5." Between his bursts of laughter he answered: "Yes, Nancy, you are a sight; you're earning it, and you shall have it."

Cairo was strikingly resplendent when bathed in the golden rays of the departing sun; but when came on mysterious night, and the cold, gray moonlight shone upon its quaint architecture and grave-looking people, the visitors felt they were indeed in Egypt.



## THE FERRIS WHEEL.

In awestruck wonder, speculative croakers and those who believed nothing impossible to an American in America, watched the erection of this complicated piece of machinery. The croakers said, "It will never be completed; if it is, no one will risk their necks on that contrivance."

Mr. Ferris, its inventor, saw its wonderful mechanism placed without a hitch or break, working perfectly, without a fault. Like most geniuses, he made no money from it, but it was the most attractive American exhibit on the grounds and the wonder of the Fair. During and after its construction the workmen looked like so many flies climbing about on its high, gigantic scaffolding. They were professional bridge workers and trained acrobats in the fullest sense. Daringly they ran across on narrow scantlings, bravely fighting against winds, and laughing at danger; a little profane, perhaps, when trying to sit comfortably astride a beam to eat their noon-day meal, and joking like this:

"We feel above the people down there."

"It is the most elevating moment of my life."

"We're lifted above earth and its sordid cares, yet people in high places are not always the happiest."

They reached their high position by means of a bow-line.

One day an artist for the "Chicago Herald" stepped into the harness, and as he was drawn from terra firma, a pained expression came over his face; as he ascended higher the look, we imagine, was what one might wear on entering the infernal regions, but faithfully "looking up, not down," he was soon astride a beam.

A workman smashed his thumb at this tremendous height of two hundred and fifty feet. A companion assisted the fainting man into the bow-line, and fortunately he reached terra firma in safety. Not as lucky was the man who stood beneath the incompleated wheel, when an iron bolt fell, from that great distance, striking him upon the head, killing him almost instantly.

Next a reporter for the "Chicago Tribune" stepped into the harness, remarking:

"My life is insured; I have made my will, and before ascending I ask everyone's forgiveness."



Like a brilliant meteor this rising young journalist ascended to still loftier heights, but kind fate decreed that he should return and tell of the wonders he saw "up there." Accompanied by another reporter and the proprietor of the captive balloon and his little daughter, for the second time this young man rose to an exalted position of about three hundred feet, when suddenly he and the rest of the party were "called down" by the rapid whirling of the machinery below. It was a race with a tornado. On the balloon touching the ground, as by a miracle, they escaped from it; not a moment too soon, however, for in a few moments a small black cloud tore it into strips like ribbons.

The mechanism of the wheel had been thoroughly tested at the machine shops, but the second great test was this tornado tearing through, leaving it firm and solid as before.

The wheel cost \$450,000, some authorities state; others state it was \$380,000. Each car held thirty people, and the trip was absolutely safe, costing only fifty cents for two revolutions of the wheel, yet those who wished the most danger for the most money had value received at \$2 per trip in the balloon, and as their fakir advertised, "your pictures took," and "thrown in." A vast difference between oiled silk inflated with hot air or gas, and the safe ride on the strong wheel; still people did not say much when about to take this trip.

While waiting to take the trip upon the wheel some stared in dazed, pantomimic wonder at the huge cog-wheels and swift driving shafts of the machinery. After entering the car the guard locked the door, then in the most hospitable manner imaginable he would say:

"Be seated; make yourselves comfortable to enjoy the beautiful panorama spread out before you."

Up, up, high, higher, highest, and we were two hundred and seventy-five feet in mid-air. Before us were the waters of Lake Michigan, which sometimes become suddenly as wild and dangerous as the Atlantic, to which it is often compared. Fronting it were the countless marble-like buildings, and floating from domes and towers were ensigns of every country, predominant and most beautiful of all the "Stars and Stripes" of the red, white and blue, the red indicative of patriot's blood running between the bars of pure white, telling the silent story how our country



came up through "great tribulations and contests;" and its stars, as they ever have, will still continue in this the nineteenth century, to light the way to victory.

Our flag, at war with herself, is placed on the battlement heights of different opinions. "Terrible and troublous" as times have been for many years, we ask the question, are things better or worse as time progresses? Is the answer yes or no? "Terrible and troublous" as times have been, most perilous seems the future of our Nation. The commencement of this state of affairs dates as far back as 1873, when English speculators who hate America and the name of "Bunker Hill," intrigued with (hide your faces while we say it!) an American, who, with a few strokes of his pen, substituted the word "gold" in the place of "silver," thus making gold the unit of value and robbing silver of the place given it by our forefathers, even the right of free coinage.

"When silver was the unit of value, gold enjoyed equal privileges with silver," this metal being an inheritance which our forefathers left to the masses, the laboring people. Long enough have we listened to the poetic soaring of orators, both in song and story, that our country was never so prosperous, while they point out to us the vast wealth of the "mighty in high places," mighty only for their gold, piled up by the demonetization of silver, and the pouring of millions of dollars of gold into pockets of voters like "John," which, with such as he, it has never failed to thoroughly hush up their honest silver sentiments. But we thoroughly admire, and would pay the highest tribute possible to the silver heroes of Congress, who have, and are, fighting against a mighty foe, regardless of party ties.

Will silver, the people's money, be established again as a unit of value? Will voters give to our Nation life or death, prosperity or slavery? And will they at last allow an English mortgage to be foreclosed upon our America, the pride of all Americans?

In 1873 occurred our first great money panic, and since it has grown to be nearly an every-day affair. So have tramps, thousands of them, which we did not have before; a majority of them are able mechanics, and intelligent citizens, who are compelled to tramp for work which they cannot secure. This, Americans must acknowledge to their shame and sorrow.



We believe, if such things are possible, that the spirits of Washington and Lincoln hovered in tearful pity over the helpless Coxey heroes, who knew of nothing else to do than march to Washington. We are glad they went, "bravely suffering all things," and though disappointed in "hoping all things," that crusade created right public sentiments, also a main pivot for the reformation to move about, not throwing off force, but regularly with every revolution it is taking on strength, until in the "home of the brave," our America, the wail will no more be heard from the honest poor:

"No work, no money; plenty to eat, but we starve."

"It's over-production that makes the hard times," yells the millionaire, as frantically he clutches his gold.

Have we lost the trend of the subject, "The Ferris Wheel?" No. The explanation is that "Fair Columbia" asked for room in the largest wheel in the world and received it, where she delivered the whole message to the scribe, and the rest of the passengers, saying to them:

"A great responsibility has been placed upon you, which as an American citizen you should feel no shame in telling; now do your duty, and it shall be revealed to all, and 'twill dawn upon their intellectual vision with the 'attendant horrors of a nightmare;' for 'Coin's Financial Series' will be read by millions, awakening Americans to patriotic sentiment and action," and thus is carried out the majestic order given by thee, oh, "Fair Columbia," while we looked down on orientals, and foreigners of all countries, red-turbaned Turks, Arabs, richly robed Persians, painted and be-feathered savages, etc.

The wheel was a revelation, when at night its edges gleamed with hundreds of electric lights, overlooking the illuminated "White City," where moving flash-lights made it light as day, while lines of swaying Japanese lanterns enhanced the scene, and the breeze inflated the great Japanese fish sailing in the air, making it seem like enchanted ground.

When leaving the wheel, as we passed through the gate, an old lady refused to go with the party just entering for a ride on the wheel, saying:

"I have a through ticket for Heaven, and I do not mean to go half-way there and return."

A phenomenal feature in the building of the wheel, was placing in position, without a hitch or breakage, the



seventy-ton axle, which was the largest piece of steel ever forged; it was successfully swung into position at a height of two hundred and fifty feet under the supervision of Mr. Rice, and his able assistants. Every piece of the great wheel's machinery was perfectly adjusted, each part fitting precisely into its respective place.

One morning a steeple climber made the trip, riding outside of a car while washing its windows.



## THE HAWAIIAN PANORAMA.

Represented the "burning lakes" near Honolulu, where fiery lava bursts from mountain tops and caverns in every conceivable color, excelling in brilliancy the finest display of fireworks. Rockets bursting forth, ran down and formed in places perfect statuary. One group looked like a child leaning against its weeping mother, who partially shielded her face with her drapery. Below it were the fiery lakes shining through a crust of lava, which daring tourists, when on the original spot, walk upon. This gorgeous spectacle was so realistic that observers could easily imagine they had been transported to that interesting but dreadful place, where the wind catches the lava and spins it in hairs from peak to peak. It is called by the natives "Pala's Hair." She is the goddess of those lakes, and when the eruptions are the worst they say she is very angry and hungry. Then in fear they throw in live pigs as peace offerings. When the eruptions have subsided they believe they have pleased and appeased her. In the distance a silvery moon shone through azure clouds and reflected into the waters of the Pacific. On an elevation at the left stood the "Cliff House" for the accommodation of tourists.



## THE DAHOMIANS.

These strange people were never allowed outside of their gates, not even in the "Midway" parades. People were afraid of them, and well they might be, for they seemed quite incapable of ever becoming civilized. Their dispositions to roast and eat people on "Midway" as a burnt offering to their gods, were just as strong as when they were in the wilds of Africa; but they did have a wholesome fear of blue coats with swords, whom they seemed to know were ready for just such emergencies. They lived in huts made of rushes, the women doing all the work, which mainly consisted of rolling corn fine between stones. This they soaked over night and baked on stone griddles placed over a fire built on the ground inside of their huts. Shells are used by them for money.

Many of these savages went about trying to sell shells and trinkets to the frightened spectators, who would have fled from them and out of their village as from a plague had it not been for the protection given by guards. Some of the men sat cross-legged in front of their huts, embroidering beads in fantastic patterns on rudely tanned hides, which they afterwards shaped into slippers.

Their orgies they performed before their king, who was painted in many colors, paint largely taking the place of clothing, and their costume was sometimes supplemented by gaudy decorations of feathers. He sat cross-legged on a barrel, while his subjects, looking worse and not nearly as "dressy," gyrated and danced in front of him. One wore a brown false face, with eyes and mouth cut out of it, then black streaks of paint were daubed about these cavities, and a something formed which we expect was intended for the nose. Then red and yellow streaks were painted on the cheeks of this face, which was two feet long and a foot wide. It was trimmed about with dried grasses, which drooped from behind and front to his knees.

This gyrating dance, in some respects, was so "smart" a reminder of the modern skirt dance that it may yet be found to be a scientific fact that the wild, graceful skirt dance was invented and practiced by prehistoric people.

Toward the end of the Fair one native only had succeeded in stringing a few English words together, while



the rest had learned none; neither had they ambition to acquire our language. Their delight at the thought of returning home one burly savage expressed as follows:

"Tar-rar-bum-de-day. Checog likely. No."

And spreading out his arms he yelled:

"Home, glady, glady."

Nearly every foreigner of the "Midway" was homesick, and many were sick from the change of climate, coughing and seeming to be in the first stages of consumption.



## THE OSTRICH FARM.

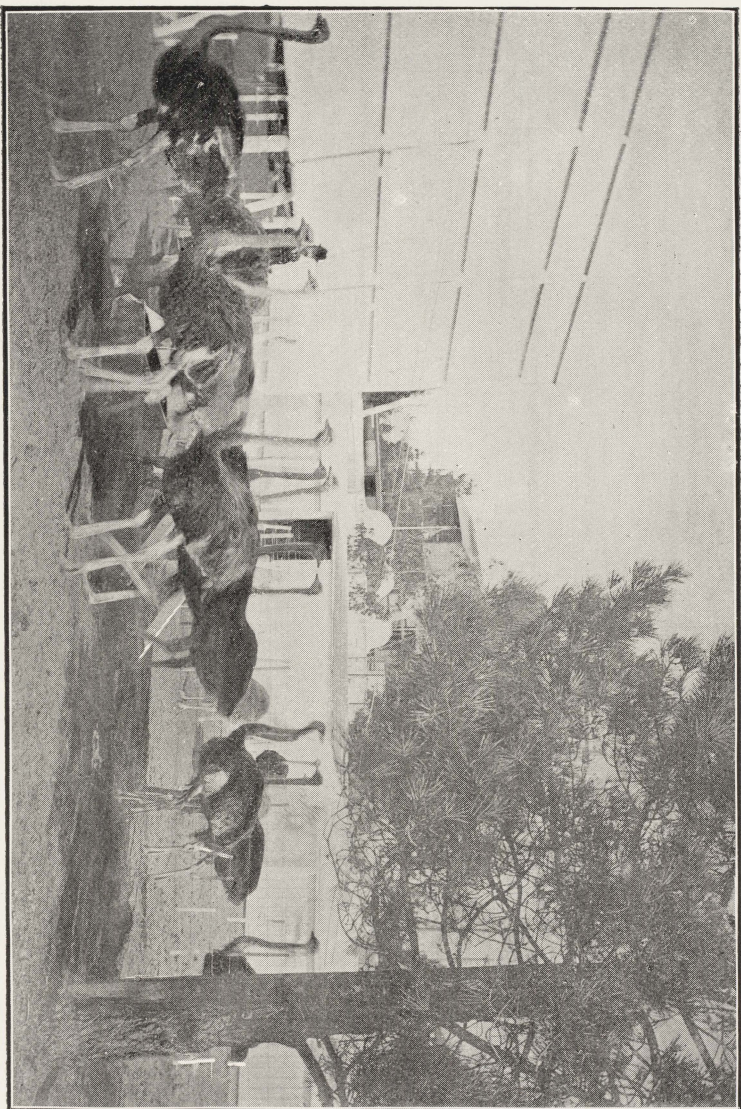
Here was delivered a lecture on these birds of "fine plumage":

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—It gives me unmitigated pleasure to present to you some birds, named after noted people. Before doing so I will state that the black-feathered ones are males and the drabs are females. This is Mr. Roscoe Conkling, our handsomest bird and fastest trotter. Here is Mr. James G. Blaine, a particular and conservative bird. A dude stepped inside their premises a short time ago and James kicked him out. Here you see Frances Willard and Susan B. Anthony, very refined and intelligent birds."

As he picked a small feather from the ground he remarked:

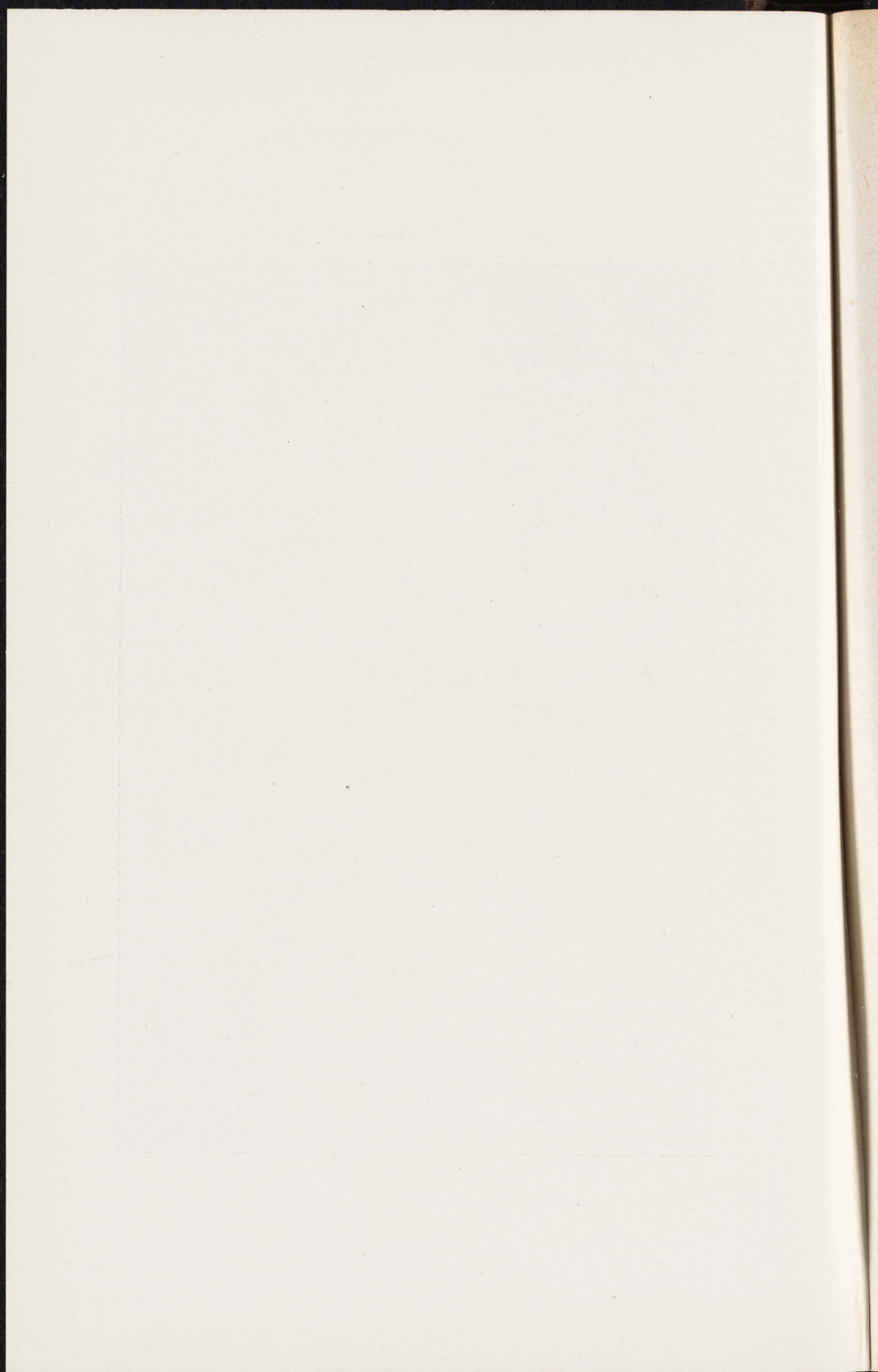
"Every feather, be it ever so small, is valuable. These birds never mate with their own brood, but the female selects hers out of a strange flock, living with it always. They never choose new mates and do not divorce. The reason is that the female proposes instead of the male. When ostriches are first hatched out they are drab. If females, they remain that color, but males change to black."





THE OSTRICH FARM.







## SITTING BULL'S LOG CABIN.

E. B. Wickham, ex-representative of the lower house in the first legislature of North Dakota, served four years as government scout. He was vested with authority by the United States government to remove this cabin and transfer it to "Midway."

Every timber was marked, so they were replaced precisely as when Sitting Bull occupied it. A bullet hole was seen through the floor, near the door through which Sitting Bull tried to escape when placed under arrest. 'Tis said the bullet which passed through the floor killed him. But presiding pompously in his place was the demon "Rain-in-the-Face," who cut out the heart and drank the blood of noble Tom Custer, at the same time killing daring, dashing, brave Gen. Custer, with the help of his band of howling savages, who sacrificed Calhoun, and a large number of brave companions, many of whom belonged to Michigan. "Rain-in-the-Face" hated Tom Custer because he captured and kept him in the guard house one year. He vowed if he ever escaped he'd kill Custer.

It was a common thing to hear spectators apply epithets of "villain," "scoundrel," etc., to the savage, and exclaim, "I'm glad you're maimed for life, and will never walk again without a crutch, and that you're situated so the opportunity will never again be presented for you to take the lives of such as the Custers, and his brave army."

The walls of the cabin were hung with robes and skins; upon which were painted representations of historic massacres, big hunts, etc. There were cruel Indian clubs, made of large smooth stones twisted tightly in leather thongs; scalps of Indians and whites daubed with paint, one the fair curly hair of a child; sacks of dried insects and worms, which were worn as charms to ward off evil spirits and sickness. Rain-in-the-Face, fearful of losing his power over his tribe, originated the "sun dance," and was the first to practice it. He caused slits to be cut through the skin of his back. Twisted strips of hide were drawn through and he was then lifted clear from the ground and tied by these raw hides to the limb of a tree, hanging thus one entire day and night. Finally two buffalo heads, which are very heavy, were attached to him to weight him down, which broke the skin and freed him.



All this time he never flinched, for he wanted to show his tribe how brave he was. The ghost dance was originated by Sitting Bull, to insure his power with the tribe. He played upon their superstition, expecting in this manner to gain complete control over them, which he feared he would lose. So to impress them thoroughly with his greatness and power, he originated the ghost dance, but did not allow his tribe to know it, as 'twas done to create confidence in his magic power.

A long pole was planted in the ground, and a few feet from and around this pole was dug a deep trench. Then blankets were fastened from the top of the pole and pinned tightly into the ground, completely covering a fire built in the trench, in which stones were thrown. A young Indian was then placed in the tent. Sitting Bull next went inside with buckets of water, which he poured upon the heated stones (before this he had given the boy a vile decoction, to deaden his senses), and hastened out, tightly closing the tent. The boy being sweated until greatly weakened, was then allowed to come out before Sitting Bull. The chief, in a mystical manner, then waved a stick over him, causing him in his weakness and frightened condition to obey a natural law of undue influence. Under it this boy did the first ghost dance, in which dreadful orgies so many tribes afterwards joined. Sitting Bull was killed by Henry Bullhead, first lieutenant of Indian police.

Mr. Wickham said: "Curly, the Crow, who came with me, has broken his engagement. The other night he received word that his squaw had eloped. I refused to let him go home, and told him I would not pay him what I owed him, then said I would raise his wages if he'd remain. But this was no temptation to Curly, who said, "Squaw go another man, me no show, me know, west," and he started on a bee line afoot, in that direction.

"I should like you to have seen Curly. He was always a friendly Indian. When I was government scout Curly and I were stationed in a village numbering two hundred inhabitants. The Indians burned the settlement and killed many, took all of their provisions, and drove away their stock. This occurred in the dead of winter, but Curly and I walked one hundred and fifty miles, hungry and nearly freezing, after supplies."

Special mention may be found of these two in Gen. Terry's report to the War Department. Chris. Nordstrum,



another scout, related how he, with six others, were prospecting for gold on Clarke Fork, where it empties into the Yellowstone. "We ran out of provisions, so started to the Crow agency for more. We ran into a cavalry detachment and were forced into the service as scouts under Gen. Custer, because we knew the lay of the land."

Chris paid a glowing tribute to Gen. and Mrs. Custer. Of the General he said:

"When going into action it was never 'Go, boys,' but dashing ahead of them, he always said, 'Come boys.' He was uniformly kind to all. Less stern with privates than with officers, yet he was rigid in his exercise of discipline. The boys revered and loved Mrs. Custer, who was like a mother to them, sick or well. Gentle and cheery, she was like a ray of sunshine in our soldier life. Many a poor fellow she saved from the guard house and loss of three months' pay, for sympathetically she would state reasons to the General in a plea which often changed the decree.

"One day the General was taking a nap on the banks of the Yellowstone, while the bugler was on watch. Some Indians surprised them. The General and the guard took to their horses, chasing them for two miles, when suddenly they were surprised by seven hundred warriors, who tried to cut them off from the main command. By a miracle they escaped, the Indians chasing them into camp, yelling and shooting constantly. They then set fire to the wild rye grass, hoping to burn the soldiers out. But the command retreated to a bushy place, and the Indians, knowing that one man hid in a bush is as good as ten in sight, were careful not to venture nearer.

"Soon hot shot rained from the bushes upon the Indians, killing and scattering them. After Custer's death six of us were prospecting and were again pressed into the service, under the command of Gen. Crooke. At this time two thousand Indians, squaws and children, then a peaceable tribe, were driven out of Idaho. When the whites began to settle in the southwestern part of that State they sent a petition to the government asking that this Indian reservation be cut down; in plain English it meant so we can steal the land. Every man who signed the petition, this tribe killed."

At this time Chris and his companions were transferred under the command of Gen. Howard, and started from the Pacific slope to find these Indians, who were going



through the country robbing and killing everyone—even the stock—burning buildings, and sparing no one. Two scouts started out to find where the Indians were. On their not returning, Chris and another scout, accompanied by a squad of soldiers, were sent in search of them. They nearly ran into the camp of the Idaho Indians, who had prepared themselves for action, and had driven squaws and children into a canon for safety. A detachment was sent back to inform Gen. Howard. In the meantime Chris and the soldiers found their comrades, who had started out the night before. One was dead, the other yet living, with bullet wounds through his liver, arm, and side of the head.

Chris, calling him by name, said:

"Poor Roke, how is it?"

In gasps the poor fellow replied:

"The fiends left us both for dead. I have crawled to the creek and back to my hiding place many times through the night, I was so thirsty and suffered so."

Blankets were fastened to poles and swung between two horses. Tenderly they laid him in, and after hurriedly burying his companion, Chris returned to the main command, and they started for the agency. When nearly there, the Indians attacked and massacred the whole party, making sure of the man whom they thought they had killed the night before, by cutting off his head.

Then was fought the battle of Stinking Water by Gen. Howard, Gen Miles and their commands, Gen. Miles receiving the honor of finally subduing and capturing them. Later the Government returned the Indians to their old reservation. Chris ended his remarks by saying:

"A real good Indian is always a dead one."



## AN EVENING ON MIDWAY.

A party of gentlemen from Michigan, of what city the scribe, being willing to give fair play, will not mention, declared on leaving the Michigan building that they would not be seen stopping anywhere in Midway, unless it was in the Libby Glass Works, or the Burnese Alps. On the way Mr. S. stopped to listen to the phonograph under the aqueduct play "I Have Worked Ten Hours This Day." (This was one thing he insisted upon doing, never passing without dropping a nickel in the slot and hearing this composition, saying it was his sentiments.) While he listened, he exclaimed: "Boys, you said among yourselves"—and the scribe heard it—"L. S. thinks we've not even cut our eye teeth, and that we'll be good and walk the length of Midway, and keep out of all naughty places." Now, in this crowd were dignified and professional men, and on that account 'twould not be right to mention them in a way that would cause them to be recognized. There were Mr. S. senior, Mr. S. junior, Mr. W., Mr. B., Mr. H., Mr. C., Mr. P., Mr. D. and Mr. D. The rest of the party aided and abetted in every way possible, what these men proposed or did, and this night on the Midway is a fair and honest example of how they forgot home, country, yes, everything. The explanation why will be told later.

The Mr. P., the nice little man, said: "We might as well make Rome howl for once."

"Yes," said Mr. S. senior, "I insist upon visiting the Congress of Beauty."

Mr. W. remonstrated, saying, "There may be beauty there, but nothing good."

"Stop your preaching," said Mr. H., and they passed in to look on women of all nations. On seeing the beautiful Fatima, Mr. W. was the first to drop his "go to meeting" look, and "as if to the manor born," he cocked his hat on one side, pushed a cigar half into his mouth, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and stared at her, "deaf and dumb" to the entreaties of the party to come on. Fatima called him a "cute young fellow," and soon mischief reigned and made victims of all the rest. The Mr. D.'s, on being told by an interpreter that the smiling Fatima had called them "lovely boys," sighed and looked, while



she looked and smiled. As the party passed out the Scotch bag-pipe player, large, tall, and handsome, strutted back and forth, dressed in his Highland plaid, and Scotch cap, with his legs bare half to the knees, playing and puffing his cheeks out like two red apples. On "The Campbells are coming," quiet Mr. C. sung out:

"A camel is coming!"

"No," said Mr. B. "We will place the animal which brays in place of the camel."

The two Mr. D.'s insisted that the Aztecs who were said to have lived one thousand years ago, and were yet living, and were working on the same pieces of work they worked on then, were all right. They passed inside while the rest waited with a look of enthusiasm savoring of revenge. As they reappeared, they extolled the wonders to be seen, until the others passed in, to see nothing but a squaw weaving in the old primitive way. They looked wearily at each other, and on coming out found the Mr. D.'s eating "bum-bum" candy and cutting "pigeon wings" about a red blanketed squaw with a dirty yelling papoose, tied upon her back. They were hilarious as boys over cheating the rest into going in to see what was (as they knew) a fake.

Mr. B. rushed a combination of French and German at a black man dressed to represent an Arab, who replied in bad English: "All right, but you go dive off the coast of Nova Scotia, and bring up an anchor. You will need it when I am through with you."

The Arab succeeded admirably in making the Mr. D.'s walk "turkey fashion." They were all chased about by him until a guard authoritatively said he would call the patrol for all of them if they did not stop.

"Go chase yourself," said Mr. H., as he made a bee-line for the Moorish theater, where a girl in spangles and red pounded a big bass drum, calling: "Come, come; everybody come; you be glad; you never see again so best a show. Dayncing gales upstairs; they be waiting to daynce for you. You see a show you glad."

Every one of these boys on that night were ringleaders in mischief, and in concert, hands on shoulders, taking the "lock step," they yelled, "Forward, march," and passed in to see the naughty Nautch dance. From here they passed through the "Hall of Illusions," by the Hungarian Band, who sang as they played:



The world, the world is large and round,  
It's made up nearly of water and ground;  
Stay, stay; you have nothing to fear,  
For all you'll get here is beer, beer, beer.

As they passed out of the "Tunnel" all were singing: "The Midway Plaisance, the Midway Plaisance. Where you have fun is on the Midway Plaisance." Mr. H. stopped to fence with a native who hung on to his short swords, shaking his head and saying, "You drunk and you be d—n."

It was a lovely clear night, the stars twinkled like diamonds, and the moonlight fairly outrivaled the many lights of electricity; but all this received no consideration from the boys. They raised umbrellas and swaggered along, puffing on unlighted cigars. They were in that beatific state of happiness which mostly affected every one who patronized Midway at night.

"Nicey, freshy, bum-bum candy. Ah-ae-ah-ae-ohe. Hot, hot, hot, paney cakey, good," yelled a fat greasy woman and the dirty Turk who presided over these palatable articles. At least it was claimed they were.

Mr. P. bought a pair of castanets, and began practicing the Turkish dance. A native joined him, humming barbarous notes and playing on a tom-tom. The boys were enthusiastic over the refined art of Mr. P., and draped a Persian sash of many colors about him. Then more graceful than ever he writhed and humped about, and threw from his dark eyes bewitching and enticing glances of languishing loveliness and abandonment.

The boys yelled "Come off, where are the brick-bats?" "No bouquets," said he; "den I stops de show."

Next they went into the streets of Cairo. Soon they were astride of donkeys and camels, tearing down the streets, their yells outrivalling all the cat-calls and yowls of the place. It was about twelve o'clock when the Egyptian theater was out and the dancing girls of the Nile modestly played "leap frog." The fat man of the party, Mr. M., insisted he would be welcome to play this refined game with the "dark beauties." He made one vain attempt to do so and, nearly sobered, he frantically ran behind the boys, who formed in line, clasping hands, which made a breast-work of mighty poor material under the circumstances.



Mr. M. cowered behind his entrenchment, and yelled, "Be brave, boys; don't be licked out by nigger women."

Quicker than it can be read, thirty angry dancers ran into them like "the rush of a mighty wind," causing them "to fall like chaff before the reaper." When guards had dispersed the natives, who had turned out to assist the dancers in the would-be massacre, those boys were ruined, in appearance at least. One of them tragically recited:

"From out the ashes of a ruined past,  
There comes an existence too dreadful to last.  
We are ragged, worn, and terribly battered,  
In pain and tears this much it has mattered  
That if ever the news should go back to our city,  
We'd never receive one darned bit of pity;  
We'd be ragged and shaggled the rest of our lives  
By our darling sweethearts, or our dear loving  
wives."

O. and W., who recovered the soonest from the "ruined past," went and engaged a chair boy to roll the fat man, who said he was a physical wreck from the "ashes of the past." As he was trundled through the Cairo street gate, Mr. H. called out, "Hear ye, hear ye, we are now taking the ossified man to the Parisian theater, where he will be placed on exhibition. You now may see this curiosity free, but 'twill cost you an elegant quarter to see him when he is placed behind the scenes."

A Columbian guard authoritatively reminded him he was too noisy.

"O, get out," says Mr. H.

The fat man got out of his chair as best he could, and managed to walk by hanging on the side of it with both hands. Still the irrepressible Mr. H. continued his free advertising. "Hear ye, hear ye. Everybody bring your halt, maimed and blind to the World's Fair, and have them walk and see, on hearing the voice of or seeing a Columbian guard."

They passed into the Parisian theater and came out with faces full of amazement, regret, and of curious speculation and trepidation. Their poet remarked: "This is the last straw, and they might as well die as live." He was troubled over an experience which had occurred in the early part of the evening when he was so salubriously full of joy and loving goodness as to try and dispense with a





MR. H. ADVERTISING THE OSSIFIED MAN.







portion of it. He succeeded in wheeling a lady for quite a distance, who pleasantly said she did not object to his resting the chair boy. He was very complimentary and attentive to her; did not see as sometimes he saw, but on looking closely into her roguish face, he staggered away, weak and weary, muttering, "One of my wife's intimate friends. I'm a dead man."

The party missed all trains to the city that night, and along in the small hours came "home to Michigan," and lay on her couches "in state" until morning. The scribe feels sure there is not a man in Michigan or the whole world, who for a moment recognizes "such a night" on "Midway."



## A LETTER TO THE SCRIBE.

Dear World's Fair Friend:

Now that I am rested I truly wish I were with you and other acquaintances to take the Intramural Railway for our usual morning ride. I am amazed, dazzled and almost hysterical as I think of the astonishing opportunity which is being presented the visitors of the Fair, for the study of industry and art. The pleasure which accompanies it cannot be expressed in words, for at every turn there is presented to our vision subjects of infinite variety in the White City, built, as it were, in a day, the story of whose grandeur and glorious beauty can never be effaced from our memories, though we should live for centuries after.

Your old-time bachelor friend has a secret to confide, and though fancy beckons him on to wander once more through the bewildering labyrinth of cross-roads and byways which were distinctively a feature of the Fair, and though there is a hunger gnawing in his heart for all of this, I must confess to a tantalizing sensation which has created a certain longing in my foolish brain to again meet the beautiful young lady, Miss H., of Wisconsin:

With eyes of blue,  
And heart so true,  
Her hair a mass of gold.

What a lovely smile she had! I long to hear her silvery laugh once more. Cupid has accomplished his most artistic work upon me. I only hope he has filled her heart as full of love's quivers for me. Her stay at the Fair had a sad and sudden ending. Her last best earthly friend (her father) passed into a better clime, leaving her an orphan; and so young, too. I know without asking you that I have your sympathy and best wishes for success in winning the sweetest, best girl that ever lived; for as you read these lines I shall have arrived in Racine and have told her all. Something seems to tell me that her dear answer will be "Yes." Think of the pleasant evenings we all passed together on the porch of the Wisconsin building and looked across the lagoon upon the Brazilian building gleaming with electricity from dome to base-



ment, or watched the foliage of the trees turned by the aid of electricity into dancing shadows upon the classic Art palace. The reception given in the Indiana building by Chief Executive Havens, his wife and daughters, was another delightful treat, as were many other occasions of a like nature held in the grandly furnished parlors of other buildings. From these we wandered through spacious rooms gloriously lighted up while music from piano and harp tinkled forth from adjoining rooms, perhaps to suddenly swell into a loud burst of melody from the full orchestra; then it played a lower accompaniment to a rich-voiced soprano, which sang these appropriate words:

"What is this secret spell around me stealing?

The evening air is faint with magic power;

And shadows fall upon my soul revealing

The meaning of this memory-laden hour."

I return to the commonplace, and perhaps uninteresting, but you know on the evening of the reception held in the Indiana building, by invitation we remained and visited the host, his charming wife and lovely daughters; it seemed that it was the most superb night we had ever seen. The moon hung like a silver ball in an Italian colored sky of blue, and, with myriads of stars, reflected into Lake Michigan. Will you ever forget that guard who took advantage of his surroundings and imbibed too much of what was left in the punch bowl, and made himself ridiculous by 'rahing for Indianer and "Benny's build-in'?" How tragically on that evening, too, did that queenly beauty from New York tell ghost stories until she caused our hair to rise on end and to draw ourselves nearer together and shiver as she graphically pictured the headless horses galloping madly around the ghost-haunted house of the Van Rensselaers. When she gave the dying groans like those which were so often heard in the vault-like cellar, out of which were seen floating white spirits "hidin', peekin' and sneakin'," we really seemed to smell a damp, musty, vault-like odor. She played upon our senses, looking like a fair spirit, walking and pointing her finger toward that handsome young commissioner from Ohio, who had curling brown hair and great brown eyes. He stared at her, seemingly hypnotized by both her beauty and rare art of story-telling; and as she rushed toward him and screamed with horror impressed upon her countenance, he tipped with his chair and fell back-



ward upon the floor, turning a yellowish white. The shock was so great that it frightened him into having the jaundice for six weeks. At least, he knows, and so do we, that he had it. In many respects the Florida building was interesting, but we would fain forget the fright and suffering which apparently was felt by those helpless and imprisoned little chameleons which were sold to passers-by, who little thought of the fact, that in September and October, when it became colder than where they came from, that they would freeze and die. You remember that in the month last named, Mr. B. bought one and fastened it by the tiny gold chain which was attached to a gold collar about its neck to the lapel of his coat. He was a humane and thoughtful gentleman, for he noticed the little creature was so numb with cold that it could not cling to his clothing; so he held the half-frozen little pet (as the Southerners call them) between the palms of his hands to give it warmth, but it died, as did thousands of them under less favorable circumstances. This occurred in the Iowa building while we were listening to selections given by their splendid State band. On that day for the first time they gave "Sounds from the Midway," composed by the leader. They roared like Hagenbeck's lions and imitated the barbarous music of the tom tom and the Ah—Eh—Oh—, yelling "Hotty, nicey, goody, freshy, bum bum candy."

Iowa's corn palace room was an attractive feature of the Fair. Her exhibit was fine in all departments. Miss Miller, the National Commissioner, was a lovely lady. I enjoyed my short stay in this building very much. Mrs. M. was old enough to have been my mother; nevertheless she was a charming lady, and very intelligent, too. I am sorry you did not go with us through "Liberal Arts." Our time was too limited to do it well, or any part of the Fair; and so I shall ever have a confused remembrance of what I saw there. It is hardly to be wondered at when we remember that this building was large enough to have placed every building of the Centennial inside of it. A portion of the upper floor of "Liberal Arts" was devoted to colleges, schools and literature. The most orderly and interesting department to me was that of the Century Magazine, where we found a strip of hollow wood in which George Kennan hid his manuscript while in Siberia. Whether he lectures or writes about the sufferings of prisoners there he certainly possesses the art of



delineating successfully with both tongue and pen the pangs of hunger of the exiled prisoners. Their every pain, and the brutal beatings received at the hands of inhuman guards, in far-off Siberia is keenly sensed by his auditors. Would that there were more noble, daring men like Kennan, whose every heart-beat is filled with love toward suffering humanity wherever found. He believes in fighting for those who are so unfortunate as to be placed where they suffer misery through the injustice of destiny. You remember reading of the Russian lady who was flogged, being given one hundred stripes by a brutal guard. Strange, wasn't it, that she should have died from its effects. Excuse the sarcasm. Those who read of the affair, and of the circumstances connected with it, can never forget it. When outrages like this occur it seems that we expect the good people of the world to rise en masse against such infamous proceedings; but while they express indignation in a conservative sort of way, the idea remains with us that they are half-willing to permit such atrocities. Centering the upper floors of "Liberal Arts" was the Stevens Silk Exhibit. It was the neatest and most artistic display made in this building. Every known color, and colors undreamed of, were arranged in tasteful designs of rainbows, fans, anchors and many other designs arranged in dazzling colors. When ladies visit Chicago they should not fail to visit "The Stevens Silk House," for I know that they keep for sale the most reliable silk goods; and the first dress I purchase will be purchased there. Do not jump at the conclusion that I am going to don feminine attire, because of the "new woman," for I expect she will continue to wear all of her attractive and lovely furnishings as usual. Without further explanation of whom is to wear the dress, as I know it is unnecessary to explain, for as you read this your thoughts have reverted to Racine, where you expect me to be according to my promise made to you in the first part of this letter, and for the moment I am soaring on the pinions of an exalted imagination, and am not only purchasing from the Stevens Silk House one dress, but dozens of them, for her whom fancy pictures to me dressed first in one and then another silken robe; until (alas I have awakened from my dream of bliss, I will endeavor to cease writing of what at present constitutes a part of my life.) The fact that I am in the blissful state of love may possibly account for my rambling epistle written to you. In the



"Anthropological Building," as well as in the "Liberal Arts," we looked upon the first rude drawings and hieroglyphics of prehistoric people, leading us, step by step, through the ages into noble art and literature. Rudely constructed lyres and other musical instruments carried us in fancy back to again progress through the dim ages into the glorious present, to see perfected musical instruments and music's grand literature. We cannot doubt the progression of the human race at present, or in the future, and judging from all that has been accomplished in the past and present, what will have been the development of the human intellect one hundred years hence. The people of this swift and progressive age have a right to assert that it is a brilliant outlook, and that nothing which we may expect either in science or philosophy seems impossible or improbable; and that much will come about quickly, and in the near future, too, from the fact that society has never receded from civilization. Steadily and under favorable conditions it advances so rapidly that those who keep up with the procession are running, and there is no time for playing by the wayside. If prehistoric people could be placed in the midst of modern improvements and look upon their superiors of to-day possibly the consequences would have created a reaction which would have been disastrous to them. The wonders to be seen in our present civilization would perhaps have filled their minds with superstitious dread, and 'tis likely they would continue to sew with porcupine quills or thorns for needles, and insist upon living in the rude old way, rather than go near the "New Home" sewing machine, the "White," "Domestic," and hundreds of other kinds doing perfect and artistic work. The intricacy and beauty of these machines and the work done by them perhaps would have frightened rather than have interested or pleased them. My thoughts fly here, there and everywhere; and are they not pardonable as we remember that a letter written upon the World's Fair and "the fair" would naturally touch upon topics of infinite variety and interest? Now my thoughts revert to the Dedictory Columbian ball, which was given at the Auditorium. Did not Mrs. Potter Palmer look every inch a beautiful queen, as in state she sat with the representatives of the world, and with them welcomed dignitaries of the Fair and other prominent people; as did also Mrs.



Gen. Logan, who sat next to her, her snowy hair giving an added charm to her yet young face, while she was very pleasing in pink silk, causing her on that evening to look so different than she does in her conventional mourning. Mgr. Satolli, representative of the Pope in America, and Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, sat next to these queenly-appearing women. Satolli wore a red robe. Over this hung a long, heavy gold chain and cross. The Cardinal wore a purple robe, and both wore skull caps to match their robes. As we looked about the raised circular platform upon which diplomats representing their different countries of the world were seated, and upon richly dressed ladies of noble birth sitting beside them, and then looked upon the military dress of generals and officers of all countries, and upon the fashion and beauty of hundreds of ladies laden with jewels, there was an agreeable sense of stately etiquette which made it easy to imagine ourselves in the court of Queen Elizabeth, for stately, beautiful women and noble-looking men of commanding appearance lent reality to the scene. Mrs. Yerkes, of New York, wore the most unique diamond waist trimming I think we have ever seen. A large diamond star was fastened on the left shoulder. Leading from this, about the low-cut bodice of her light blue silk gown, was a line of diamonds in grape leaves, between the leaves hung bunches of diamonds in grape design; and hanging from the right shoulder was a large diamond ornament of grapes. She is a lovely blonde, and queens it in one of the most beautiful homes in New York.

Twenty thousand dollars, wasn't it, that Mr. Y. paid for the large yellow diamond in Tiffany's exhibit, which lighted up the magnificent display of necklaces, bracelets, brooches and other jewels, throwing their millions of changing lights. This large diamond, after the Fair, will center a tiara of smaller ones for Mrs. Yerkes.

The Italian Department, filled with fine sculpture and Florentine jewelry, was a large and attractive display. 'Tis said they will return to Italy rich from the sales made in their many departments of the Fair.

In Austria the fine Bohemian crystal, set with precious gems, was conceded to be the finest exhibit of its kind there. As you were not with us that day, and I had no opportunity to tell you about it before leaving, I take this opportunity to do so. We visited the south end of the grounds quite thoroughly, stopping in the Indian school,



of Carlisle, Pa., where were given recitations and a fine concert; but a splendid idea of what is the training of Indian pupils was given in the fine appearance made in the line of march in the Columbian procession of 1892. How people cheered them. The farming industries were represented by boys who carried rake handles trimmed with vegetables and fruits of all kinds; then on poles were carried boots and shoes. In the same manner came harness and blanket makers representing their trades. Lastly students with books and slate. Of course, you know all about this, and that on the day before occurred the first great meeting of the Lady Managers of the whole world, this very interesting gathering being held at Music Hall.

Mrs. Potter Palmer presided gracefully and was kindly towards all. Though we heard but a few words from Lady Somerset, of England, we felt repaid for going. She said that "women had led the world in many forward movements, and the great demonstration at Chicago was bringing out the fact that woman was fast coming to the front to take her place beside man. I am proud of the prominent position given Mrs. President Palmer; and the immense, but patriotic crowds to be seen everywhere in this great city demonstrates the fact that a democratic form of government is the most desirable one; such a gathering of good-natured patriotic people is a high compliment to our present civilization."

How tired you must be of me, yet I wish in fancy to wander once more through the "Art Building" and some other places before bidding you good-by. I will not speak of the paintings, but of that "chromo" of a guard, whose head swelled in proportion as his thoughts enlarged upon the authority vested in him. You remember, while in "Germany" that I asked him which way was east, and that he chugged out his chin, stretched out his neck, took on a pugilistic air, shook his first under my nose, replying:

"Carry a compass, durn yer, and ye'll know without troubling a gentleman like meself."

Though I am a man and expected, yes, fully intended to have resented the matter, the chance was not given me, as you already know. Didn't Fanny's eyes flash as the little woman confronted the six-foot bully and said:

"If I was a man, I'd trounce you within an inch of your life. There are many things of which you have no knowledge; good manners for one thing, directions for another."



He began to edge away.

"Oh, but I am not through. You shame whoever brought you up, for 'tis likely they taught you good manners, but you're not to blame for not having space in your brains for the cultivation of them. I'll try and carry your cap number in my massive brain, and use my most fetching influence in having you transferred to your native occupation of bushwhacking. It's a pity for such extraordinary talents to be wasted and meet with no appreciation, and we presume that the World's Fair people will bid you farewell in the same spirit as did Pope in the opening lines of his 'Farewell to Bath,' guard being put in the place of town, when you're transferred to the plains, where you properly belong."

In dreams I stand on the bridge leading to "Sweden" and look down upon the water of the lagoon and see fiery wheat fields appear, and passing through them are boats decorated with Japanese lanterns. Next follow rafts on which Indians are dancing; then a long line of electric launches, brilliant with many colored lights; then gondolas, leaving in their wake long lines of beautiful colors in the water.

I hear the bombs burst over the lake and see chains of many colored stars, then set pieces of state and world buildings, and fiery pictures, which are emblematic of their history. Methinks that again I am gazing upon the Harp of Erin, suspended in mid-air; just back of it the grand peristyle and many designs in other places which I must not take time to speak of.

Then I think of the travelingmen's celebration, which occurred, too, while I was there. These bright, genial, aggressive business men are possessed of some of the best brains of our nation in their particular line of business. They are possessed of keen enterprise, knowledge and information which comes from mind rubbing against mind. And they improve their opportunities of producing a keen-brained business faculty, which gives to the commercial world broad ideas, for the extension of trade. To them surely belongs the honor of extending, broadening and building up the vast commercial interests of the world.

The Russian Government has forbidden Madame Modjeska to play in Poland because of her lecture delivered before the "Woman's Congress" on the "Oppression of the Poles." She said there would have been a greater number of Polish women there to have spoken for Poland



but for the Russian Government; that there would have been more documents from Polish women if it had not been for the scrutiny of the mails by that government. She said the Polish women longed for and loved liberty, which can only come to Poland with her restoration of national power.

Wasn't that guard mistaken when he said the large "Krupp Gun" held a torpedo filled with fourteen hundred pounds of ammunition; and that when it was shot from the gun it sped nine miles, and then would plow through a steel wall several feet thick?

The dairy exhibits were attractive. Butter was made into violets, roses and other flowers in their natural colors. Was it not in Arkansas where the butter statuary was made?

Near the "Krupp Building" were given diving exhibitions by a man whose first name was "Albert." Do you know his last name? There timorous ones learned to swim. On that day some boys nailed together rafts made of boards, which they pushed about and posed upon them as "living pictures," saluting each other with nautical terms such as "get to larboard," "over on to the poop end of your ship," etc. Often some of the South Sea Islanders joined them, diving for silver thrown in the water by the spectators, and they never failed to bring it up. In the most friendly way imaginable these natives warbled "Yankee Doodle" and "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay," which to them was an open sesame into this metropolitan-like society.

You remember one day you and I passed by some tents pitched between here and "Agricultural," and how you, like a very descendant of Eve, peeked into a queer-shaped yellow and red striped one. A small boy joined you in your investigations, and tripping upon you, you both rolled down the slight embankment. He was a typical street arab, and yelled:

"How many schooners has passed under your nose? Two have passed my port. Ye hain't mad a bit, are ye, ye jolly old 'oman?"

There was something very taking about the little waif as he strutted along with us, barefooted, his tatters of clothes flying to the breeze. Soon he pointed out some lemon peels in our path, asking, "Do you know what that means?"

You said to him: "Yes, you want a peeling."

"Naw, lemernade," said he, smacking his lips, and drawing his sleeve across the dirtiest face we had ever seen.



Will you ever forget the compliments he shouted back after receiving the nickel, yelling:

"Thank yer. Ye are an old man and old 'oman what are a brick. I'll hang on ter yer." And so he did, soon joining us walking to the terminal station, where we rested and looked upon time-pieces from every part of the world. In Chicago, it was 10:15 a. m.; in Buenos Ayres, it was 7:03 p. m. The boy said:

"It's near time to eat in both places. Ain't I hungry, though. I know some old man that don't like boys to go hungry."

He received the necessary cash so as not to go hungry. I am half sorry I lectured the little fellow as I did by saying, "We did not enjoy being persecuted, by being called 'old man' and 'brick.'"

After the tragical manner of a typical stage villain he repeated: "I know yer meanin'; needn't say 'nother word. It means skip, Gregg." Folding his arms, he rested his chin upon his breast and strode away, his rags fluttering in the breeze. Presently he returned and said, with a confidential, bravado-like air: "I'll meet yer here ter morrer, on this spot, at ten in the mornin'." How glad we are that we were lenient, and answered kindly: "All right, Gregg." Tears sprang to his eyes, and he tried to let us know how much he appreciated us. "Mebbe yer thinks I don't berlieve in prayin'? I duse, and I asks Him to bless yer fer bein' kind ter me to-day." Poor little waif. We never saw him again, for he was killed while trying to catch a ride on the street car belt line which ran to the city.

(Note.)—The guard mentioned in the Art Palace was the only one under the United States military who committed an offense during the Fair, and he was promptly discharged. This was a rare exception, for the guards were gentlemen, under strict military discipline, under the command of Capt.-Gen. Rice. The guards and chairboys had much to contend with; sometimes it was of a pleasant nature, and, again, not. They were persecuted by flirtatious old women, who asked millions of useless questions like so many giddy girls. They bore up under these persecutions like "soldiers good and true." Some ladies came daily or weekly for the same chairboys to wheel them. In case the lady made her choice too pronounced, then the poor fellow was unmercifully chaffed by the others, who called him "her dearest one" and other pet names.



## A DAY ON MIDWAY AND THE BATTLE OF SEBASTOPOL.

In the streets of Algeria we stopped to admire a tall, handsome native, calling "Algerian! Algerian! Algerian!" Swinging his wares in front of the passing crowd, he beseechingly repeated the words just mentioned again and again, and the rest of what little English he knew, which was: "You come; cheapy buy."

His companion was a persuasive salesman. He wore a fetching tall-crowned broad-rimmed hat trimmed with green ribbon and flowers, with here and there upon it a patch of yellow and blue material; its edges dropped far down over his shoulders, hiding much of his rain-bow robe. Most convenient was this hat, for when selling his merchandise to a fair customer its rim enveloped both of their faces. Blushing, she emerged from its protecting shade, but not until she had bought some souvenir through his fascinating persuasiveness.

A pompous and portly couple were wheeled by a rather good-looking chairboy, who was evidently a friend, for their daughter walked beside him carefully protecting him, as well as herself, from the hot rays of the sun. When it occurred to her that one must go without its shade, she generously held it over him. They stopped to listen to the man advertising the "only and original camera obscura, direct from Eiffel Tower, Paris. Only five cents to climb the stairs built inside of the tree of wonders, and a glass of orange cider free." The parents excused the young people, who passed up the stairs and soon were standing in a very dark room, looking upon a revolving disk, so arranged as to reflect the streets of Midway, its buildings, people, walking or riding in roller chairs pushed by chairboys. The wind carried flying bits of paper down the street, flags waved in the breeze and through windows or doors of the many theaters were seen Oriental girls shaking their tambourines and dancing. All this the young people told to the young lady's parents on their return from the tree; and that "the sleighride" was photographed so plainly as to recognize some of their acquaintances who were cheering an accompaniment to the merry jingle of bells. As they swiftly rounded the corner it seemed that they must



tip over and meet with a sudden death. So risky it seemed to the young lady and the rest of the party that they decided not to take the ride. They paused by an open door and looked into the building which contained the bright clean machinery which manufactured the ice for the sleighride. The proprietors of this building and machinery belonged to the firm of the De La Vergne Refrigerator Co., of New York. They gazed in wonder upon the Ferris Wheel; passed by the Austrian village, and many other attractions, then stopped to hear the advertising of the fakir, who stood in a high-built booth which fronted a high and securely-boarded space, toward which he pointed and talked impressively of the wild, dashing riders of the desert, begging all not to let slip by this grand and only opportunity to look upon the descendants of the children of Israel; exciting the fancy as he told of the wild dash of the Arabian steeds ridden like a dream by their Bedouin riders, who care for their beautiful, high-spirited horses as lovingly and kindly as though they were children. As the party returned from seeing this attractive feature, the old gentleman remarked that the racing was fully as exciting as is the description of the last part of the chariot race in Ben Hur, who lashed the horses on whom "no hand had ever been laid except in love." The only difference was, so he said, that the graceful, gentle animals of the Bedouins obeyed the slightest wish of their riders, who carried no whip, but talked to them as though they were persons, while the intelligent horses seemed to understand them, and showed their affection plainly toward their masters by being perfectly obedient.

All the fakirs of the many shows were professionals in their lines, possessing keen wit and using it successfully on the best brains which passed them. With oily persuasiveness did he of the Bedouin theater tell how the children of the desert live in tents; how for only fifteen cents spectators would witness these people living their accustomed life of the desert, and that no one should miss seeing the old Bedouin woman make unleavened bread. The crowd, influenced by his persuasive eloquence, hastened inside to see the old lady roll a large piece of dough with her hands, spatting it flat, then throwing it back and forth from hand to hand, causing it to flatten, grow round, large, and still larger. It was by this mode made very thin; then deftly she flipped it smoothly over an iron cover with a raised center—this over a fire in the ground—she



turned the wafer back and forth, it taking about one-half minute to bake it. Then it was broken into pieces by a Bedouin, who passed it to all who would eat it. The natives sat upon the ground, "Turk fashion," smoking their water pipes, sometimes stopping long enough to sing the Ah, E, Oh! and clapping their hands, thus keeping time with the women and children as they sang, clapped their hands and danced to the Bedouin song of the desert. Constantly the men smoked, preferring to do that rather than anything else, while the women were active in giving examples of how their lives was lived in the desert. Their dances were the same Midway or Oriental school of dancing, only it was not on as pronounced a scale as some of them were. The prince of the tribe was engaged to be married to a little girl of their numbers; she was only thirteen years old. He was handsome, and was possessed of such progressiveness as to conclude to remain for five years in America to master the English language, saying he would then go back to his country and serve as a guide to tourists. He said "the little girl must return to the desert with her parents, as I shall never marry." Finally he concluded he would never go back, but become an American citizen. His command of English which he learned in three months' time astonished all who met him. He said: "Life in the desert has too much sameness for me." He was so desirous of gaining knowledge, and was naturally of an active mind, and being possessed of an aspiring nature, we doubt not he is meeting with all the success in gaining knowledge which he so earnestly wished for.

In another apartment we found richly furnished and decorated rooms. These rooms were gained by going up steps into them, for we first stepped into a tiled court. Centering it was a fountain. The ceilings of these rooms were done in mosaics. The walls were hung with rich Persian drapings, and ranged about the edges of the rooms were elegant velvet crimson and blue low couches. These and cushions scattered here and there were heavily embroidered in gold. We seated ourselves, Turk fashion, and listened to a Bedouin lecture. He held out the Koran printed in 1500 from the original, which teachings, he said, "were with them hundreds of years before Christ. We had our Islam three thousand years before Him; we think better of Christ than you who do not believe in Mohammedanism. Christ was the purest, best man that has ever lived. So deep is our respect for Him, we do not think God al-



lowed him to be nailed to the cross and die, but instead caused Him to return in person to heaven, and caused another man to be crucified in His place. He was more surely a Son of God than we, because He was perfect; but there is one God, Allah, and Mohammed, the prophet. Had I been taught your faith, 'tis natural I'd believe in it. Had you never known of any other than ours, you'd believe that way, wouldn't you? The difference is this: I like custard pie, you like apple pie the best."

The scribe attempts no apology for placing the speech as it was heard, and believes that the reader will feel that for a Mohammedan his language indicated that he was far from "denying Christ."

In the Persian and Turkish booths were girdles of gold and silver, patterned in open work made by hand and set with jewels, also silver open-worked dishes set with them, and the finest collection of precious gems ever seen. Space is limited, and possibly 'twould not attract to give a lengthy account of the many articles sold in "Turkey." There was sandalwood from Damascus; bottled water from the river Jordan; ornaments made of shells picked up on its shores. A young, pretty Damascus matron, with her babe in arms, wandered about dressed in gay, flowing robes, wearing a high crown composed of silver coins. Hanging from it in long, heavy loops below her waist were chains of them. She was nearly enveloped in a large white covering thrown over her head extending to her feet. This dark little woman soon lost her rosy cheeks, grew thin, pale and ailing, all because she was very homesick with the longing to return to Jerusalem.

A fine-looking Turk called out from his booth: "Kis-me-et."

Some Americans would say that he had a "picnic." He held in his hand a small brown cake of perfume called "Kis-me-et." His most earnest attempts to sell it were made upon the ladies. Some were greatly pleased over it, but few understanding why he said it as they hurried by. Audaciously earnest were his efforts to sell the article, saying pleadingly "Kis-me-et," looking unutterable sentiment at them from his languishing dark eyes. Although some of the ladies' cheeks would flush and an appreciative smile was given the handsome native by them, yet some of them claimed to be very angry with him, and with disdain written upon their faces and elevating their heads as high as possible without doing injury to their



spinal column, they moved majestically away, muttering: "Conceited, impudent Turk." A homely, middle-aged woman, who was not as bright as two new silver dollars, pursed up her lips to him and said: "You shall not be tortured another minute for want of one wee kiss. I'll kiss you fifty times if you will only stop asking every woman, young and old, who comes along to kiss you." Of course he did not understand a word she said, but a glimmer of her meaning was given him as she threw her arms about his neck and imprinted with a loud smack upon his cheek a kiss. "There," said she, "I've kissed you for your mother, and hope it will last you a while." Immediately she moved on with the crowd. He dramatically stretched forth his arms and in the most beseeching tone of voice called to her, saying: "Come back! Come back and Kisme-et." Outside of the Turkish Bazaar Building we found an aged fortune teller (an old man), who told every one (whose fortune he told) that he recognized their souls as being that of his brother, sister or some philosophers who had lived 3,000 years ago. He said our souls have always lived, and can never die. One day he told the fortune of a beautiful young lady. He kneeled before her and kissed the hem of her robe and prophesied that great and wonderful events would shape themselves into her life. He had discovered for about the ten thousandth time the beautiful soul of his sister; and the young lady, as well as many others, went out of his tent firmly convinced that their bodies were inhabited by the soul of some great person who had lived ages ago.

Next we visited the Turkish theater, which was really Oriental. Their plays were all based upon the subject of love. And a lady one day remarked as she passed out of this place, "To be so sickeningly in love as was that young fellow, although it was told in the Arabic language, which I do not understand, it was so evident as to almost serve as an emetic to anyone who witnessed it." Their plays were founded upon Oriental life in the desert. In the first scene men sat outside of their tents spinning from distaffs yarn. Inside of the tent, on a pallet, lay a young man sick with love for his cousin, whom his heartless father would not allow him to marry. After wailing out a Bedouin love song he seemed to nearly faint; then his father called in the magicians to cure him. They compelled the father to pay a round sum to each before repeating their incantations, after which orgies they stated



to his father that he'd not live if he did not marry his cousin. The frightened father consented and the young man bounded from his pallet, strong and well, singing joyously, clasping his hands in ecstasy and jabbering his "thanks awfully" to his sire.

The bride walked in wearing sandals of wood, which raised her about one foot high from the floor. She wore a long illusion veil of red; was supported by her mother and some maidens. All this time the bridegroom was expressing his joy by taking fantastic steps in a dance of the Orient. He squirmed about expressing his hilarity in a most interesting manner by creating malformations in his body as he hopped about, at the same time twisting himself into various postures, showing many peculiar, even questionable styles of dancing. As the dance progressed there was not any improvement added to it; on the contrary he made a worse appearance than when he first began to dance. It brought forth uncomplimentary remarks of a suggestive nature from the amazed spectators; and when a native gave the genuine nautch dance and caused every muscle of his body to quiver and evidently unjointed every bone in turn from their sockets the spectators grew really solicitous for him. One remarked to a friend that he feared the actor was having a spasm, preliminary to falling in a fit. His friend replied: "He does appear to be in agony, and those other professionals, too, are writhing about in apparent misery." Here are the instructions for learning the nautch dance: It is done by producing convulsive malformations of the body. These convulsions must follow in quick succession one after the other. This is all that is necessary to know in order to perform this dance. We do not wish to discourage the attempts of anyone to learn it, but it is the opinion of those who witnessed it that it is too complicated a dance to be learned by anyone but a born Turk. The music was produced by two women and an old fellow (these composed the orchestra), and was suggestive to one's imagination of sights and sounds in hades. One of the women played upon a sort of dulcimer, which she held upon her lap; another played upon a tom-tom, which was a hollow piece of wood, shaped to look like a gourd. A skin was stretched over the open space, and this was pounded upon with the palms of the hands by the woman, who held the gourd-like stem of the instrument between her knees. The third member, the old Turk, played upon a violin with one string



upon it—a “sonata.” The violin was given him on his arrival in Midway, and he played upon it as though he had mastered all there was to be learned on this poor, old instrument, which wailed forth strains drawn out by his bow which expostulated in vain against his bringing forth from it sounds which sounded worse than the “midnight music” which always causes boots, shoes, hairbrushes and other articles too numerous to mention, to automatically take upon themselves animation and vigorously fly through space from chamber windows, and as they whizz through the air they are accompanied by the usual edifying remarks and a generous supply of adjectives. The music of the Turkish orchestra did not give a variety of notes or tones, but their time beat all; the audience used to call “time” and say it was too pronounced a part of the exhibition. In the midst of the din which it made there could be heard the monotonous voices of the priests droning the marriage ceremony. At the same time the Damascus quadrille was danced by four girls whose convulsive motions were materially aided by the high-pitched and well emphasized notes from the orchestra. Next Rosa, the star dancer of Constantinople, writhed and twisted about and ended her performance by whirling for half an hour.

After luncheon at the Vienna bakery we walked away from the sweet strains played by the mandolin club. We passed the wheel, the Austrian village and passed out of the gate which took us into Cottage Grove avenue, where we boarded the cars to Sixtieth street to the “Battle of Sebastopol.” We know of no better way of explaining this realistic scene than to give a brief synopsis of the Crimean war. The town and forts of Sebastopol were taken by the combined forces of England, France and Turkey. In the distance was the famous Malakoff tower. The stubborn defence and gallant storming of it was the spectacle of the evening. This represented one of the great events of history.

First the gray-coated Russians made a sortie from the town, captured a spy and shot him; then came the roll of drums and the booming of guns in the distance, warning the defenders of Sebastopol to retreat from their wrestling, dancing and games, which they did to the strains of the Marseillaise; then approached the Highlanders, the red-coated Britishers, French Zouaves, the picturesque Turk, and feathered Sardinians, each in their turn playing



their national air. All were ready and eager for the fray. Generals gave orders to aides-de-camp, who carried them in haste from division to division; then occurred the review and bivouac, at which time excellent exhibitions of sword tricks were given. Suddenly was heard the call to arms, and then was begun the assault upon the tower. Soldiers swarmed up the steep heights with discharge of grape and canister. The Russians mowed down the allied troops; everywhere was smoke and flame. Amid the rattle of musketry were to be heard shouts of the living and groans of the dying. A breach was made in the wall through which the Frenchmen dashed; battlements crumbled away; explosion after explosion occurred, making the sky crimson-hued; then the Russian eagle was hauled down and the tri-colors of the French floated over the Malakoff. These combined armies of the three countries, with dogged persistence and graphic reality, followed in detail one of the most remarkable events in the history of the world, for under the most appalling difficulties the Russians prolonged the resistance into months and years. Battles were fought while it was in progress, which at any other time would have decided the fate of a nation. The battles of Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman rank with those of Marathon and Waterloo, which preceded them, and Vicksburg and Gettysburg, which followed them.

The terrible majesty of this spectacle, reflecting grandly yet in horrible magnificence into the bay, seemed so real that with apprehension we doubted the stability of the very earth. Into the vaults of heaven burst hundreds of bombs in humid beauty, and glad we were that we did not live at that time to witness these battles, when 12,700 men were slain. The rain of fire and burning castle walls was a vivid realization of what must have been the "burning of Moscow."

On the next day as we passed down the streets of "Midway" we were surprised at the quietness. What was the matter with the fakirs and the show people? They seemed to have become dumb. Soon was discovered the reason of the stillness. On the night before the Exposition officials had sent forth the edict, "No more loud noises on 'Midway.'" So the fakirs attracted the attention of passers-by by whistling to them, as though they were calling a dog, at the same time tapping with a stick on a board upon which was printed: "We are not allowed to talk." "We are not dumb; we are under orders." Then, like a



teacher in a country school, with pointer deftly poised, they marked from the top to the bottom these notices mentioned, and more, too, beside the many attractions to be seen inside, stopping to "shoo" the people in like so many chickens. So much worse were the actions which they used to advertise than the noises, 'twas not but a few days before again it was allowed to be "Bedlam let loose."

The German village was noted for its exquisite Dresden china and magnificent unset diamonds, but Jupiter defend us from wearing their large, fat, ugly-shaped jewelry; but may we never be defended from again hearing the grand music given by Germany's Imperial Band. In this village there was the old church and dwellings of the fourteenth century; beehives woven out of straw stood by the straw-thatched-roofed barn. There was the old feudal castle surrounded by water, growing out of it pond lilies and other flora. A drawbridge extended over the moat, which could be drawn up by aid of the stout chains in case of attack from the natives or explorers of "Midway."

Next we wandered into the Libby Glass Works to watch them spin threads of glass, then weave a thread of glass, alternating it with a thread of silk, the warp being also of silk—into stout, durable but very expensive material, which was used in making screens, cushions, furniture coverings and lamp shades, much handpainting being put on all. The room where were found these beautiful articles was roped in by chains of glass; the walls and shelves on which was displayed their elegant cut glass threw them back to the vision in solid lines of mirrored reflections. On asking the price of lamp shades, and being informed they were from \$175 apiece upwards, and some a little lower in price, we immediately retraced our steps into the German village and ordered five cents' worth of clam chowder to restore our shattered nerves, which helped us to recover somewhat the shock we had received.



## THE COLD STORAGE FIRE.

This building stood in the southwest part of the grounds, near Stony Island avenue. It was fitted with complete apparatus for making ice, and was a cold storage for supplies and restaurants. On the roof was a promenade with an observatory tower.

We were watching the working of a model mine, which was situated at the left on entering "Midway," and listening to a lecture on mining, by William East, of Colorado, when the fire bells rang and the department dashed by. We shall ever be thankful that we thought it a slight alarm, or, more likely, a false one.

The smokestack running through the tower of wood-work, overheated it and caused the frightful catastrophe. The building had been condemned as not fireproof, and the insurance company had dropped the policy from their list. At midnight thirty bodies were reported found. It was thought one hundred were in the building when it was burning. The effect was deeply deplored by the officials, who were horrified and greatly concerned that the fearful thing had occurred.

About two weeks after the occurrence we stood where once had been the "cold storage" building, and conversed with one of the heroes of the fire; it was C. Hogan, first assistant engineer, who stayed by the boilers to keep them from exploding. He left them not a second too soon to save his life, issuing from the north door as the tower toppled and fell south.

The company was insolvent, having made an assignment just before the fire. Many employes had from \$30 to \$300 apiece due them, and the whole of the wages of some had run since the beginning of the construction of the building. Mr. Hogan said:

"Our loss, as poor men, is harder to bear than can be imagined. Most of us live in rented houses, our rent is long since overdue, and in nearly every case we have been ordered out."

On being questioned further as to this terrible fire and circumstances connected therewith, he substantiated the report of a lady's clothing being found near the ruins, but did not know whether she perished or not. One day, when in a restaurant on Stony Island avenue, a colored



waiter, noticing the World's Fair passes which we carried in our hands, said:

"You have passes. I had one while I worked in the 'Cold Storage.'" He then became eloquent in describing a lady with "golden hair, eyes blue as the sky, skin white as milk, and as beautiful as an angel. "On the day of the fire I saw her pass upstairs; I did not see her return. I feel sure she was burned up."

His description answered to that of Mrs. Welsh, formerly of Wyoming. Her husband and she lost sight of each other awhile before the fire. He wrote back to friends he believed she had perished. A lady of Wyoming, who knew Mrs. Welsh, said she was a most beautiful woman. After the Cold Storage fire, numberless letters inquiring for missing friends came from different states. A grief-stricken father from Dakota waited six weeks in vain to hear something of his two sons. He returned home heart-broken, believing they had perished. The official report of Mr. Dennis Sweeney, Chief Fire Marshal and Chief of Brigade, settles the mooted question as to whom belonged the honor of saving the life of Capt. James Fitzpatrick. He says:

"I have the honor to report that during the fire of this date Lieuts. Barker and Miller, of the hook and ladder company, of truck 16, and the undersigned, acting under directions of Marshal Murphy, raised ladders, and by means of life lines took Capt. James Fitzpatrick from the roof of Cold Storage."

Signed, DENNIS SWEENEY,  
Chief of Brigade.

The poor firemen on the tower, when they saw that all hope of escape was cut off, bravely shook hands, and took the fatal leap to the ground. Chief Sweeney's fire force is the largest and best in the world. It takes brave, steady men to be firemen anywhere, but in Chicago, the "city of high buildings," it is especially true. Both day and night they deliberately face death, as much as to say: "This is our business, and we're going to attend to it." There are thousands of brave deeds recorded in the department books of Chicago, and who shall say not in Heaven? Instancing the case of Capt. Cowen, who a few years ago, while in command of truck No. 8, was called to a three-story frame house, which was burning furious-



ly. In the third story, at a window, stood a woman with babe in arms; he placed a ladder, and, on arriving there, found her feet pinned down with frame work. As he descended for an axe, fire burst from the second story; as he again ascended the ladder, he ordered his men to drench him with a constant stream of water; again he swung himself into the window, freeing her, and descended with herself and baby in safety. Three times in all he ascended to accomplish this splendid action. His rubber boots were burned from his legs, and he was crippled for life. A few years later it resulted in his death. Such love as this, which makes these men lay down their lives for others, makes heroes whose deeds are surely recorded in the merit rolls of earth, and Heaven, too.



## UNITED STATES ART.

Nearly every day the scribe passed through some shaded portal of the "Fine Arts Building." As Americans, it was with great pride we inspected the thousands of masterpieces in sculpture, oil paintings, water colors, engravings, etchings, prints, charcoal drawings, pastelles, pen and ink sketches, architectural drawings, etc.

From private collections were exhibited retrospective possessions of our forefathers when America was young. Then came the collection of foreign masterpieces owned in the United States. That occupied the greatest amount of space, and in great state daily received the citizens of the world. It is well to pay this tribute to Mr. Halsey C. Ives, chief of "Fine Arts," of St. Louis, Mo. He presided with sound judgment and fine taste in his selections, causing the pictures to be hung with such sensitiveness in colors that each was a compliment to its neighbor, making them all look like masterpieces.

These pictures were strong in originality, which speaks a grand future to our American schools of art. Here students displayed art technique of Paris, Munich, Dusseldorf and other schools of art.

American art, however, seemed to be Americanized French art, yet we could not ignore the fact of our indebtedness to Germany and other countries when looking at "Sheep Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands," by Walter Shirlaw, of New York, or the able, but horrible picture of the medieval cruelty and superstition of the "Flagelents," by Carl Marr, of New York.

Jules Stewart's painting of "The Hunt Ball" and his "Society Christening" were told with pastmaster American feeling, yet most perceivable was his French technique making of him fairly a Parisian by selection. The works of McNeil Whistler were favorites, and regrets were freely expressed because more of his creations were not shown. It is said that a few brush strokes on water colors from his hand contains more ideal piscatorial effects than those which have received full completeness by other artists. His "Lady with the Yellow Buskins" was a harmony in yellow-browns worthy of long study. Another, "An Elf-child," a depiction of little Pearl in "The Scarlet Letter," in a strange attitude, a subtle look in her black



eyes, and just ready to give that "naughty smile" so dreaded by her mother.

In John S. Sargeant's portrait of Ellen Terry as "Lady Macbeth," he clothed her in beautiful draperies of changeable blues and greens, reminding us of the changing hues of the snake's skin.

In Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens' wife and son, entitled "Mother and Child," and in other of his works, he showed a refined insight into character, which he minutely brought out with brave deftness. "The Judgment of Paris," by Walter McEwen, received great attention. So perfect were the figures of "Juno," "Minerva" and "Venus" that it was impossible for the spectator to judge to which they would give the "golden apple."

This mythological legend is the most beautiful and instructive in all the idealic poetry of antiquity. Paris was of royal parentage, the son of Priam and Hecuba. He was distinguished for his beauty. Before he was born his mother had an ominous dream which her stepson, who was a soothsayer, said meant that her babe, yet unborn, would be the means of the destruction of Troy by fire. So he advised that as soon as born Paris should die. Accordingly Paris was given to a shepherd of Mt. Ida, with instructions to leave him on some crag where eagles or wolves would quickly devour him. The shepherd followed his instructions, and at the end of five days returned to where he had left the babe, finding it alive and nursed by a she-bear. Moved to pity by the sight, he removed the babe to his hut, adopted him as a son and named him "Paris." When grown to manhood he married a woodland nymph, Enone, the daughter of a river-god. But the gods were impatient on beholding their perfect happiness, so the fates decreed that this young, innocent shepherd should be subjected to a trial to which he would prove unequal. So the goddess of discord, who was the daughter of night and sister of Nemesis, was commanded to throw a "golden apple," bearing the inscription: "To the most beautiful," among the Olympian deities who were assembled on Mt. Pelion to celebrate the marriage of the King of Thessaly to a beautiful goddess. It was then conceded that Juno, Minerva and Venus were the most beautiful. Furiously jealous of each other, they quarreled for the apple, and at last went to the throne of Zeus. But he was a crafty god, and declined to decide a question which



might be fraught with dire consequences to him, and sent them to Paris, the young shepherd of Mt. Ida. On arriving and stating their errand Venus promised him, if he would decide in her favor, that she would give to him Helen of Troy, the most beautiful woman in the world.

On the instant Paris gave to the goddess of love the apple of discord his conduct changed. He forsook Enone and married Helen of Troy, causing the Trojan war in which he was mortally wounded by Philotes, and in his dying moments his love returned for his long-abandoned Enone. At first she would remember nothing but her wrongs, but soon she repented of her unkindness and hastened to him with remedies, but it was too late, and in her grief she hung herself.

Walter McEwen sees powerfully and records with his brush with psychic faithfulness. "The Witches Telling Ghost Stories" was a weird picture, fairly giving one the shivers, so easy it was to enter into the spirit of it. "The Absent One" was of unusual inspiration.

F. D. Millet, of New York, is an artist who is renowned for his veracity of vision and significance of poetic, personal touch. We would not forget that pathetic, sweet-faced invalid of refined expression, seated at a melodeon, and, as in days gone by, we fancied we heard the old, sweet strains of "Long Ago" tenderly sung by one who, though not living, sang forth from this picture "Annie Laurie," "Rosa Lee, the Prairie Flower" and the grand old "Strike the Cymbal."

The "Evening Breeze" and "Arcadia," by H. Sidons Mowbray, of New York, were realistic and delicately expressed. "Girl and Horse," by Edmund C. Garbell, of Boston, was considered a brave effort, taking on lines of great strength. "The Indian and the Lily," by George De Forest, was a fine effort. "The Battery Park," by Harry Chase, also received high mention. "The Viking's Daughter," purity itself, and "Knowledge is Power" received unusual recognition. The artist was F. S. Church, New York. "The Lady in Blue" was by L. W. Dewing, New York. In this last and the eight just mentioned were elements of strength and imaginative power which marked them as subjects entrusted to most faithful hands.

There were eleven examples by Elihu Vedder, full of sombre richness and grace, as are all his efforts. "Sorrowful Soul Between Doubt and Faith" and "A Soul in Bond-



age" were pitiful, yet grand portrayals of a soul's struggle. "Samson and Delilah," "In the Lair of the Sea-serpent" and others showed refined yet daring analysis in brush illustration.

Simon Harmon Vedder's "Head of a Young Girl" and "An Indian Head" showed marvelous facility of brush expression. Among these hundreds of fine works which, 'tis to be regretted, were accorded by the multitudes only a passing glance, was Eastman Johnson's, of New York, "The Cranberry Harvest." It was as real as though we were in that one down on the old farm. You see them intently scanning the red berries, nestling among their green leaves.

Winslow Homer, of Scarboro, Me., showed his "Sailors," "Hunters" and "Plain People," which were as truthfully brushed as Rafeilli expresses with his brush, "Sympathy for the French Peasantry" and "Laborers of the Boulevards." Galahad Brought to Sir Arthur's Court" was a large decoration on a section of freize for the delivery room of Boston's public library. This was by Edwin A. Abbey, which he illustrated with dignified versatility. When looking on mossy banks and bounding waves of the sea by Alexander Harrison we felt he painted them like a poet. But as we recall "The Bathers" we would fain forget his boorish, coarse depiction of rude-looking females. We are admirers of his works, excepting the nude.

So we looked a bit, sighed a bit, and in our very love for his art wished he had painted them in bewitching, lovely flesh tints, of modest expression, and like "The Bathers Waiting Their Turn," by W. B. Baird. These figures sat on marble benches, and roguishly hiding behind them was Cupid. "Her First-born," by Robert Reed, New York, possessed superior tenderness of expression, the idea being superbly conveyed.

There were fourteen landscapes of superior quality and color tone, by George Innis, of Montcalm, N. J. His "Sun Down in the Lane" was a refined effort, brilliant in red sky effects and shading away in many colors. In "Threatening" the tremulous atmospheric effect was clearly seen, and applied somewhat to "A Gray Lowry Day," only in much heavier effects. "Sunburst" was glorious.

"Breaking Home Ties," by Thomas Hovenden, of Plymouth Meeting. There was not a more celebrated picture at the Fair, nor one which appealed more to the sym-



pathy of all who called at this humble home to see the innocent farmer boy, full of hopeful ambitions, yet sad at heart, because he was taking his first step out from his home for the untried future, and, above all, taking leave of his best friend, his mother. Strong men and good women were not ashamed of standing by it, talking retrospectively with one another, even shedding the common tear in memory of the past. It was a healthful and wholesome lesson to the young boy and his parents when looking at this picture, and the artist could have chosen no subject which touched the hearts of all as did this.

"Bringing Home the Bride," by J. G. Brown, New York, was another attraction, and contributed toward completing the life story of the boy mentioned in the other picture. Now he had arrived at manhood, and with his young bride once more stood in the old farm home, his mother and he looking in tender love upon the coy young bride.

"Training the Dog" and "The Stump Speech." The first depicted a ragged urchin surrounded by other boys, who looked upon him as their superior, as one possessing faculties of great merit. He, the only boy that owned a dog, was training it to sit up. Then mounting a box, his back turned toward us, and facing the audience, the boys, the patches upon his pants flying to the breeze, arms extended high in air and every digit spread, he gave the "Stump Speech." We doubt not after the little orator had finished that they mounted him on their shoulders, carrying him away in state.

To "The Temptation of St. Anthony," by Carl Guthers, St. Paul, nothing could have been added to strengthen the effect either in expression or posture.

"Salting Sheep," by John J. Enicking, was as real as though the sheep had really been seen licking salt. "Dogs Off the Scent," by J. B. Sword, brought out the intensely anxious appearance of the animals as they strove to "get on the scent." As a whole, and in detail, these last two named were magnificently brush told. Enicking's sketches for ceiling decorations for Hotel Waldorf, New York, beside studies for other ceilings, were dreams of classic beauty.

Eleven works by artist C. Y. Turner, New York, were considered by all who saw them, masterpieces. "On the Beach at Southampton," "John Alden's Letter," "Saw Wood and Say Nothing" and "Courtship of Miles Standish," all these and more, too, shown by this artist, were



possessed of such merit that he was justly credited with possessing a rare gift for versatility of portrayal.

'Twas regretted that the system of awards and medals was not arranged sufficiently satisfactory for the best representation possible of foreign masterpieces. The art of every country, so changeful, was intensely interesting, but with feelings of pride, savoring of patriotism, United States art, to us must deservedly have first place.



## UNITED STATES SCULPTURE.

The work of the sculptors of the United States received like praise with the finest from other countries.

"Christ and the Little Child," by Thomas Ball, represented again the "old story" ever needful to hear. In holy dignity the words seemed to come forth from His gentle lips, "Whosoever shall humble himself, even as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven."

Standing in silent eloquence of art, was the colossal statue in bronze of Washington. "The Ghost Dance," a study in plaster, by Paul W. Bartlett, was a realistic depiction of some of the redmen's orgies. Here was another "Dreaming Iolanthe," by Caroline Brooks, of New York. Near by, partially veiled with her wealth of hair, shrinking in modest sorrow closely to the noble horse, who in the curves of his body seemed to show thorough sympathy and a desire to shield her, was "Lady Godiva Returning." This, and many others were by this talented artist.

In "The Buffalo Hunt," by Brown Bush, the Indian was mounted on a horse, and had pinned his victim with a lance to the ground. A life-size statue of Dickens and "Little Nell," by Edwin F. Elwell, New York, was finely rendered. "Intellect Dominating Brute Force, or Diana and the Lion," was a marvel of completeness, being finely executed. "The Angel of Death and the Sculptor," by Daniel C. French, N. Y., in its conceptive lines of psychic originality it caused all to pause, and ponder upon the uncertainty of life, for in the midst of his grandest effort this sculptor was called by the "Angel of Death" to drop from his half-lifeless hands the mallet and chisel. He seemed to ask for just time enough to complete his unfinished work, but the expression of the angel's face showed that his pleadings were of no avail. "The Struggle for Work," by J. Gelert, of New York, told a story of want and misery. In England at certain times there is thrown from a factory window, or some other place, a ticket which entitles the one who secures it to work, for a certain length of time. In this group a young man in rags held the ticket high above his head, while a sick, starving old man clutched wildly at his clothing, and seemed fairly speaking aloud, "Give it to me." A young boy, maddened with disappointment, was reaching for it, too. This represented a few



persons out of a large crowd who had trampled under their feet a woman with babe in arms, both seeming nearly at the point of death, so emaciated and weak were they with hunger. The expressions of anguish, anxiety, and sobbing sorrow, combined with the fierceness which hunger brings to such, were in the faces of all these, yet the holder of the ticket seemed to have changed in thought and feeling from his first triumph to that of half remorse and shame, as his glance half inclined toward the old man, then upon the little boy, and the thought seemed to have possessed the gazer that knowing of those beneath his feet, he was passing through a great moral and mental struggle. Possessing by nature a noble, honest face, it was easy to see his ticket would be given to the sick old man.

Another able effort was his "Last Force," by Max Kruse. After the battle of Marathon, the messenger brought the news of the victory to Athens, using his last force of strength to say: "We have been victorious."

"A Young Acrobat," "Tired Boxer," "Baseball Player" and "The Indian Bear Hunt," by Douglas Tilden, are remembered by all who saw them as taking first rank together with the work of the rest of the artists of the United States. "End of the Buffalo Hunt," by Preston Powers, Denver, was ordered and purchased by the women of Denver for the Columbian Exposition, and at its close was removed to one of the public buildings of that city. John Rogers, of New York, showed a statue of Abraham Lincoln, seated, and reminds the writer of a beautiful dream told her of him. The dreamer was seated upon a veranda of a third story in a marble palace. She looked down upon a broad white street, stretching off; in the distance were "sweet fields beyond the swelling tide, dressed in living green." The dreamer looked across upon another marble palace, where, seated on a veranda in its third story, was Abraham Lincoln, looking just as he did in life; smiling pleasantly, he called: "Arise and prepare thyself for the company of goodly ones who have long since passed from earth." Evening shadows appeared, and another dear voice said, "Look up."

The dreamer lifted her eyes, and on looking into Heaven's blue, saw it spangled with stars, while the unusual brightness of the moon threw a mysterious light, which to the dreamer seemed holy, for suddenly there appeared in the sky two large open books. The page of one was



filled with large bright stars, while the other smooth white page was untouched. In the next book, one page was filled with large bright stars, but three were blotted out, leaving the white surface. On the opposite page stood the "living Christ," looking into the face of the dreamer with tender eyes of dark blue. His fine dark auburn hair seemed blown by a passing breeze back from a noble forehead, and fell in waves upon his shoulders. A close auburn beard, the same color as the hair, adorned a noble face of infinite and majestic beauty; the nose was straight and aquiline. It was a face strong, yet tender in expression. He pointed with His perfect hand, looking out of those holy eyes in pity and love, and seriously turned from the dreamer toward the unfinished page; nothing could be plainer than the thought he conveyed, but He did not speak: "You have more stars to win."

What a grand subject for a new painting.

This statue of Lincoln, by Rogers, seemed to be environed and have partaken of religious fervor from the artist. His "Mysterious Music," was a young girl gracefully holding an ocean shell to her ear.

In other rooms we found illustrations which were the original drawings of Edwin A. Abbey, A. B. Frost, and others, for Harper Bros., New York. Also C. D. Gibson's for the "Century." These drawings, illustrating stories, brought up new trains of thought, these vivid illustrations causing us to weave from them new fairy fabrics of imaginations.



## UNITED STATES LOAN COLLECTION.

From this collection we beg to mention a few famous paintings. The "Song of the Lark," by Jules Breton, Paris, was loaned by Henry Field, of Chicago. "The Expulsion from Paradise," by Jean Charles Cazimas, was loaned by Potter Palmer, Chicago; also the "Flight Into Egypt." "Peasants Carrying a New Born Calf," by Jean Francis Millet, who painted successfully from 1814 to 1845, was loaned by Mrs. Eugene Field, Chicago. "Sheep," by Rosa Bonheur, was loaned by Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit. "A Reading from Homer," by Alma Tadema, London, was loaned by A. H. Marquand, New York.

Very numerous were the old paintings of prominent personages, like "Washington," of 1795, "Monroe," of 1816. "A Sewing Bee in Holland," by Fritz Bon Uhde, Munich, was loaned by Mr. L. Christ Delmonico, New York. "You Are Welcome," by John Van Beers, Brussels, was loaned by Charles T. Yerkes, New York.



## UNITED STATES WATER COLORS.

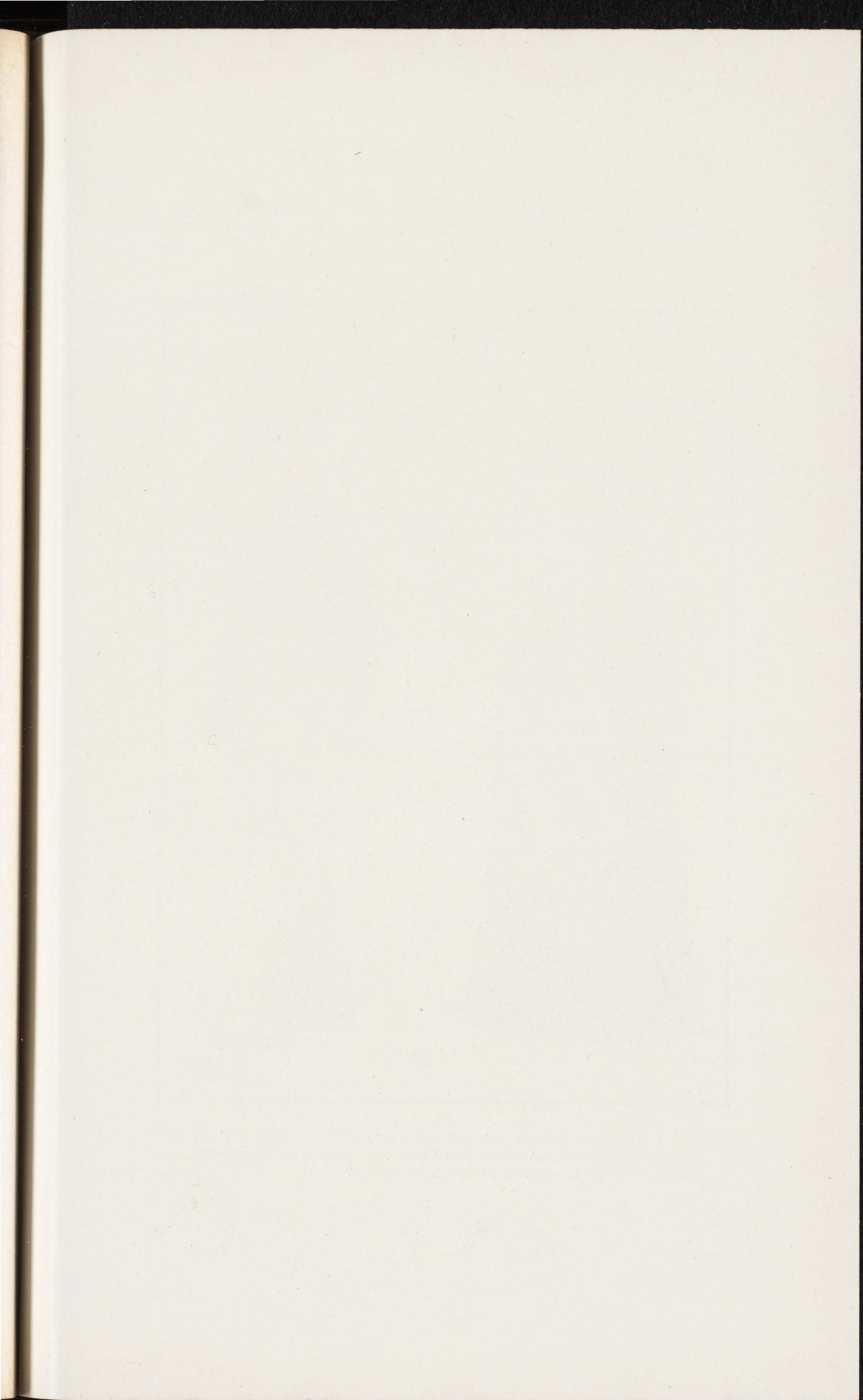
Hundreds of masterpieces, deserving special mention, must pass unnoticed. A few of the best were: "Twilight Gathers Round," by Arthur Dawson, Chicago. "A Sioux Camp," by Henry F. Farney, Cincinnati. "Early Morning in a Village Street of Kentucky," by Jules Guerin, Chicago. "Ten Pastoral Scenes," by Hamilton Gibson, Brooklyn, were like these just mentioned, intensely interesting. His "Russet" and "Upland Meadows," "A Connecticut Hamlet" and "A Honey-dew Picnic" were special favorites. "My Puppy," by Henry Ihlfeld, New York, was "so dear" we threw conscience to the winds and prepared to take it home, but the guards were too richly endowed with the gift of mind reading, and here especial reference is made to that handsome guard from Colorado, who is an artist himself of ability, and perhaps his preventing us from carrying out our bold, bad plan, we have since thought was because, being such a lover of art, he had designs upon it himself.

"First Day at School," by Joseph Lauber, Leonia, N. J., no doubt represented a little one we once knew, who, on her first day of school, asked many times of the teacher, in long drawn, tired sighs:

"Is meetin' most out?"

"All Roses in Their Season," by Mrs. E. M. Scott, New York. We knew their beauty and fairly smelled their fragrance. "A Bread Winner," by Emma E. Lampert, showed thorough knowledge of brush work in this idea. "A Design for a Theatre Curtain" was a treasure in art design, by Herbert Everett. Besides this were his perfect studies of country and city residences, public buildings, garden roofs, pavilions, and the inner apartments of American palaces, done by hundreds of American artists.









"I'LL JUST TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE CRITTERS WHILE SHE'S BUSY SEEIN' WHAT THAT BIG FAT MAN WHAT WEIGHS ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS IS LAFFIN' AT."



## ART OF AUSTRALIA.

The paintings of this country alone were worth going to the Fair to see. Thousands every day admired and praised "The Five Senses," by Hans Makart; they were five nude female figures of rare loveliness, each acting her part of hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting and touching. We saw "Samantha and Josiah" looking at these one day; he grinned and acted contrary-like. This was too much for Samantha's "fortitude," and, with her most "cast-iron expression," she grabbed him by the shoulder, turning her "partner's" back to them, saying:

"Don't ruinate yer eyes and morals, 'Josiar,' 'cause there are other 'uns ye can look at and make both you and me comfortabler."

She walked toward the sound of loud laughing of many people and supposed her "partner" was coming, but Josiah, tricky as a colt, run his tongue against his cheek, winked cunningly, saying, as he turned back to the pictures:

"I'll just take another look at the critters while she's busy seein' what that big fat man, what weighs about four hundred pounds, is laffin' at."

It was at "The Good Brother," by Eugene Von Blas. In prolonged roars of laughter, he'd make "short stops" to expatiate on the beautiful child-life shown in this picture, saying: "It's the most natural thing here; that's the picture for me. See the dimpled little darling; she has only an apron on, and it would not even be tied at the neck had not her little brother done it for her, one stotin' off, and the other stotin' on. Isn't she cute? The boy is a typical one; hasn't combed his hair or washed his face for breakfast, but that doesn't keep him from being good to his little sister, by peeling an orange for her."

Samantha said: "His remarks and laughter were fetchin', for folks kept fetchin' up to his free description of this picture of sweet child-life."

"Never Back," by Julian Von Payer, represented the Austro-Hungarian voyage made under Wayprect and Payer from 1872 to 1874. This masterpiece was faithful in cruel reality; the ship was frozen fast in ice and snow; some of the men were dead, others dying. A faithful dog crouched by his master; the captain was reading from the



prayerbook the burial service for the dead, and when he had finished he would lie down

"Not like the Quarry Slave at Night, scourged to his dungeon,  
But sustained and soothed approach his rest."

"An Incident of the Thirty Years' War," by Vacslav Brozic. This occurred on May 23d, 1678, when a deputation of Bohemian Protestants threw from a window the Emperor's counselors, who refused to comply with their demand for a discontinuance of the violations of the privileges of their sect. Another of his impressive pictures was "The First Communion of the Hussites;" next "Prometheus" chained to a rock, standing high out of the sea. An eagle was tearing out his heart. Most truly painted were the living lines of agony in his countenance, while the grief of the water goddesses was terrible to witness, as they, seemingly, pulled themselves up the smooth rocks as though alive, nearly reaching him, then slipping back into the water in hopeless, sad despair. So real it was, we could almost hear their wails of sorrow.

Arranged in groups, were small paintings and water colors, which received first medals. "Home Again" received great attention, and many opinions were expressed regarding the stylish young woman who sat in an attitude of hopeless despondency. The expression upon her countenance denoted that she was discouraged and tired of living. On the other side of the long narrow box-stove sat her old-fashioned mother, looking anxiously at her, half curious to understand the whole, not knowing even part of it, hardly expecting her daughter would confide in her, for the expression upon her face told that she felt the difference in their attire, and that city life had placed a barrier between them. This and the "Vision of St. Bernard" received high commendation, and were the works of Artist Wilhelm Bernatzic. "Age is not Proof Against Folly," by Isador Kaufman, and "An Indian Summer," by Franz Simm, both treated on the same subject, and describing one tells the story of both. A love-lorn, aged old beau was intent on courting a young miss who did not half realize the situation, yet the artist's idea was conveyed most forcibly that these young ladies had minds of their own, and, when put to the test, would plainly give them to understand they were not to be bought with their money bags of gold.



Near these was a large painting of great merit. Sitting between John and Mary Magdalene was Mary, the mother of Christ. On a napkin, spread upon her lap, rested the crown of thorns. The strong point in this picture seemed to be the agonizing sorrow shown in her eyes, which was the expression of one dying. She seemed fairly dead to understanding John's words of hope and comfort, so dreadful was her grief. The face of Mary Magdalene was red and blistered by passionate weeping. This, too, was by Bernatzic, and was his most popular painting. A minister remarked:

"If my congregation will come here on Sunday and make a study of this painting, in spite of themselves they will become sympathetic, full of sorrow and shame for those things which they have left undone, and those which they ought not to have done, and it will preach to them a silent sermon of repentance, which will do them more good and bring them into a fuller realization of what is their duty, as good citizens and Christians, than the best sermon ever preached."



## ART OF BELGIUM.

The sculpture of this country was worthy work. "After the Walk," by Albert Des Enfans; "Pysche," by Paul De Vigne, and scores of others. "Hors-de-Combat," in oil, by Nathalie Bortzoff, was a battle between prize cocks. A motley mob watched the bloody exhibition of another "Cock Fight in Flanders," by Emile Claus. Both must have been spectators of this sort of fights to make them so true.

Charles De Naer showed, lying on a platter, a fresh-cut "Roast," which looked meaty enough. Jacques Carabian's "View of Cogoletto," on the Mediterranean, is said to have been the birthplace of Columbus. Nothing could be fuller of perfection and loveliness than the flowers of Belgium, "Gladiolas," by Alice Fisher; "Carnations," by Camille Triest, Van Mulders and hundreds of others just as meritorious.

The "Last Day of Autumn" was a dear old lady, by Oscar Halle. The dreary waking of "The Sick Artist," by Omer Dierick, was much talked of and admired. "Ostend Fishermen Caught in a Squall in the North Sea" was a powerful portrayal of the elements, by Auguste Musin.



## SOCIETY OF POLISH ARTISTS.

All paintings of this department deserve separate mention, though but few can be. K. Alchimowicz showed many fine works, among them "Milda," goddess of love, and two Oriental pictures, "A Traveling Merchant" and "A Moorish Girl;" then "A Warsaw Coal Dealer" and "A Warsaw Straw Mat Dealer." This artist was versatile, and must have possessed innate knowledge of the many phases in human nature.

A large painting by M. Zeuska was the "Baptism of Duke Lithuania," which occurred in 1336, and, through his example and influence, his whole people were converted to Christianity. John Matico, of Cracow, displayed a masterpiece of "Wernihora," a French peasant who lived during the time preceding the dismemberment of Poland by Russia, Prussia and Austria. He was represented as, after relating the history of Poland, prophesying her resuscitation. His expression was of despairing grief, mixed with terrible rage, as he appeared to see, with prophetic vision, the evils which were to come upon his native land, and his terrified listener seemed trying to flee from him, yet fascinated, remained listening.

W. Podkowinski, with his brush, perfectly carried out the hideous "Dance of the Skeletons." S. T. Popeiel's "After the Storm" was pictured with fidelity. A field of ripe wheat was beaten flat. Much of it had been washed away by the storm. The hard-worked father, mother and children, with downcast, sad looks, viewed their ruined crops.

J. Kyezkiewicz's "Cossacks," showing his subjects mounted on purple, yellow and bright red horses, was very fine, and, in spite of the colors, credited him with being distinctively of the impressionist school. It seemed that colored lime lights were thrown over them, giving to the artist the impression of these colors laid on. The Cossacks and horses were so perfectly delineated in form, sinew, muscle, cords and hair effect, in posture, so dashing and wild, that really the striking coloring of the horses gave little offence.

Looking at M. Reyzner's "Breton Peasants," we felt he never did, nor ever can, brush paint anything finer than were these wrinkled, leathery-skinned toilers. Sucho-



dolski's "Gypsy Camp" was dark, weird and mysterious, so much so that a young lady remarked:

"If I could have my fortune told in a place like that, and by gypsies who look like that, I should think that I was in just danger enough to make it spicy, and would enjoy it, if I was sure of being rescued by some gay cavalier."

"The Feudal Law," by F. Zmurko, was represented by a naked, beautiful young girl with terror depicted on her face and in every line of her shrinking form. In the farther corner of the handsome apartment was a couch, and thrown over it a fur robe. She was alone in this magnificently furnished room, which was heavily hung with rare draperies, its floor laid with rich rugs and fur. Lying about and over them were shields, armors and swords. This old law is little understood, neither does it seem possible to find out much of its history. All wondered how this picture applied to this law, for the most that is known of it is that hundreds of years ago the peasant of the soil was bound in slavery to the lord, duke, or others of high title. Whatever was his occupation he was bound to it by a law organized and put into execution by his masters, mighty in power, their authority extending over him in every degree of word, thought or action.

"Under the Influence of Hasheesh," "A Lady in Fur," "Pieta," a Spanish girl, and others were also shown by this talented artist.

"A Rustic Astronomer," by Kedzirski. In this it was shown to be a dark night; a small boy sat on the ground, looking straight at the moon. This picture was attractive and a favorite, the mysterious gloom of night and the rays of moonlight dimly lighting the form of the boy, made it a curious subject, the contemplation of which many would never tire.

F. Malczenski showed many rare works, one of them "The Death of an Exiled Woman in Siberia." Immediately upon seeing this picture we remembered George Kennan and his Siberian tales of truth told in the "Century." The dead woman lay stretched out on a board, which had served as her bed. A Russian soldier, sword in hand, guarded the door. In a hopeless, helpless attitude the husband sat near her, while in agony of despair, their son, a young man, sobbing, had thrown himself across her dead form. Standing at the foot of the bed



was the priest. The whole was a horribly true picture of an inhuman practice in Russia, which, 'tis said, is not as generally practiced under the new regime. This picture brought to mind thousands of cultured and educated people who have suffered and died there, such as, it is likely, these of the picture represented, who have been compelled, by some frivolous charge trumped up against them, to bid good-bye to Russia, their homes and all other property, and to end their days miserably in cheerless Siberia. This artist must have imbibed all of Kennan's bitterness and heartfelt sorrow when painting that sad and never-to-be-forgotten picture.

J. Styka's "Queen of Poland Pray for Us" was a grand effort. In 1382, through the influence of this queen, a whole nation was converted to Christianity.

L. S. Maslowski's "Before the Impressment" was a stern-looking, yet sad-faced, man, standing before the judges, who were to pass sentence upon him of entering the military service.



## ART OF HOLLAND.

The flower pieces of Holland were not satisfactory to all, as they had a ragged, storm-beaten appearance, which was a truthful depiction of them under conditions existing in that country. But most people prefer to see representations of fresh perfect flowers. Their peasantry, home scenes and animals interested many full more than did any other department. Their scenery and marine views, in the humble opinion of the writer, were as good and no better than those of other countries.

Fancy plays havoc with us here. "On a Bright Day," with Fred J. DuChattel, of The Hague, we strolled over grassy fields, where nature strewed the way with flowers, to "The Lake in the Woods," where birds sang on every bough. As we wandered on we came to "Arcadia," which we were loath to leave, but at last tramped away, and came to a man sitting in a boat "On a River." In the distance was a farmhouse, which, in the deepening twilight, was nearly lost to view. Sombre shadows slowly came over the scene, and as we passed on we came to a field where were "Cows Resting." Fat, sleek and mild-eyed, these animals were by Artist J. H. L. Dehaas. "A Russian Peasant," by Herbert Vos, was admirable for the reality of the leathery, care-lined, honest face, showing toil and the struggle of life. H. Valkenberg's "Will You Give Me a Flower" was a home scene in a hut. All the persons in this picture were coarsely garbed and wore wooden shoes, except the babe sitting on its mother's lap, holding in its hand a flower, the father reaching and asking the question. The proud and happy faces of the parents, rough and coarsened with toil and care, looking lovingly upon the babe, made a strong and pleasing picture.

"At Breakfast," by J. G. Bloomer, shows a peasant family seated around the bare table, on which were a few coarse, heavy dishes. There were five figures in the scene—a boy, a girl, the father, the mother and the babe. They sat on rude hewed-out chairs. Chickens strayed through the open door. A pitchfork stood against the wall, and near it an overturned basket. It was evidently a warm, pleasant morning, yet a fire crackled away in the big fireplace. High above this ran a shelf, which was orna-



mented with a row of blue plates. In a high, open cupboard stood thick, awkward-shaped dishes. The morning sun streamed brightly through an old muslin curtain and lighted up the neck, hair and face of the mother and babe. "A Barnyard Scene," by W. C. Makins, was true to life. A thatched straw roof, with lichens growing out of it, covered a rude barn. A man was harnessing horses to an old wagon, the animals affectionately rubbing their noses against him. A dog lay on a box sunning himself; fowls wandered about clucking or singing hen and rooster melodies.

"Alone in the World," by Jozef Isreals, is a picture all will remember. It tells the sorrow and bitter poverty of the old couple who had shared it together in cheerful thankfulness that they were spared to each other. But one day his good wife sickened and died, leaving him alone. There he sat by her dead form, in tearless grief, seeming incapable of thinking. On an old table were bottles of medicine and two old cups. How glad the aged husband would have been to have joined his dear companion in the spirit land. "Fisherwomen at Zandvoost" was by this artist. They were walking down the sandy dunes toward the sea, carrying on their shoulders baskets. Prominent upon brown arms and hands are large cords and muscles, coming from a life of toil. Their faces were filled with worry and sorrow, so much had they watched and waited in fear of never again seeing husband, brothers or lovers return in their smacks from the open sea. "Expecting the Return of the Boats," by E. Veerneer, depicts the women standing on the shore weeping and looking over the vast waters. How truly this line of poetry refers to them:

"Men must work and women must weep."

Isreals is exceptional in this line of work. His type of "A Fisherman" could not be improved upon for faithfully representing the living subject. Upon both face and hands appear deep, weather-beaten lines and barnacle-like lumps. In "Sunset," by Louis Apol, the effect is exquisitely beautiful. The sun, low in the west, is reflected in streaks up into the blue sky, flecked with fleecy clouds of red and gold. This reflection is cast through tall, straight trees of the forest, through which runs a long stretch of picturesque road. In the distance a wagon drawn by one horse is driven by a man, who arrives at



his place of entertainment to be "Surprised" with the rest of the servants, who were partaking of a bountiful repast, elegantly served in the splendid dining-room during the absence of the lord and lady of the manor, who unexpectedly return, and, headed by the groom, who holds by a chain a fierce dog, burst into the room. "Me Lud" is the angriest looking man we have ever seen, and it is uncertain work to tell which will annihilate them first, he or the dog. The expression upon "Me Leddy's" face is of cold, disdainful surprise at their audacity. The crest-fallen servants are acting much like the agitated butler, who spilled his wine in the soup. Some hid away, another dropped a salver of dishes to the floor; a fainting, frightened maid is held by a fellow servant. There are over twenty persons represented in this painting, by E. J. Boks, of Antwerp.

Mrs. Henrietta Ronner, of Brussels, cunningly painted the "Coquettish Cats," who were playing in a workbox, stringing thread, tape, everything in it "hither and yon." One stands with its paws and face resting against a mirror in a coquettish attitude, admiring itself.



## ART OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

The paintings of these countries were emphatically of the impressionist school. Nothing seemed unnatural except the coloring, and the oftener one visited these departments the more they found to admire. Many became advocates of the impressionist school, while others partially accepted it. One picture of an old man walking away from a summer-house was supposed to represent a "Mighty Hot Day." The picture, as a whole, was too yellow with sunshine and too nearly the color of saffron tea to be like any sunshine ever seen or read of.

There were but few pieces of sculpture shown in either Norway or Sweden. The statuettes of maidens, "The Snowdrop" and "Water Lily" was by Hasselberg, of Stockholm. The bust of a "Babe" was entitled "Mamma," which holy word seemed to come from its parted lips. This was by Ida Matton, of Sweden, student of Paris, and was particularly good.

In the Swedish pavilion in "Liberal Arts" was a plaster statuette of John Ericson, by Augustus Soderman, of Stockholm. The marine views of Norway and Sweden were exquisite in shading of sky and water. On looking at them they seemed audaciously brightly colored, while many thought the atmospheric effect untruthful. But in study of the place and time, it was found true art must depend on honest impressions, and there was no mistake as to those of the artists in these two departments. Rare merit existed there. If not, why were people drawn to visit them over and over again? The artists of these countries insisted, and in good taste, too, that atmospheric conditions should be pre-eminent in either landscape or marine views. In these paintings representing one part of the country a misty appearance was ever present, in those portraying others was a cloudy, lowly look, or a heaviness of atmosphere, with no mist present.

"On the Norwegian Coast" and "Winter," by Edward Diriks, were painted so freezingly cold that when looking at them, even on a warm day, our bones fairly ached from their wintry bleakness. "Bathing Boys," by Hans Heyerdahl, Christiana, was much admired. "In the North Sea" and "Snowstorm," by Thorolf Holmbee, the same could be said of these two scenes of the frigid zone as was



said of the other winter scenes mentioned. "Want of Employment," by Jørgensen Drammen, of Sweden, was painted with pathetic sentiment. On each face of the family was seen the grayish, haggard leanness peculiar to the "Ill-fed." "The Ill-fed" was a painting shown in the Italian section. The helpless, hopeless posture of the father, his head leaning upon his arm, which rested on a table, was a true picture from the real life of hundreds of families, and faithfully portrayed that sorrowful woe which long has been patiently borne. How long would men, educated in honest trades, out of work, endure looking on such suffering as this in their homes before they would rebel at such affliction, and swear "Something shall be done." As we turned away from the picture we heard from one of these unfortunates the despairing wail, "Is God dead?"

In July, 1814, "The Beacon" lighted the enemy into the country. This painting, by Artist Georg Stromdal, Christiana, represented the period of the differences between Norway and Sweden. The weeping women sat on the doorstep, while the wondering children watched the enemy pack into the farm wagon the belongings of the men whom they had pressed into the service.

A square, flat-roofed house, set on stilts, of a style which was for vegetables and food is yet much used in these countries, for being built high from the ground, dampness and mold is prevented, and its contents are kept from decay. "The Son of Man," by Skredsvig Sandviken, referred us to St. Luke, 19-36: "And as He went they spread their clothes in the way." In this picture the sick had been brought by friends who were waiting for Christ to pass on the colt, "Whereon yet never man sat."

An old lady was busy spreading rich-colored rugs and pots of flowers in His pathway. A happier look seemed to steal over their faces, as they heard, in the distance, the multitude crying, as they threw palms and branches for the "Royal King of Glory" to pass over, hailing Him with the acclamation, "Blessed be the King which cometh in the name of the Lord," and as the loving Friend of humanity passed them, it was not in vain they cried out:

"Lord, save, or we perish."

Many were the opinions expressed. Some supposed it to represent the Millerites of 1844, who then looked for the coming of Christ. W. M. Miller, Sr., a student of prophecy, thought that year brought prophecy to a close.



Bitter was the disappointment of his followers at the non-fulfillment of the prophecy, but prayerfully he studied the Scriptures, knowing full well there was more to be revealed. After his death, his son, W. M., Jr., who had studied with him, carried it on alone, and completed the prophetic chart commenced by his father, which takes us to the end of prophetic history. On being so bitterly disappointed, after some search, they found in Revelation 10-9, another link of prophecy.

"And I went unto the angel and said unto him, Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it and eat it, and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey."

"And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up, and it was in my mouth sweet as honey, and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter."

This refers to second John, the smallest book in the Bible. These verses, descriptive of their disappointment, led them on and on in the study of prophecy. None but those who listen and watch for its fulfillment know the signs when they see them.

Two works, by Baron Osterby Torshalla, of Hermlin, were of rare merit.

"Bijou and Honore" told of a beautiful horse whom her master loved. "In Autumn" was seen the cold sunshine playing over a cheerful scenery in shades of reddish gold, faded greens, and yellow-browns; these blending richly on shrubbery and trees. The game pieces by Bruno Liljefors, Upsala, were remarkable, especially those foxes whose coats of fur were so real we felt we could take hold of them. In "Grouse Shooting" and "Wild Geese," every feather seemed one in reality. "The Orphans," by Allen Osterlind, Stockholm, showed two young girls alone, in a poor little room, mending shoes. On their faces rested that sad, solemn, friendless responsibility. So thinly clad were they that it was with great relief we saw the bright fire in the grate. "Winter's Morning in Stockholm," and "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" were by Pauli. "A Calm" was by R. Thegerstrom. The reflection of the sun in the still waters was well done, as were the others mentioned. "A Man and Mule," going through a snow-storm to market, was by Carl Tradgarth, student of Paris; "Night on the Swedish Coast" was by Prof. Olf Wahlberg, Paris; his "Stockholm in Moonlight," "Misty Night," and "View from the West Coast of Sweden," were all so real.



istic that we are quite satisfied we have visited them. Everyone marveled at the brush-painted sun across the faces and forms of the passengers, in a "Scene in an Omnibus," by Land Zom Margit Ball. Hundreds went closely to it, peering up through the skylight to satisfy themselves whether it was God's sun or sun painted by the artist. It was not possible for sunlight and shadow to be more perfectly delineated on canvas than was that. His "Sunset" was very fine. Zorii's statuette in wood of "My Grandmother" perfectly represented a wrinkled, toothless, old lady, her nose and chin fairly meeting. Both as sculptor and painter he was a genius.



## ART OF RUSSIA.

Russia's exhibit, sent from the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, was small, being the work of three sculptors, and numbering fourteen pieces, included: "The Runaway Slave" was a plaster group, by Bexlemisheff; "Caprice" and "Bliss" by Marie Dillon, busts of Count Tolstoi, Rubenstein, and others by Gunzbourg, the celebrated artist of the "Russian Wedding Feast," which has been copied in various ways, but no better copies exist than those of a few years ago which were sent out by the "Detroit Evening News."

We found many of Gunzbourg's marine and historic paintings—Columbus, at the age of fifteen saving himself on the mast of a mercantile ship, which had been set on fire by a Venetian galley off the coast of Portugal; "Columbus' Farewell at Palos Before Going to Sea;" then "The Ship Santa Maria on Its Way to America," when Columbus, during a heavy storm was surrounded by the revolting crew. Next "His Flotilla on American Shores;" then "Columbus Landing with his Suite at San Salvador." As a marine portrayer, this artist depicted reflected lights through heavy masses of waves like no other artist. In the revolt of the crew, during the storm, his billows were of marvelous truthfulness, and possessed wide-reaching, sweeping force, while underneath them was the profound upheaval, containing clearness and beauty, without the aid of sun glare. His waves were buoyant with the salt of the sea, and so full of infinite vitality were these genuine waves coming from the depths of ocean, that they seemed fit for a sailor to ride on.

Profoundly religious were the paintings of Basil Peroff, who died a few years ago after bravely battling against consumption. "The Garden of Gethsemane," "The Descent From the Cross," "Easter Procession," and others were finer than language is to describe them.

This artist, when but a boy, tied a playmate with ropes to a cross, so as to have an actual model, which in later years he caused to become a scientific realism. Artist Tchistiakoff painted with terrible realism, "The Grand Duchess Sophia at the Wedding of the Grand Duke Second, 'The Dark,'" when tearing off him Demetria Donskoy's belt, she seemed to lose all culture and refine-



ment in her terrible rage. "The Cossack's Answer," by Repine, was theatrical in design. This work of art deserves ardent admiration for its able, daring boldness in showing the true spirit of the scene. Brutal and demoralizing as the subject was, the artist's truthful brush painting of the Cossack's boisterous defiance and brutish revel, preceding war and slaughter, was a grand representation of a revolting scene. Each character was strongly wrought in drunken songs, oaths and dance, and the participants were very near the point of dropping into brutish sleep.

"The Ice Palace," by Jacoby, was a characteristic example of that fine class of work done by him. Of dainty and delicate beauty was the "Young Girl," picking petals from a daisy, and alternating the sentences, "He Loves Me" and "He Loves Me Not," by Israeleff. Repine's was a grand painting of "Ivan, the Terrible," portraying a fearful episode of Russian history. The artist seemed to ask for mercy, while he powerfully depicted the dramatic incident, and to teach with almost infinite power a lesson of self-control as he powerfully portrayed Ivan, in his agony of grief, looking on the bloody head of his son, whom, in his brutal temper, he had slain.



## THE FISH AND FISHERIES.

The architect of this building was Henry Ives Cobb. He ingeniously used fish and all known small sea animals as representative ornaments on its pillars and cornices. The history of all waters was displayed in this building. With the exception of Noah's Ark, all patterns were shown of the first boats ever used; and before us lay examples of the first modes ever used in fishing. As we looked upon the perfected row boats and others beside fishing smacks, which were scientifically built for use in the open sea, and upon wonderful inventions of fishing tackle, and all of the necessary equipments for the convenience and comfort of the fishermen, we were reminded here as everywhere, of the rapid advancement of civilization; and as we perused some of the hundreds of volumes of literature which was shown there pertaining to this vast subject, there was conveyed to the mind of the reader valuable information regarding the rise and development of fisheries. In the center of the North Annex was a fountain; its basin contained carp, dogfish and other varieties of fish; turtles lazily crawling up the side of rocks, and, sprawling about for a time, would then settle themselves in a quiet attitude upon a ledge. The rocks were of great height, and water spouted from their tops and musically trickled down their sides over mossy banks into the basin below. In this annex was situated the tanks of salt sea water and fresh water. In some of these were seen primitive life formations; and the professor in charge of this department instructed the spectators what the progression of animal life in the waters had been throughout the ages in their developing into perfectibility. To the student of biology and natural history this building possessed countless charms. Prof. Forbes, the eminent biologist, estimates the forms of water life as vastly larger in numbers than those of the earth or air kingdom. In a recent estimate he credits the water with having ten thousand the more specimens. The aquariums held from seven thousand to twenty-seven thousand gallons of water; the total capacity being one hundred and forty thousand gallons. Forty thousand gallons of this was sea water, which was transported for the salt water exhibit. This vast subject is a suggestive reminder that the field for ocean exploration



is three times greater than the area of the globe. There might be given a history of the ocean, dating from the flood to the Atlantic cable, with a parallel sketch of ship-building from the Ark to the modern iron clad; a narrative of the rise of commerce from the days when Solomon's ships traded with Ophir to the present, when the steam whistle is heard on every open sea. There might be chronicled the progress of navigation from the time when the timid mariner hugged the coast by day and prudently cast anchor by night; to the present, when the steamship plows through all waters and enters the different ports in a manner which would indicate to the observer that it is apparently endowed with reason, so much it appears like a thing of life. The great seas and mighty oceans offer topics of varied interest which it would be difficult to find in any other subject; but it is not the writer's purpose to go back to any great extent to the scriptural and classic periods, when the great oceans were unknown, or to tell of a later period when those who ventured forth upon its broad bosom, came home and told marvelous tales of the sights they had seen, and the perils they had endured. Homer's heroes returned to Ithaca with the music of the sirens in their ears, and the cruelty of the sea giants upon their lips. But in the progress of time navigation passed from the Mediterranean through the pillars of Hercules into the Atlantic. Then in good earnest the ocean became a receptacle of gloomy and appalling horrors, and the imaginations of these people were deeply stirred by new scenes which were opened to their visions and they depicted upon quaint charts grotesque shapes of sea monsters which were represented as careering through space and waylaying the navigator. Though the ocean has lost those features of character, which once made it mysterious and fantastic, and has become the sober and humdrum pathway of traffic, it is yet sublime in its immensity and power, but the romance and fable which once had here their chosen home have fled to the caves, and taken refuge in the grottos. The ocean is still poetic, and it has been made to assume in literature a profound moral significance and it has furnished apt religious illustrations.

During the last half century great strides have been made in a comprehensive knowledge of the deep. Since 1861 there have been several fish expositions, but the culmination of success was reached when the doors of this building were thrown open on May 1st, 1893, disclosing



the most marvelous display of research and utility that had ever been attempted.

In the tanks were hidden pipes throwing 3,000 gallons of water per hour; a waste pipe carrying the old water away. Sporting about in the water were mottled beauties of crimson and gold, silver fish and snow-white ones. These were from China and Japan. There were hundreds of them and other kinds. The brook trout are rightly named "speckled beauties." One of them flopped over among some foreign fishes, and remained with them all summer. Many fish were tired out from their long trip, which made them sick. Some were blinded from being crowded too closely, while the gills of others were inflamed by a fungus growth. This was cured by dipping them into strong salt water. All the sick were placed in the hospital tank and soon were well. There were but few sick fish during the Fair.

In the salt-water aquariums were costly and rare marine plants, forming thickets and beds of flowers in hues delicate and beautiful as those of the rainbow. In the ocean these have a life and a nourishment, which we know but little of, except that they are there, and thrive in their briny nurseries, and exist in luxuriant beauty upon what would kill like mortal poison the vegetation of the land. These were sea anemones. Near by were the houses of stone which the little coral insect rears up with patient industry from the bottom of the waters till they grow into formidable rocks, and form broad forests, whose branches never wave and whose leaves never fall. Varieties of shellfish in myriads adhered to rocks or burrowed into the sand. The conch spawn floated lazily in the water; it looked like curiously woven ropes of straw, and we wondered what undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes might be roving in the profoundest places of the sea! never seeking, and perhaps from their nature, never able to seek the upper waters and expose themselves to the gaze of man. What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems there must be scattered in lavish profusion in the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been engulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! But, oh, more affecting to the heart and mysterious to the mind is that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea, which holds vast companies of human beings, over whom the melancholy waves are chanting their requiems. The



journeying winds may sigh as year after year they pass over their beds; the solitary raincloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which lie strewed in that unwonted cemetery; but who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling, and where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre! Only He to whom the wildest waves listen reverently. He shall one day speak and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves. Then shall the deep, even the lowest deep, give up its dead, for the sun shall sicken, and the earth and isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and there shall be no more sea. Every subject of the Fair is broad and far-reaching, and causes us to wander into byways and stroll through fields of knowledge which cover the whole universe, until we are lost in a labyrinth of thought, and find there is only one course left for us to pursue. That is to bid farewell to retrospective wanderings and in fancy again place ourselves back in the North Annex, only to leave it and stroll out onto the porches of the Central Annex. At last, leaving them, to find ourselves in the South Annex, where were placed exhibits from the whole world. On arriving at the Norwegian exhibit, the visitor was always cordially received by Secretary-General Bush, of the Society for the Promotion of the Norwegian Fisheries.

He is director of the Fishery Museum in Bergen, director of the Government Fishery School in Bergen, and chairman of the Vesti Industrial Art Museum. This gentleman presided over an imposing exhibit of every variety which can be thought of relating to fisheries, showing tons of canned goods. Their water foods were also shown in raised wax models of every known fish in their natural colors and in every hue imaginable.

These fine works of art, mounted on handsome panels, could not be purchased by hundreds who were willing to pay almost any price for them as dining-room pieces, for these belonged to the Norwegian Government and came from its museum. It was a curious fact that their fishing boats resembled their war vessels of ancient times, having the prow and stern, only they were smaller, like the old warships of the Vikings.

The main exhibit of the United States, of this department, was in the Government Building, yet her exhibit in the Fisheries Building was a most comprehensive one under the supervision of Capt. J. W. Collins, who was a



veteran in the U. S. Fish Commission of 1880, when the first important International Fisheries Exhibition, in which all countries participated, was held in Berlin, and the highest prizes and medals were awarded to American exhibitors. S. A. Forbes, of the University of Illinois, had charge of the U. S. exhibit in the Fisheries Building.

In this annex we found an exhibit which was both interesting and useful—the “Fish Scaling Machine,” invented and manufactured by Paul J. Daemicke and John Tobin, whose factory may be found on the corner of Fulton and Halsted streets, Chicago. This novel and ingenious arrangement consists of steel scrapers, firmly fastened on a flexible rubber base, which shaped itself to the form and size of the fish, scraping it perfectly clean of scales, without the least break or tear in the skin. They also showed a molding machine, which has long been needed in hotels and meat markets. It molds Hamburger steak, ice cream, butter, and fish balls by hundreds in any pattern or size wished for. Its capacity is unlimited, it molding from 300 to 5,000 per minute, according to the power used, the first figures named meaning hand power, the second steam power. It is so constructed that rapid changes can be made to any size desired.

Volumes containing information of great interest might be written regarding the Fish and Fisheries Building. In fact this assertion is true of every building which was on the grounds, and it seems doubtful if any story of the Fair will ever be written that will be eminently satisfactory to everyone. It is with regret the writer leaves this topic as well as all of them, knowing full well it covers but little of this topic as well as others. It is only

“A little here and  
A little there  
Of the great White City,  
The World's Fair.”

And she cannot but be honest and compare it to some very poor acting which she once witnessed done by amateurs. One of them assumed to play the part of Hamlet. The would-be actor mutilated the character until it was hardly recognizable. Some of the disgusted audience protested and said, “This farce cannot proceed another step.” Others asserted, between their loud bursts of laughter, that the actor should keep on playing the part of Hamlet



himself were there. The would-be actor stepped up to the footlights and waving his hands majestically toward the audience said, "Let us have peace. If there is anyone in this audience who thinks they can play Hamlet better than I, let them come right up here and try it, and if they can better it I am willing, and I know that some of you can."



## THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

This mammoth building contained the silent story of the pre-historic history of the world, and that of the past and present of the United States. There were eight entrances to the rotunda, or dome room, which contained relics of colonial times from California, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, North Carolina and other states. Each alcove bore the coat of arms representing its state, and was richly draped with the American colors. Near the ceiling in each alcove, painted in oil, was represented the scenery and industries of each state. First, a scene from the Yosemite Valley and the Golden Gate; second, a woman spinning flax, with children running to her with their arms full of fruit, and sheep were in green fields.

In the St. Paul alcove was a large warehouse, ships at the wharf, a man holding out a lantern peering into the darkness, and near him an anchor. Next Niagara Falls, then the Capitol at Washington, D. C.; fronting it stood Liberty near an urn, and scattered about her were representations of all the arts; a child with palette in hand, and lying near it were books, scrolls and musical instruments.

Florida was represented by a globe. About it was statuary, jewels, urns, palettes, musical lyres, harps and open books.

New Orleans was presented under the symbol of an industrial scene. A woman sitting, her lap filled with fruits. At her feet were melons, squashes, etc. A boy ran toward her with scythe in hand, carrying an armful of grain. Maidens and children were weaving garlands of flowers, while some balanced on their heads baskets of cotton. This beautiful picture was perfected by a background and sky of light blue, running into shades of rich red and bluish-gray.

On each side of these alcoves, running from the ceiling to the floor, were mottled marble pillars, in mixed colors of green, pink, blue and gray.

In each alcove, resting in glass cases, were the relics of "old colony times."

In the Delaware exhibit there was a lock of hair which had adorned the head of Washington when he was a



young man. There were smelling-salt bottles, of glass inlaid with silver, one hundred years old. There was a white dish decorated with a lavender design, which had been owned by a Revolutionary soldier, and lastly a pair of amethyst arm bracelets, large and heavy as a dog collar.

In the Massachusetts display were Washington's spoons and sugar bowl, which came over in the Mayflower; a ring worn by John Hancock when he signed the Declaration of Independence; a snuff-box which had belonged to Madame Pulling, of Boston, whose husband hung out the lantern in the steeple in the old North Church in 1775 for Paul Revere; then Washington's red satin embroidered vest. How grand, stately and fascinating our forefathers must have appeared in those days with tied-back, powdered queues, rich velvet knee pants, and shoes clasped with silver buckles set with amethysts or brilliants.

Next we saw a piece of Plymouth Rock which had been removed from "the corner stone of a great nation." The remains of the torch which General Putnam carried into the cave when he killed the wolf. Loving cups of 1659, and oblong silver ones, with handles at sides. In a bottle was some tea, taken from Col. Abner Cheever's boots after the famous Boston tea party "affair" was over. And General Burgoyne's silver spurs were paid due reverence.

Belonging to some of the grand dames of that time were scissors in shield; silver waist buckles, somewhat larger than the delicate silver ones worn by our misses of to-day; then there were enormous earrings, composed of garnets, or other stones, and brooches, half as large as a teacup.

We found there the original copy of the "Star Spangled Banner," written by Francis Scott Key, while imprisoned at Fort McHenry during the battle of North Point, and also an old painting which depicted his refined face. There was a piece of altar cloth worked by Queen Anne; there yet remained in a corner of it, worked in faint letters, the name "Anna Regina." A long, thin black pipe lay in a wooden case, dated year 1620, and formerly owned by Miles Standish.

In the New Jersey exhibit was the watch which lay on the table when the Declaration of Independence was signed. It was then owned by Lydia Danach, keeper of the old "Locksley House." She overheard Howe's officers and the troops who were there spending the night, plan-



ning a surprise on Washington. She obtained of them a pass, saying she must go after a bag of flour. After notifying Washington, thus enabling him to save his army from defeat, she returned on the five miles journey, carrying on her back twenty-five pounds of flour.

There lay the British sword worn by Major Elisha Walton at the battle of Monmouth; near it lay General Washington's Masonic apron, and a Masonic emblem owned by General Lafayette. In Arnold's journal, written by him in the old style of spelling, were the proceedings of his court martial, of May 29th, 1779.

In the exhibit of Connecticut and Rhode Island was a pair of large iron shears which were used during the Revolutionary war to cut out garments for the soldiers. There was a piece of the first calico ever imported to America, which was in 1790, and at that time was sold for \$1 per yard. There was shown the first earthen plate imported from France. About the edge were thirteen links, and in each the names of the country's thirteen original States. On the back it was stated that it was presented to the first President of the United States.

We copied an extract from the "Bloody Tenant," written by Roger Williams; this in the old-fashioned spelling of cause, and perfecution for cause of "conscience discuffed in a conference between truth and peace in all tender affection, I present to the High Court of Parliament as the refult of their discourse, these amongst other passages of my best confideration."

In the New York exhibit was wampum, made by the Iroquois, to commemorate the confederation of the Five Nations. This was believed to ante-date the European discovery of America. Next was exhibited an exquisite medallion of Marie Antoinette, when a young girl. Very interesting was Washington's camp service of pewter dishes which had been in actual use by himself and officers. There were three sizes of plates and enough of all articles to feed about two hundred at once; including fish knife lifters, tureens, pie knives, and so forth. Here we found his ledger, which was used after his death, in settling his estate. There was also Benjamin Franklin's staff—over a foot taller than an ordinary cane. A netted red silk sash, worn by Lafayette, and used at the battle of Brandywine to bind up his wound. Last of all were the portraits of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the original copy.



There were several portraits of Thomas Jefferson of 1789 to 1794, which were painted during Washington's administration.

In North Carolina was a religious book, one hundred and thirty years old, entitled "Heartsease." It was hardly our present idea of religious "heartsease." Next we found, placed on blue earthen plates, the picture of Lafayette's ancestral home, the home being in white raised work.

Before leaving this rotunda we must not forget to mention the immense California tree in which was a winding stairway. The tree was named "Sequoia," after a half-blooded Indian, after whom the park was named where it was found. These trees were discovered in 1852. The foliage resembles that of a cedar. They are found on the tops of mountains, where they grow high and in small groves several thousand feet above the sea level. This particular one stood 300 feet high when discovered. There are left but a few living representatives of this noble tree, as the government, at a late day, prohibited cutting any more of them. The wood takes a high polish. The tree was secured by Hon. H. A. Taylor, of Wisconsin, representative of the Department of the Interior on the Board of Management for Government Exhibits. It was also honored by the name "Garnoble," Secretary of the Interior, on whose recommend the Sequoia National Park was made. This tree was removed in eleven sections, twenty-five feet above the ground; each section was hauled by sixteen mules, making one hundred and seventy-six used in the distance of sixty miles, over an extremely rough mountain road. It took eleven cars, one for each section, for transportation. For cutting, shipping and installing the sections it cost \$10,475.87. It was eighty-one and a half feet in circumference at the base. Out of the bark of this tree are made mats which do not need to be removed from the floor for cleaning, as they quickly dry and they neither rot nor decay.

In wax models were shown the modes of life which had prevailed among prehistoric people, and models of the homes of cliff-dwellers. Warriors of hundreds of years ago, who were represented hunting and fishing, while his squaw and papooses were home in their tent of bark and skins. She, while awaiting his coming from the hunt, wove blankets out of the first known yarn, which was of the shredded cedar bark of the tree we have just read



about. They mixed it with the hair of the dog, the mountain goat and sheep, roughly spinning it from a hand distaff, then weaving it in the first known hand loom. This was a sapling bent and its ends were fastened together with strips of hide. The ends were tied to a tree, and the rounding end was slipped over the head and was allowed to rest about the waist. In the intervening space the weaving was done. Another method was rails tied about five feet apart to trees which stood about four feet apart; the yarn was placed in a woof up and down, then woven back and forth lengthwise until the woof was filled. How true has always been the old saying that "Necessity is the mother of invention."

The pottery of the most ancient people possessed no beauty in shapes or decorations; no hieroglyphics of their language have ever been found. In the geological display were basaltic columns eight and nine feet high. They were nicely squared, or in octagon shape, and rounded at the top. These came from the Giant's Causeway of Ireland.

So often we cry inaudibly, "Oh, that we understood the mystery of nature, so inexplicable." There lay great logs of agatized wood in the rough and polished, lovely crystals, valuable gems, fossil and fern stones. Impressed upon them, and plainly developed in upper Cambria were shells, bull heads, mud turtles, and all kinds from earlier ages, differing in shapes, some indistinct, and of variable beauty.

There were imprints thousands of years old of the sassafras, maple and other leaves, and there had been impressed upon a large flat stone, hundreds of years ago, a bunch of cattails. There were petrified snails with earth formations about them, making them the size of a wash tub. A slip of paper was attached to one of them, and this was written upon it, "This was not a snake, but a snail."

In the patent office were shown thousands of inventions, displayed in their order, the first effort sharply contrasting with the perfected machine. Agricultural and horticultural pursuits were represented in the form of strawberry beds, raspberry and currant bushes, all ripe with fruit, together with cabbage heads, great yellow pumpkins, squashes, apples and cherries. Then were shown rose bushes, honeysuckles, primroses, and other flora, but these apparently tempting and luscious fruits and lovely flowers were only wax.



Birds and animals were shown from every separated bone to their whole skeletons, then beautifully plumaged or furred.

In the fishery exhibit we found a lazy negro fast asleep, fishing with a bent pin tied to a cord which was tied to a tree limb held in his hand; dangling from his hook was a frog. He slept and fished "just the same" all through the Fair. He looked neither luscious nor tempting though he, too, was made of wax. The scientific angler was represented wading in glass which represented water. He was dressed in a rubber suit and was using the latest methods of fishing. He was seen landing the same black bass every day.

There were shown corals, sea-weeds, shells and other beauties and marvels of ocean's depths. In the fish hatchery were hatched out shad and other kinds of fish. As we wandered past many things we would like to tell about, we heard ripples of laughter growing louder as we neared the Dead Letter Office. Oh, what a conglomeration there was of clothes pins, watches, birds'-nests, jewelry, sticks of wood, brickbats, Irish, Dutch and negro rag dolls, bracelets, spikes, teapots, cardboard on which was worked "Welcome Home." In a box was a paper of raisins, fruit cake, some candles, a box of boot blacking; next we saw corn poppers, a flat flask labeled "When I'm full send me home to Johnny Dunn," combs, clockworks, pine-tree combs, a hunk of candy as big as your head, ears of corn, a cage of horned toads which the United States guard informed us were received in 1880, and up to that time, June, 1893, they had not had a drop of water or anything to eat, except as they caught flies, the guard adding, "They are fly toads."

In another room we found a huge globe, moving at the maximum speed of our world. On the walls were maps; in one we found the South Fork American river which runs through Coloma Valley, California, where, in 1848, the first gold nugget was discovered. We will read of the discoverer in the California Building.

In glass cases was the United States mint exhibit dating from all the early moneys of the world up to the present. There were shown the first gold money coined in the form of chains, each chain bearing a certain value. These and other crude moneys were some of the first moneys used by the Egyptians. There were coins of the Greek Republic, representing the moneys of their cities and colonies three



hundred and seven hundred years before Christ. Their highest point of excellence was reached about four centuries before our Lord's birth. There were the coins of the Ptolemys of Egypt, the Macedonian coins of the early kings five hundred years before Christ; and there were the early moneys of the past and of the present from every country in the world. The most perfect exhibit for beauty and finish of design was that of the United States. There were medals presented for acts of honor and bravery from the United States and other parts of the world. In this building was a machine which cut out and stamped medals of the Government Building, giving a slight idea of how money is made. It is well that the process of making true money is accurate and secret.

The mail service of the world was shown from its earliest period to its development and perfection, in this, the nineteenth century, in the United States and some foreign countries. In many parts yet of Algiers the mail bag is carried on a stick balanced over the shoulders, though a low cart drawn by a camel is much used there now. In Lapland it is carried on a sledge drawn by a reindeer or four dogs, the driver walking much of the way if the mail is heavy. The old Deutschland post wagon was a long, awkward affair, in which was seated a postilion dressed in blue trousers, high top boots, high hat, red coat decorated with brass buttons and badges. Hanging at his side was a bugle attached to a gold cord, finished with tassels of gold which was about his waist.

We saw the lumbering old-time Rocky Mountain coach which was built in 1868, and carried the first mails in Montana, doing service from Helena to Bozeman once a week, while now mail is received at those places four times a day. It was captured by Indians in 1877, but it was retaken by General Howard. Many distinguished people have traveled in it: General Garfield, in 1883, before he was President; on a visit to Montana, and on a tour of inspection, it carried President Arthur; in 1877, while General Sherman was its passenger, the distance of one hundred miles was made in eight hours with a six-horse team, frequent relays being made, P. B. Clark, one of the proprietors, driving the whole distance. Next we saw Indians attacking United States mail wagons out on the plains, but soon they were put to flight by the United States regulars.

In profusion upon the walls were pictures of grand



scenery and high mountains, over which were steaming the fast mails of the United States. We were also reminded of the marvelous mail service of our waterways, as we looked upon the pictures of our United States ocean steamers, the largest and finest in the world. We also viewed with much pride pictures of our men-of-war, and iron-clads, which are equal to any and every emergency; and the proudest thought of all is, that every part of them is manufactured in our own country. There never was a better place than here to swell full of American pride, and to find out what a people ours have been, and are.

We are a nation which has taken giant strides in civilization and progress. It is not thought necessary, after seeing and hearing American artists, to go out of our own country for a fine education in any one branch of study, not even for music or painting. In our travels we met an early settler starting out with a mail bag and a bag of wheat over his shoulder, to walk fifty miles through muck and mire, to return in the course of three or four days with his exchanged mail and the wheat ground into flour. It was a forcible illustration of the stories told us by our grandparents of past pioneer hardships. A new invention was the Cutler Manufacturing Company's patent mailing system, of Rochester, N. Y., called the "United States Mail Chute." It is for offices, public buildings and hotels. On every floor there are slides for the letters and papers, all mail going to the first floor, where it is received in a special United States mail box, thus enabling people to mail with privacy, economy, safety, and dispatch. At the time we saw it five hundred were in use. There was shown the lever process of the fast mail system, the mail being taken on while the cars were in motion.

The Postoffice Department was a marvel of accuracy, neatness and dispatch. The windows were marked North, South, East, and West, denoting the direction from which expected mail would come, or in which it would go. Slides were properly marked for inquiries, registry, foreign and United States stamps. Separate receivers were provided for foreign letters and papers, and separate delivery windows for the United States and foreign departments. There was a room where mails were sometimes disinfected.

In models were shown the United States hospital tents, the United States marine disinfecting wharf, hospital for



suspects, barracks for steerage passengers, the operating room, table, and all instruments used in a perfectly ordered hospital.

There was shown a part of the globe; giving a true curvature of the earth, one-millionth of its actual size, indicating the correct rise and fall of land and water. The depth of the sea was calculated from any given point by blue lines, each indicating one thousand feet, so that at Cape Lookout it is twelve thousand feet in depth, if lines were correctly counted. Very wonderful were the tide models; in that of the self-registering tide stierile gauge, the float rises or falls with the tide in a vertical tube or box, to which the water is admitted by a small opening. Its motion is not materially affected by wind or waves. It is transmitted in any desired direction by the simple mechanism of a pencil resting upon a long strip of paper carried by a clockwork transversely to the motion of the pencil; the result being an undulating tracery representing the rise and fall of the tide. The record is completed by noting on the trace the correct time, and the corresponding reading of the tide staff, which does not require the constant attendance of a tide observer, as we know the rise and fall of the tide may be roughly estimated by inspecting the shore, a wall, or any fixed body rising out of the sea.

The tide predicting machine was the invention of the late Prof. Ferrel. It is used in the annual tide tables for the United States coasts. When set for a particular port and year, the operator, seated at the machine, turns the crank with the left hand and tabulates with the right for the printer, from the dial, the time of high and low water reaching it. The height read from the scale on the left, does in one day what it would take forty days to do without the machine.

At Rowen, Brazil, one of the great ocean ports, where everything depends upon the tide, tables are calculated in advance, giving the probable state of the tide every hour of the day and night, by means of a tower, and a clock-like arrangement in it, which is read by sailors setting out from port, at any time of day or night, as the dials are illuminated. And so is indicated to the sailors the subsequent time for their departure.

There was shown a \$17,000 lighthouse, like that at Towsey Rocks, Florida, the largest ever made. It burns eight wicks, is nine to twenty feet in diameter, one hun-



dred and ninety feet high, and can be seen sixty miles. One like this was built off Cape Hatteras. The one which was placed there before this was lost, not enough concrete having been used on the ninety-two feet of quicksand. The loss was about \$70,000.

The furnishings of a lighthouse there shown, was a small library, bed, tool chest, pick, saw, shovel, rake, hoe, mop, broom, duster, fire-blower, long-handled brush for cleaning the glass in tower, and as little as possible for necessary housekeeping. On the outside were fastened boats and life-saving cables.

Next we found how curled hair is made out of horse-hair. It is braided and twisted tightly, boiled in strong suds for hours, then baked. After some weeks it is cut in two-inch pieces for use. In Worcester carpets, which looked like Brussels, the warp was of horsehair.

There was the tanned skin of an anaconda, a three-string violin made of tanned hogskin, a pair of boots made of human tanned skin, which, it is said, wear longer and better than any other. There are corners formed on most manufactured goods, but we trust our assertion will not turn the minds of fairy money-makers to a barbaric performance of forming a trust on human hide, for it is authoritatively stated that tanned fish skin is quite as good. Steers' horns, by some process, were spread out thin and flat, highly polished, and made into hairpins, combs, card cases, picture frames, dishes, umbrella handles, mouthpieces for pipes, paper knives, spoons, forks, ladles, and in many other articles.

There were elephant tusks nine feet long. Near here was a large oak tree, cut down by bullets at Spottsylvania Courthouse on May 12, 1864. Near by were handmade cannon balls used in the Mexican war.

Our next stopping place was at Camp Clay, where, 'mid snow and ice, Greeley and his remaining party were found on Sunday night at eleven o'clock, June 22, 1884. Next was represented the pitiful finding of the Delong party. To America belongs the honor of some of her explorers having been the first to go farthest north.

Near Camp Delong we saw the wooden figure head of the brig "Advance," called "The Fair Augusta." She had once been painted blue, with pink cheeks, but amid icebergs her paint had been removed, as had her nose and one breast. When Dr. Kane and companions bade a sad farewell to the brig "Advance," which was split by being



wedged between icebergs, they took the mutilated "Augusta" aboard of the "Hope," expecting to burn her to keep themselves warm, but she was spared to be seen at the Fair as a relic of this northern expedition.

The departure from the brig "Advance" for the brig "Hope" was ably portrayed in oil by Artist Albert Operto. There were relics of the Dr. Kane explorations, whose first expedition lasted from 1850 to 1852; his second from 1853 to 1855, his last search being for the Sir John Franklin expedition. His surgical instruments lay in a piece of seal-skin, in which they were found. Pieces of this skin were eaten by the Kane party, it being their last food. There were a few pieces of cloth, some human hair, a watchcase, a few spoons, and one fork. The Greeley articles were divided between this building and the ship "Progress." Most interesting was the Greeley flag, which had been planted nearest the north pole.

Next we looked at the relics of colonial times and of the War of 1812. The leather water buckets were seen which were used by the fire department of Alexandria, Va., Washington being one of their members. How the shoes worn by Maud S. and Nancy Hanks when they made their records came to be among these old relics we leave to the surmise of the reader.

We would not discredit any statement given under the signature of the government, or, to be safer, one given under its roof at the World's Fair. Shall we swallow the record whole, as we did there? We refer to a collection of miscellaneous articles which were found in the stomachs of steers (of course after they were killed). To avoid serious trouble, this should be thoroughly understood. In the stomach of one was found a 13 1-2 by 1-inch bolt. In another a can of stones weighing 19 pounds, and in another hairpins, buttons, corkscrews, a silver dollar, rings, a watch-chain, copper cents, dimes and a Masonic emblem. A queer creature was that steer if it partook of the environments and associations connected with these articles. From the stomach of another an iron four feet long (the true statement should be five feet), and we expect you to thoroughly believe either of these statements.

We found worn, old army wagons, and about them were United States soldiers in uniform. Soldiers were there from every part of the world, dressed in their respective uniforms. The uniforms of American soldiers dated from the beginning of American history. The Puritan



held his Bible in his hand, fastened to a stout chain about his waist, while with the other he carried his gun.

We found an Oriental plow pointed with flint, which was presented to the government by the late Horace Maynard when he was Minister to Turkey. During all the centuries it has been the only instrument used to rough up the soil of many Oriental countries. It is stated that from 1875 up to the present that the laborers' wages there are only 12 cents a day. In Isaiah 41: 15, is God's promise: "Behold I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth. Thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff."

Plows of 1783 were not much better than this, which was contrived hundreds of years ago. But what can be said of the Gale plow, manufactured at Albion, Mich., further than that it can scarcely be improved upon.

A vast difference, too, between threshing out with a flail two bushels of wheat per day and the Buckeye Threshing Machine, which in a day turns out many hundreds of bushels.

As we rambled about we found a recipe for the extermination of fungi and parasites, which can be used on any plant so affected. The statement read thus: "It is a sure exterminator: Six pounds of copper sulphate, four pounds of lime; add to this twenty-two gallons of water. Slack the lime before adding. Use all you like; 'twill do no harm."

In the war department, thickly placed, were cannon. In placing the first brought in the building it tipped, striking a young United States guard upon the temple, killing the poor fellow instantly. He was one of many hundreds who lost their lives in the "building of the Fair."

In the department where guns were manufactured, instead of using dangerous mixtures to show how ammunition are manufactured, there were used harmless substitutes, which showed the process just as well. It did not jeopardize the lives of visitors, and enabled the War Department to protect the secrets of making smokeless powder and other kinds for torpedoes.

One-fifth of this building was devoted to cannon and rapid-firing Gatling guns, which inspired no little respect for Uncle Sam's military prowess, for there were cannon which threw one thousand pound shells, and hundreds of small side arms for cavalry use. United States troops were encamped by this building throughout the Fair.



The review ground was ample and had a war-like appearance, bristling with cannon on all sides, and the splendid appearance of soldiers on guard, accompanied by the magnificent uniforms of generals, captains and other officers, was an inspiring scene. From the tower of the life-saving service building signals were sent to that of the government building, which were repeated to the tower of the City Auditorium.



## THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

No building was more pleasantly situated than the Woman's Building, it being central to all points on the grounds. It was a graceful and harmonious piece of architecture, proving its designer to be an architectural scholar.

The prize of \$1,000, offered for the finest design, was awarded Miss Sophia G. Hayden. The building fronted the lagoon, looking toward Lake Michigan, while the opposite side faced the "Midway." About this building, and strictly belonging to it, was an air of stately dignity, and most perceivable on entering it, was the feeling of quiet, refined elegance. There were found contributions from every civilized country, all the work of women. It was in this building that the ladies of royal and aristocratic families exhibited proofs of their artistic and literary abilities. Woman did most effective work in the Woman's Building, and was a great factor in the World's Fair by her contributions of knowledge and proofs of material progress. Active in seeing decorations and exhibits fitly represented, in many instances, she took a more active part in the furnishings and displays of her respective State Buildings than did her male associates.

The style of the Woman's Building was taken from the Italian Renaissance. From the outside we ascended either on the east or west staircases, which led to the broad porch. Then the way led through the vestibules into the central room, which was about four hundred feet in length. There was a fountain, statuary groups and hundreds of objects which were of interest. Resting in glass cases were exquisite embroideries, laces, etc. There stood the diminutive golden Colorado mansion, bejeweled with the precious stones of their State. Close by was sold the Mrs. President Palmer spoon, the prettiest one of the Exposition. For sale in various places were engraved card receivers of gold and silver, showing Penelope spinning or the "Woman's Building." Amber jewelry, souvenir spoons and various other articles were also to be had in this department.

From Italy came the queen's laces. Some of them were 1800 years old. A high iron fence surrounded this exhibit,



and it was constantly guarded by Italian soldiers. Every night at five o'clock the iron gate was closed and locked.

In the New South Wales section was work done by the Duchess of Sutherland, who is interested, heart and soul, in lifting up the poor, and bettering their condition. She has a beautiful face, which corresponds to her beautiful soul. Little New South Wales "bobbed up serenely" in every department of the Fair, and received well-deserved recognition.

The royal laces of Queen Victoria, hundreds of years old, were in the British section. Near this exhibit was a Russian peasant girl, dressed in her native costume, the black, high-crowned, peaked hat being more noticeable than the rest of her equipment. Every day she could be found seated at her loom, weaving cloth spun from flax. Women, under the patronage of the Countess of Aberdeen, knit the fleecy white Shetland shawls.

It did not take long to convince one that all work entered in the "Woman's Building" should be rated in most cases as being above par with that of men. The original drawings of decorations for wall paper, tilings and dress fabrics, were artistic, and even classical. The silk and draperies from the firm of Cheny Bros., New York, bore designs done by women students of Pratt's Institute, which supplies designs to the large firms of New York and other places. Their hats and bonnets were dainty and unique in design and ornamentation.

We saw ovens, with furnace attachments, for baking china. It is said that women have invented the most satisfactory ovens of any for this purpose.

Novel, indeed, were the specimens of iron wrought at the anvil by a young lady of California. The work was smooth, highly ornamented, and could be used for many purposes. These exhibits, and hundreds of others, proved that women had not only entered successfully into competition with men in the arts and sciences, but had beside accomplished, with their nimble fingers, the delicate achievements of intricate and beautiful home novelties, as well as in these other fields, from which latter pursuits for hundreds of years she was excluded because of her sex. Aside from the heavy features of the Exposition, such as machinery, mining, and a few others, women duplicated all work done by man. So heroic was their exposition that it compared, as a whole, with the "Liberal Arts" department.



There were photographs of and the history given of the first woman's hospital, which was founded in Philadelphia, and is managed entirely by them. There was also shown a picture of their State Hospital for the Insane, managed by Dr. Alice Bennett, who is hospital superintendent of that large institution. There are hundreds of institutions managed by women which we do not mention which we learned of there.

We found long, double woven baskets, with covers made by the Atlakapas Indian women past 80 years old, the last of their tribe; consequently these were the last baskets to be made like them.

The writer is bubbling over with ideas of the beautiful fancy work. Dare she attempt a description of dainty, darling things, which her fingers refuse to shape into the dreams of beauty that nearly every lady knows how to create? She has heard of the Kensington stitch and some others, has even seen these, but they are all Greek to her. Ever since Mother Eve made her famous apron of fig leaves, which was the first fancy work known, it has been a favorite pastime with women to create dainty devices out of odds and ends. This work is divided into many branches, and each branch has many subdivisions and modifications, and when looking at that in the Chicago Exchange department, and the work of other American women, especially in the Marshall Field display, they were "so dear" that we could not help feeling in our heart that greatest and best of all is American art.

Mrs. S. E. Crisswise, a Presbyterian missionary for thirteen years on the Rio Grande river, had charge of the Mexican lace work, done by the women of Metamoras. If this beautiful and unassuming woman still lives, she is yet acting as minister and teacher at the station which she said she should never forsake.

A saleswoman instructed us how to get a satisfactory bath by wearing thumbless mittens made of Turkish linen, then for a pleasant thorough finish to use a bag filled with powdered orris and rolled oatmeal, or the last named alone. Sew loops of strong cloth on each end of the bag, hold the loops by the thumbs, and thus finish the rubbing process.

Near the Austrian section we met a warm-hearted little Assyrian lady, Madam Karauna, who edited the first newspaper printed in the East. She is the author of "Manners and Customs of Etiquette," written in the



Arabic language. All who knew her said, "Oh, would there were more like this loving, true-hearted woman." She represented the women of the East at the "Woman's Congress," her subject being, "Progression of the Women of the East."

We wandered about and looked upon millions of beautiful and useful articles, out of which many grew rich in their knowledge of how to beautify themselves and their homes, an accomplishment which brings to a woman so much happiness and comfort, and it adds fully as much, perhaps more, to the happiness of the male sex.

One booth was a bower of roses, heliotrope, vines and German forget-me-nots. Here was shown the handiwork of the Misses Heath, of Buffalo, who fashioned lamp shades and boxes for many uses out of crepe tissue paper, ornamenting them with sprays of flowers, making hundreds of beautiful and useful articles out of this dainty material.

The gold-covered china was a secret process, known only to the three Misses Healy, of Washington. They accidentally discovered the process, and suddenly lost it. After years of experiment they recovered their secret, from which they have received great financial benefit. One cup and saucer at the Fair brought ten dollars, and some of them more.

In the booth of the "Woman's Exchange," of Chicago, was found the prettiest set of doilies at the Fair; they were worked with mignonettes. There were heart-shaped pin cushions of pale pink, hand-painted, and finished about the edges with double ruffles of delicate lace. There were embroidered white satin book covers; some of Turkish leather, heavy with gold ornamentations. White silk knitted slippers with pink ribbon ties about the ankles, but no "Trilby" foot inside to enhance its beauty. Bright pieces of felt were nicked on their edges, then gathered about the necks of dolls for penwipers. Here women made any article desired, and they received many orders, in work for which they were well remunerated; so those who were needy succeeded in earning an honest living there. In large glass cases stood dolls dressed in styles of the fifteenth century, and of one hundred years ago. In the French section was shown another exhibit of dolls dressed in the style of another early period. The Washington court dress, worn by one of them, was the most



magnificent of all. In the front of their poke bonnets of 1830 were seen full blown roses with black lace drooping over them.

In a finely furnished drawing-room ladies were represented, made of wax, making and receiving calls. They were richly dressed. It was a fine piece of art, and greatly admired. On its walls were tapestries valued at \$10,000 apiece.

In the British section were book covers of jet, set with pearls; volumes of Shakespeare and other works, covered with hand-modeled leather, valued at \$1,000, and \$50 per volume. The "Distressed Irish Association" showed priests' robes and altar cloths, embroidered in gold and seed pearls.

Near this exhibit was the famous prairie chicken opera cloak, hat and muff, all edged with beaver. They were made by Mrs. Viola Fuller, of South Dakota, who commenced them in 1882 and completed them in 1892. The feathers were of three colors, brown, drab and white, causing an uneven line of shades very pretty to look upon. It is said that only a few feathers from the breast of each prairie chicken can be used in this work, so it necessarily took a long time to secure the birds, and undoubtedly a much longer time to patiently sew on each feather separately. The price attached to the garment was \$5,000.

It was shown that 2,000 Turkish Mohammedan women were Christianized, being employed and supported by their work, an embroidery of gold on every color of rich, heavy material. So solid were the stitches placed together, in raised and sunken patterns, that the finished products looked like beaten gold with glints of color peeping through. This worthy institution was established in 1877 by the Baroness Burdette-Coutts and Lady Layard, wife of the British ambassador, when these Mohammedan women were driven out of their homes and sought refuge at the capital. This occurred during the Russo-Turkish war.

A unique exhibit was a bridle made of white horsehair, colored with Paris red, by Dolsey LeBlanc, of the Arcadian settlement in Louisiana.

The eastern vestibule of the building was decorated by the English, under the authority of Her Majesty, the Queen, who showed unbounded interest in the Fair by recommending an ample exhibit from every part of her



vast domain. The Queen's suggestion was beautifully and generously carried out in the "Woman's Building," and in every department of the Fair. Mrs. Crawford, one of the representatives, an artist of note, with others, was sent to carry out the Queen's wishes. Hanging on the west wall of the central hall-like room of the first floor was Mrs. Crawford's painting of an Italian widow, holding her babe on one arm, while in the other hand she carried a wreath to decorate her husband's grave. A nun stood near, looking in pity upon her. This work, on being returned to England, was presented to the Queen, and placed upon the walls of the Royal Academy of Art in London.

The paintings and decorations of the vestibule were designed and partially executed by Mrs. Crawford, her best work being done on the ceiling. This was rich and splendid in coloring; the general design showed an awning of soft semi-transparent red, drawn back at the corners by golden ropes. Then in flowing folds were richly colored curtains, carelessly held back; one, in design, was blown back by the wind, and seemed to gracefully wave us into the room. The sky, at each side of the awning, was flecked with soft sunset clouds. An arch was to have spanned the vestibule, resting on a central pillar, which would have been decorated with running vines, with a fountain at its base. But this plan could not be carried out for lack of time.

The side walls were filled with mural paintings, shaped into three arches. The spaces were filled with palish-gold, terminating in a cornice of redder varieties of gold. The pillars which divided the pictures were in warmer shades of gold, running to the marble wainscoting of reddish-gray, which ran beneath the pictures to the floor. This made a superb entrance.

Over the arches, in fine relief, were dark women, representing Faith, Hope, Unity, Peace, Love and many others. The mural paintings were executed by Mrs. Anna Lee Merritt and Mrs. Swytherton; the reliefs by Miss Halle and Miss J. M. Rope.

The ceilings were painted by Mrs. Black, Mrs. Trivett and Miss Brooks. The whole of the work in this vestibule was presided over by Mrs. Crawford. If the fountain, so beautifully designed by Miss Garnett, had been placed in this room, the effect would have been that of an open court, with its painted walls, carved arches, and



fountain centering it; and the awning stretched over it, representing the sky, each side of it would have given it a finished appearance.

Mrs. Austin, sister of Mrs. Crawford, had charge of all paintings belonging to the Queen and the members of the royal family, and of their rich old laces and much more of their splendid art. These sisters, of the blonde type, were beautiful, soulful women, who often gave interesting and instructive papers in the assembly room. Mrs. Crawford has issued a book describing the noted women of the past and present of England, whose portraits adorned the walls of this room.

Near the Spanish exhibit, was served by the Ceylonese, their fragrant tea. In the opposite part of the building were wax models dressed in rich robes, designed by Madam Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Michigan, whose system of fitting is noted for its entire perfection. In beauty of design her costumes compared with the Russian robes, which were considered the richest ever shown.

Hanging on the wall, near the assembly room, was a silk Persian rug composed of millions of stitches, done by the women of India, which they were over fifty years completing. Its center indicated royalty, the following circle the next higher caste, then outer lines, intermixed with heads of animals, denoted the populace, and the whole of India's kingdom. Looking across it from any direction, it threw shades as different as night is to day.

The unveiling of the portrait of Mrs. President Palmer, painted by Anders Zorn, of Sweden, was a repetition of many enjoyable times in the assembly room.

One day while in the assembly room, Kate Field, Washington's bright peculiar star, gave an impromptu speech, which was rich in originality, and in especial praise of the Fair. She said it was "the greatest piece of work ever accomplished, or that ever would be, so perfect was it in every detail that it admitted of no criticism." She spoke at length on the wonders of the Fair. Then in well chosen words, Mrs. President Palmer introduced the "old pioneer," Susan B. Anthony, saying:

"We are proud to stoop and touch even the hem of her garment." She it was who years ago advocated woman's suffrage, then so unpopular, that women were pointed at and sneered at for opposing public sentiment in listening to her. But most forcibly was it demonstrated, in the "Woman's Congress," that the world moves and that



women are, in most respects, its main motive power. We sincerely trust that Miss Anthony, who has been, and always will be, blessed with that keen sense of justice which has pleaded so long against the injustice of withholding from woman the ballot, the only real weapon of defense against encroachments of various bad qualities, existing in the affairs of our government. Though she has lived to see much to gladden her heart, we trust she may live to see at last the full fruit of her long, unwearying labors.

At the Woman's Congress, Helen H. Gardiner, the well-known social reformer and writer, spoke upon the responsibility of women in heredity. Her valuable book on this subject should be owned by every mother, young or old, as her plain talk to women was considered the most scholarly and helpful effort of the Congress. If it seems to the reader that we are drifting from the subject in hand, we beg pardon, but we cannot resist quoting some extracts from her address:

"Maternity is an awful power, and it strikes back at the race with a blind, fierce, far-reaching force in revenge for its subject status. Dr. Arthur McDonald, in his 'Criminology,' says: 'The intellectual physiognomy shows inferiority in criminals, and when there is an exceptional superiority found in them, it is of the nature of cunning and shrewdness.' Poverty and misery cause organic debility, and are not unfrequently the cause of crime. Who is likely to stamp the child with low physiognomy? The mother who is educated, or she who is the willing or unwilling subordinate in life's benefits? If this Congress assumes that the only thing to be celebrated is an increased capacity for women to win fame and money, then it teaches a disastrously false and dangerous lesson to our growing girls, for no Congress was needed to show that women are more thoroughly educated than they once were, or that they do successfully things which were once forbidden them. A higher education and larger intellectual advancement has enabled women to give to the world healthier children, and to bring them up in a manner more surely tending to make our world better, which is the noblest of all work done by women. But the ideal mother should have love too loyal, and a sense of obligation too profound to recklessly bring into the world children she cannot properly endow and care for. It does not seem to occur to politicians and physicians in discussion of this question that it may be due to other causes



than incapacity, that educated women are the mothers of fewer children than the ideal wives and mothers of whom they speak in their argument against the higher education."

Back of the assembly room was a kitchen, which was presided over by Mrs. Rorer, who gave daily lectures on cookery; she was dressed in a dainty gingham, cut V-shape at the throat, and wore a snowy white apron and mull cap, making a cool and charming costume. She advocated the use of cornmeal in all cooking, and insisted that every recipe was better for having cornmeal combined with it. Her object in so doing was to advance the need of corn, and bring down speculations made in wheat. Her corn kitchen was a decidedly attractive feature, and she successfully converted hundreds of housewives to using cornmeal in large or small quantities as needed in cooking. She used a molding board and rolling pin, invented by a Michigan woman (wish we knew her name, so as to tell it). Mrs. Rorer made a distinct choice of these articles, and would use no others. The remark was made of our estimable Michigan commissioner, Mrs. Valentine, that the only exhibit she secured for this building was a molding board. Let's see. In the room devoted to woman's associations, in religious and temperance work, we found she had showed perfect judgment in her selection of the dear, departed Mary T. Lathrap, whose works do follow her, and it suffices, with no further investigation or explanation, that Michigan received a proud showing under her management. Her precious memory will live in the hearts of two hundred thousand white ribboners, on, and on, into eternity.

In glass cases were seen a vast amount of intricately-wrought handiwork of various kinds. This was done by the women of Michigan. The articles were made out of the best material that could be procured, and the finely-wrought drawn work, embroideries, china painting, and hundreds of other dreams of beauty, were to the spectator most convincing (notwithstanding statements which were made to the contrary) that Mrs. Valentine's requests made to the Michigan women were nobly and generously responded to. She labored to make of it a success, and asks for no reward except this, that she carried home with her on her departure from the Fair a clear conscience of knowing that she made a grand success of all she was intrusted to do.



At the south end of the second floor was situated the headquarters of the "Women's Associations of the World." One day, when in the booth of the "Authors' Protective Association," also called "The United Associations of Publications," we conversed for a short time with Katherine Hodges, the author of "Twenty Years a Queen." She showed us her book, which title had been changed from the original one to read like this, "Queen Victoria's Reign for Twenty Years," by K. Hodge. She said: "I am in litigation with the publishers who have stolen my hard work from me, and I expect to be beaten in the contest for my just rights." This short explanation she said, was sufficient to show the reason why an organization had come into existence called the "Authors' Protective Association," which is now located in the "Woman's Temple," Chicago. If a writer joins this association his or her work is published, and protected as much as it is possible to do so, until this matter has been thoroughly legislated upon.

In this department were hundreds of booths in which were represented societies which are pre-eminently composed of that element of moral and Christian training which constitutes a true sisterhood among women. In the "Shut-in Society" we found there much that was intensely interesting. The invalid members of this order are a wonderful power for good. The booth which contained the beautiful equipments of the "Order of the Eastern Star" was of dazzling magnificence. Near there was seen the work done by "The Social Purity Society." Next the work of "The Red Cross Society," and hundreds of others which caused the spectator at every turn to grow more interested. In this department of the "Woman's Building" was created the organization called "The World's Federation of Woman's Clubs," with Mrs. Henriotin, of Chicago, as its president. The badge pin which was decided upon and worn by its members was an oblong one and shaped something like the letter S. They were made of gold and embossed in lines of white and blue which were in a group of letters symbolic of the name of the club.

The World's and the National W. C. T. U. exhibit was under the supervision of Mrs. Josephine R. Nickols, the World's W. C. T. U. Superintendent of Fairs and Expositions, who was the society's representative at Paris and New Orleans.



In this department were flags of all nations, and here were found large portraits and groups of the world's workers. Here also was the W. C. T. U. liberty bell from Tokio, Japan, with this inscription upon it: "This bell was cast in the City of Tokio, Japan, December 10th, 1892, by Tsuda Sen. It is made from the metal of tobacco pipes of more than a thousand men, once slaves, now freemen."

The bell hung in a frame. It possessed no clapper, but was sounded by tapping upon it with a metal rod, and gave forth a deep-toned toll, charming to hear. It was presented by Tsuda Sen, an enthusiastic temperance worker of Japan, to Miss Frances Willard, who, after the Fair, placed it in the temperance temple at Chicago. The bell was first tolled by a Japanese woman at the funeral services of Mary Allen West, who died shortly after entering this field of work, and during her short stay with them no woman was ever paid greater honors. Through her influence the opium and tobacco pipes of copper were given her by over one thousand converted Japanese to be melted and cast into this bell. She was a woman who possessed great unselfishness of soul, and her hands and best efforts went out in helpfulness to every form of sorrow and suffering. She was an energetic worker for all that was good, and the originator of the expression, "In order to succeed, a white ribboner must have grit, grace and gumption."

In deep sorrow, the Japanese said: "We cannot understand God's ways, or why He called one who had won our love and respect, from the heat of her work, just after arriving in a new field of labor."

Her body was carried one hundred miles on the shoulders of natives to the seacoast for shipment to America. It was inscribed on the box, "This contains the casket of Mary Allen West, to Frances E. Willard, W. C. T. U. Temperance Temple, Chicago."

We suppose, e'er this, the Japanese have carried out their design of erecting in Tokio a monument to her memory. She organized in that country a large National W. C. T. U. In the Woman's Temple, Chicago, may be seen a Japanese pall, six by eight feet, of black velvet, lined with white silk, embroidered upon it, in gold thread, her full name, then the letters signifying the union, and the words, "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."



The women of Tokio, to better represent the white-ribbon movement, used the white side out at her obsequies there. This pall, of great and intrinsic value, is doubly priceless, because of its historic and sacred connections. It was last used in the final services at the old First Church of Galesburg, Ill.

During her busy life she collected material for writing a history of Illinois, which, 'tis said, will never appear bearing her name as author, for she turned from this unfinished and pleasant duty to make history by working for "God, and home, and native land." Her book on childhood, and its culture, has been of solid worth to hundreds of mothers. May God give us more and more brave Christian women like Mary Allen West.

Now memory carries us back to the assembly room where, at one time, we listened to a particularly helpful lecture by Mrs. Wesley Smith, entitled "Symmetrical Womanhood," who reminded us that "charity meant loving kindness to the maid-servant, gentle words to the man-servant, and that it is better to be than to do. To all of us it is not given to climb the mountain, and but few wear the laurel. Who shall deny she has not achieved her highest mission, who has been simply a good woman," etc.

The library was on the second floor and fronted the "Midway." It contained thousands of volumes written by noted women of the past and of the present. In the corridor, on friezes and panels, scattered about the walls, were Roman and Egyptian decorations. One long piece of tapestry shown was worked by the wife of William the Conqueror. We found a water scene painted by a child seven years old, which would have done credit to an adult. Near it a beautiful wreath of flowers, etched by Mrs. Chatham. Eight sections, called "Sovereigns of Destinies," were especially noted. In water colors and oils were shown specimens of the art of Queen Victoria and other royal personages.

On the east side of second floor was the California room, finished in its native woods. A heavy mantled fireplace, and opposite it a wide mirror reaching from the ceiling to the floor, attracted much attention. On its walls paintings of their scenery, on its oaken floor, Rocky Mountain bear and other kinds of skins.

Next in order came the Japanese room, filled with their



art. The exhibits belonged to Kioto & Co., of Japan. The price marks on screens were \$10,000 to \$13,000 apiece.

The Cincinnati room was the tastiest and most comfortable of all. Its walls were hand-painted in vines and uneven sprays of roses, and further beautified by fine paintings. Scattered about the room were curious patterned couches, a hand-carved piano, and oaken chests, which served as seats, with carved backs and arms. In a glass cabinet was fine work on china, designed and done by the "Cincinnati Pottery Club."

The Kentucky room possessed a few old relics. A pewter plate rested on a bare shelf. This belonged to Mrs. E. Cloak, and had belonged to her great-grandfather. In a corner stood an old, worn harp piano, owned by Mrs. General Drake, which in its palmy days must have been a magnificent piece of furniture. Old paintings hung on the walls, and one of these was of Maria Trott, whose forefathers traced their history back to Rowena. A rich rug occupied the center of the floor on which stood a heavy polished, bare stand. There was nothing modern in this room. Its very bareness, combined with its antiquity, gave it a stately look, which represented an old home of long ago.

When weary we ascended an elevator to the hanging gardens, which were situated on the roof; there we seated ourselves for a quiet rest; we were surrounded by stately palms, and while peering through hanging vines we could see the marble figures which graced the roof, and many others. This was the work of a true artist, Miss Alice Rideout, of San Francisco, Cal.

Blue porcelain-like blossoms of convolvulus drooped gracefully among the vines, causing us in fancy to fashion a portable screen, with its ivies placed in front of some objectionable place or window. Here is the fancy: Make a box; place it on castors. With laths make a plain trellis work; paint all of it green. In the front of box set it thickly with lillies of the valley, or mignonette, and back of this ivy plants, which will soon cover the trellis; then wheel it where you wish to cover an unsightly place.

Next we went into the woman's restaurant—where was served the best meals on the grounds—then back to the first floor, to gaze admiringly on the two great paintings of "Primitive Women" and "Modern Women." These were in the arched spaces, over north and south galleries. The first painting named was the work of Miss Cassett.



The second named was by Mrs. McMonnies, wife of the sculptor. If we mentioned separately every work of art which was shown here, the same tribute might be paid to each, that they were "perfectly grand." "Yellow Bull, Chief of the Sioux," by Kate Wells, of Salt Lake City, was a masterly effort. Price, \$1,000.

A painting represented "Eurydice Sinking Into Hades" (there are seven of that name mentioned in mythology, but she of that picture is the most celebrated). She was the wife of Orpheus, and died from the sting of a serpent. The poetic legend tells us that Orpheus descended to the infernal regions, and persuaded Pluto to restore her to him. He consented on the condition that she should walk behind Orpheus, and he should not look back until they had reached the upper world, the penalty being if he did that she should go back to Hades. In his anxiety to know if she was following him he looked back, and saw her slipping off of a rock to go back into the lower regions.

In the picture "To the Front," by Lady Butler, general and men were seen on horseback, riding fiercely to battle. The price of this was \$8,625. "A Gay Cavalier Playing a Mandolin" was by Marie Fuller; "A Farmyard Scene" was by Hermine Shuell. In the scene was a cat washing its face, it was surrounded by fowls and it was a finely conceived picture. It possessed all of the accompaniments which would create an attractive, homelike, farmyard scene. A fine effort was that by Letta Crapo Smith, of Detroit. A maid was pouring from a silver tea-pot into a cup, resting in a saucer held in her hand. The lumps of sugar in bowl were very real, but most striking was their reflection in the teapot. The texture of cloth and what constituted the furnishings of the table were very natural, while as a whole it was especially attractive. This picture was awarded first medal at the Paris Exposition and at the Fair.

"Elaine" (do not know the artist's name),

"In her right hand the lily,

In her left the letter,

All her bright hair streaming down,

All the coverlid was cloth of gold down to her waist,

And she, herself, in white, all but her face,

And that clear featured face was lovely,

For she did not seem as dead, but fast asleep,

And lay as though she smiled."



The woman's work of Wayne County was ably represented at the Fair under the leadership of Mrs. H. H. H. Crapo Smith, of Detroit, Michigan. She was most ably assisted by her constituents, who, as well as herself, were women of wide experience. Each of these estimable women should receive separate mention at length, as each of their lives is devoted to philanthropic work of many kinds. Every county committee of the State responded nobly to the trust imposed upon them. As space cannot be given to the hundreds of women who did effective work for Michigan in the Fair, it seems proper to give the space that can be spared to Wayne County lady managers, for the reason they are residents of Detroit, the metropolis of Michigan, and naturally they did heroic work in this, the largest field. Below is given the names of the members of the committee of Wayne County:

Mrs. H. H. H. Crapo Smith, Detroit, Chairman; Miss Octavia W. Bates, Detroit; Mrs. Henry F. Lyster, Detroit; Miss Helen Lothrop, Detroit; Mrs. Don M. Dickinson, Detroit; Miss Anna H. Davies, Detroit; Mrs. William Jenison, Detroit; Miss Florence Pond, Detroit; Mrs. Richard Storrs-Willis, Detroit; Mrs. Sarah J. LaTour, Detroit; Miss Clara Avery, Detroit; Mrs. Henry Ledyard, Detroit; Mrs. Fitzhugh Edwards, Detroit; Mrs. Kenzie Bates, Detroit.

Michigan is filled with representative women. After considering the matter of whom the most ably represents the typical woman of Michigan (and if this statement is not true of us it should be made so in example, as much as it is possible for each of us to do so), the writer believes her readers will agree that there is no representative woman in Michigan who is endowed with more favorable attributes than Miss Octavia Bates, of Detroit, who has stated in a recent letter that the wonders to be seen in those days of the Fair were an educatory force to everyone who was fortunate enough to visit it. I take the liberty of giving verbatim an interesting sketch of this lady which will interest many more people than are acquainted with her. This article is copied from "The Law Students' Helper," which is published by The Collector Publishing Company, of Detroit, Mich., by Editor William C. Sprague, A. B., LL. B., and Assistant Editor Griffith Ogden Ellis, LL. B. This magazine is not only invaluable to the law student, but to every one who desires information, which covers every public question of



the day. All matter in this magazine, which is only \$1.00 per annum, is handled in a manner which conveys to the reader in few words a distinct understanding of everything that is worth knowing. It gives particular reports of every law school from all of the universities of the United States. In regular order it takes up every known code of law. This magazine receives distinct recognition from every lawyer of standing. The writer hopes she is forgiven for growing enthusiastic over "The Law Students' Helper." It is not the first liberty she has taken in this work of getting "off the track," but no one understands better than an American what a fund of information one comes across which they cannot refrain from mentioning. When the country was new, everything was slow; roads were rough, and a roundabout way was taken to get to a place. As time passed on and the country developed, rough, primitive ways were made straight, and order was brought out of disorder. The writer feels that she has caused the reader to travel over many roads, which perhaps they would not have chosen; but when in company with inexperience, it is like long, rough roads in a new country and it must be made the best of. Meanwhile the reader is silently vowing they will never try the trip again. A magazine which is so capably managed shall be recognized even by "Inexperience," who could not have given to the reader this article had this magazine not fallen into her hands:

"The meetings of the law classes in Ann Arbor have been for years notoriously turbulent. Something unprecedented in the history of the department occurred, therefore, when the class of '96 obtained a presiding officer who succeeded in maintaining order at a class meeting. In this case the presiding officer was Miss Octavia W. Bates, vice-president of the class. Miss Bates is an admirable presiding officer, and a thorough master of parliamentary law and practice. Few, if any, women in the country have had more experience in presiding over meetings than has she. She is a handsome, intellectual-looking woman, with a commanding and impressive, yet winning, presence, that is very effective with her audience, whether she appears as the presiding officer or as the principal speaker upon the rostrum. Miss Bates has long been prominent in movements for the betterment of woman's condition, and for the advancement of the equal suffrage idea. We do not imagine that she is study-



ing law for the purpose of practising it, for she is a woman of independent fortune, and we imagine that her idea is merely to obtain this addition to her already wide and deep education to enable her to work more effectively in woman's cause.

Miss Octavia Williams Bates was born in Detroit and is a graduate of the Detroit High School, and also of the literary department of the University of Michigan, where she took her degree with the class of '77. In all movements looking to the higher education and political enfranchisement of women she has long been a persistent and able worker. She is probably officially connected with more societies looking to these ends than any other woman in this part of the country, if not in the United States. She is a member of the board of directors of the Association for the Advancement of Women, of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president, a member of the board of directors of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, and chairman of the committee on foreign correspondence of that organization, which consists of about five hundred federated clubs, numbering in all between forty and fifty thousand women. Miss Bates is also a member of the committee on dress of The National Council of Women, an organization with about one million members. Miss Bates has also been president of The Detroit Woman's Club, and president of The Detroit Equal Suffrage Association, and connected with many other clubs and societies.

"In the work of the congresses of the World's Columbian Exposition, particularly the women's congresses, Miss Bates was very prominent. She was a member of the Wayne County Committee for Woman's Work, and its delegate to the congresses. She read two papers before the Congress of Representative Women, one before the Agricultural Congress, and one in the Woman's Building, besides also reading four other papers for writers who could not be present at the congresses. It is probable that her work in connection with these congresses, upon the platform and in committee work, was the most important and far-reaching work that Miss Bates has done. The effect of these congresses, particularly in foreign countries, can hardly be conceived. The effect was notable in this country, but here woman had already attained a much more advanced position than in the other countries of the globe.



"The titles of the papers which Miss Bates read were 'Obstacles to Improved Dress,' 'Ethics of Dress,' 'The New Municipal Suffrage Law for Woman in Michigan,' and 'Club Life for Women on a Farm,' the last being read before the Agricultural Congress. In addition to her work before women's congresses and clubs and her addresses before women's colleges, Miss Bates has been quite a prominent writer for the reviews and magazines of the day, such as the *Arena* and numerous other publications of that class, and particularly journals for women. In addition to her own papers at the World's Fair congresses, Miss Bates read papers for Miss Belva Lockwood, President Cooper, of the International Kindergarten Association, and finally one for the Baroness Rappe, of Sweden, who was sent to the Fair by the Swedish Chamber of Deputies, the king being present at the session. This paper was on 'The Progress of the Movement for Women in Sweden.'

"Miss Bates is not only an able and prominent public woman, but socially she is most charming and companionable. Her conversation is most bright and interesting."

We would not forget to mention, in the Woman's Building was seen the work done by the New York School of Applied Design for Women. It was opened about one year and a half before the Columbian Exposition. For a young institution, it made a marvelous showing in the Woman's Building in original designs upon wall paper, silk tapestries, mosaic patterns for frescoes, and pavements. The open metal work was especially beautiful, also the illustrations for book covers, and the interior decorations for houses. The ornamental plaster work was modeled after plaster casts brought from abroad. The work was so well done, that it was hard to discover which was the imported and which was the work of the pupil. The designs of public buildings and private houses, were of phenomenal refinement. In the Sunday number of *The Detroit Free Press*, dated December 1st, 1895, there appeared an elaborate article regarding this work, which was fully represented at the Fair, by Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, the originator and founder of the school. Her success from the beginning in founding this school was phenomenal. The school immediately became self-supporting, and has from its beginning been filled to overflowing with pupils. Its graduates are in great de-



mand as teachers, designers and architects. They and the under-graduates are beset with orders from the highest art firms. The students design public buildings and private houses and they now receive appointments as supervising architects of buildings erected in pleasure grounds or parks, of which they also design and superintend the landscape gardening. And when all is completed, the whole work is an entire emanation from the brain of woman. The flourishing condition of The New York School of Applied Design did not come about of itself. Its success is due to the practical wisdom, intelligence and foresight of a brilliant, handsome and charming woman. A few years ago Mrs. Hopkins turned her attention to a careful study of the future of her sex in America. This clever woman quickly perceived that the self-supporting woman was on the increase, owing to various new conditions, and that life was becoming a serious question to her. Mrs. Hopkins forthwith set herself to the bettering of the status of feminine wage-earners. She examined into the branches of employment opened to them, and after thorough investigation came to the conclusion, that a new and untried field lay before women in practical designing, for the various branches of decorative art, beginning with good draughtsmanship, thence to the different styles of architecture to which all decorative art is more or less related. She then founded a school where all young women, possessing talent and ambition but entirely untrained, could be taught to practically apply their gifts. While in England, which was a little less than two years ago, she was approached by envoys from the Princess Christian, begging that the noted American would consent to lend her aid in founding just such a school of applied design for women in Great Britain's capital. She was invited by the royalty to speak in the Imperial Institute, which she accepted, for she is always glad to advance the cause of her sex, and freely gave to them, in the presence of a titled company, the benefit of her knowledge and experience. She told what a splendid opening had been made for women, and that as architects and draughtswomen they stood in America equal to men, and that manufacturers of England, France and America were only too glad to buy designs made by the students. The outcome of this talk given in the great industrial palace by this gifted lady was the erection in England of a \$250,000 building of superb architec-



ture which was supposedly designed by one of the students. The building is completely equipped in beautiful furnishings, in its class rooms, offices, and instruction rooms; there is also included a library, and soon a museum will be in connection. The building was erected through the efforts of the Princess Christian, a most intelligent and energetic woman. She is devoted heart and soul to the cause of the feminine wage-earner, to quote her own words: "Practical teaching by practical teachers for practical purposes is the object of the new school." The patrons include the Prince and Princess of Wales and a long list of nobility, while its lecturers are to number such men as Walter Crane and William Morris. Mrs. Hopkins is going over to open the school by royal appointment, and herein lies the honor to America. This great art educational bee hive, which is exclusively for women, has been copied in its purpose and methods from the one in New York, which was thought out and founded by an American woman.

In the Woman's Building was formed the first society of the kind ever called together for the specific purpose of organizing a society called "The World's Federation of Women's Clubs," of which Miss Octavia W. Bates is prominently connected, being chairman of the committee on foreign correspondence of the organization.

Mrs. President Angell, a member of the National Commission, was lady manager, and was another forceful illustration of a progressive woman, who did all and even more than was required of her. In order that surely there should be no mistake made in her official department, she carried out all of her plans, and saw to it that after her ideas were conveyed to her subordinates, the work assigned by her was well done, by working in concerted action with them until the culmination of success was reached.



## THE CHILDREN'S BUILDING.

This interesting building was located between "Woman's" and "Horticultural." It was erected by contributions from the Exposition management, the States of the Union, foreign governments, and private individuals; and all who contributed, in money or work to this institution, "buildd better than they knew."

Parents left their treasures by the hour or day, confident of their safety, both moral and mental, with young women who were educated nurses. They not only cared for the children's physical needs, but taught them charming nursery rhymes, games, and how to be gentle and kind. Such nurses and teachers as these would be a "Heaven sent blessing" in any home.

The building was two stories high, and spread over the roof, which was used as a playground, was a canvas canopy, which protected the children from the sun's heat. Everything likely to amuse or instruct was found there. Little ones trundled their dollies about in cabs. One little miss arranged her large family, made up of all nationalities, in a row. She gave Betsey, a large rag doll, the place of honor. Then with inimitable grace she recited:

"By the nursery window, in velvet and lace,  
The dolls are receiving to-day,  
And Madeline bows with exquisite grace,  
While Maude has a bewitching way."

These little prattlers asked great questions, while dimples gathered about their dainty mouths and over their pretty faces, which reminded us of the appropriate and true mottoes which adorned the outer walls of this building,

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

"God's little ones are to become the great ones of the earth."

One of the charming sights seen here was a little red-cheeked English miss, whose stockings reached half way to her bare knees, and who, after long persistence, succeeded in "placing the cart before the horse," rumbling



her wagon in front of her, as she slid down the shining "cellar door."

In a room below, we found the Garrett sisters teaching children, from two to six years of age, who were deaf, but possessed the organs of articulation so they were taught to converse plainly. This was not a novelty to us, though to many it was; for situated in the beautiful inland city of Flint, is Michigan's State institution for the deaf and dumb, with fine buildings, ample grounds, and the best instructors to be found in the world, who carry out every known method for their instruction, of which its citizens are justly proud.

The Garrett School is located in Philadelphia, Penn., on the corner of Belmont and Monument avenues, Miss Mary Garrett acting as principal. The home was opened in 1892. Children are admitted between the ages of two and eight. Their work, in this building, was carried on, as nearly as possible, as it is in their Philadelphia home.

The little ones were talked to, and treated in every way as though they could hear, and they learned very fast to talk plainly. At the home they live a perfectly natural life. They are allowed plenty of play, eat at the same table with the teachers and principal, and are taught good manners there and everywhere.

In the library of the "Children's Building" were books, magazines and all periodicals which are written for children. In another room was done modeling in clay and putty. Sculpturing in hard white soap instead of marble. Wood carving, scroll-sawing, and woodwork. The young carpenters, when through working, carefully placed the bright, keen-edged tools in their glass cases.

There was also a study-room. Here they became mentally brighter because of the physical exercise in the gymnasium, which was in the center of the first floor, fitted with every accoutrement for the physical culture of the boys and girls, who entered into the sport with zest. Many became experts under the direction of their teacher, Mr. Henry Hartman.

Here we met "the nice little man" of the Forestry Building, who said:

"Have you visited the kiddery? It's the prettiest sight you'll see, there is where the pink-fisted little cherubs get the yell rocked right out of them."

An immense crowd was gathered before the glass partition which fronted the room where the babies were.



This partition extended nearly the length of the building. We passed in and saw numerous, snowy white cribs, in which lay the darling babies from many homes.

Those little loved, tender faces,  
Crowded in downy white nests,  
They smiled in glances heavenly,  
As we pressed them to our breasts.

The World's Fair was full of delights,  
It had its delusions, too,  
But the purest, sweetest, and best thing there  
Was hearing the babies coo.

On their baby shoulders  
Each wore a numbered tag,  
While mother carried a corresponding one,  
Placed in her hand bag.

If mother lost the tag,  
Her baby she might claim,  
But there she must sit and watch and wait,  
Till all had been taken, from Jimmie to Kate.

In another room, little toddlers, ranging from three to five years of age, cried some for mamma, squabbled over their playthings, pulled hair a little, but usually entertained each other very genteelly. In a room back of this, white capped and aproned little maids, from eight to ten years of age, served each other with mock breakfasts, luncheons and six o'clock dinners, which taught them the polite art, so invaluable, in serving meals.

For sale, on counters, were playthings of all descriptions, story books, one entitled, "Three Girls in a Flat," was written on the Woman's Building by three girls, employed in that edifice. It is sincerely regretted that their names are lost, and that we cannot give them.



## PUCK'S BUILDING

Cute Puck, with his ever present plug hat, was a cunning little cupid, as mounted on the dome, he jauntily watched over this complete, neat building, cunningly decorated with garlands of leaves and flowers. Every morning we bade him "Good day, and good luck."

An old dame, who held a subordinate position in the Fair, was heard to remark:

"I can't understand why that frivolous building was allowed to be placed by the Woman's Building."

A kind-hearted little woman answered her:

"Puck is there in common pity to humanity, which sighs and groans under burdens too heavy to bear. He possesses that which is accepted as a Christian grace, the ability to drive away the blues, and well does Puck, the little flirt, fulfill his mission."

When in this building it was fascinating to watch the swift moving plates print the amusing happenings of the grounds, and to see thousands of copies roll out of the press. All felt repaid, and happier for having visited the building.



## THE WHITE STAR LINE.

This round building, out and in, represented a ship fitted out for a voyage. Inside were shown beautiful models of majestic steamers, with expensively furnished, grand and convenient state rooms; as fine and comfortable apartments as may be found in the finest hotels in the world. A trip across the water with the modern luxuries which were shown there would indeed be a novelty and a treat, for on arriving at one's destination, they could not but feel rested and prepared for other pleasures.



TRANSPORTATION BUILDING AND THE "JOHNNY  
BULL TRAIN."

All language fails when trying to express the impressive splendor of the main entrance, or the "Golden Door." It faced the east, and consisted of a series of receding arches. The arch overhead was ornamented with allegorical figures, and groups in bas-relief. The corners above were decorated with mural paintings of marine and railway themes. On each side were panels; one, in relief work, demonstrating ancient transportation. Oxen harnessed to wagons, and then sail ships. On the opposite side was a palatial display of modern railway travel. Reaching from the top of the arch of the golden door to the ground was a solid mass of gold leaf, ornamented somewhat with silver; lovely colors shone through from the background.

This was one of the dazzling beauties of the Fair. The rest of the building was, in color, red, and ornamented in the Pompeian style.

For the first time in the history of world's expositions, the science of transportation was exhibited in its broadest meaning. There was presented to the spectator, the origin, growth and development of the various methods of transportation used in all ages and in all parts of the world. There were shown specimens of vehicles used by barbarous and semi-civilized tribes. The development of water crafts, from the crudest form of the modern ocean ship up to the elegantly fitted steamers of to-day. The first idea of wheels, the greatest of all means of transportation, up to that of the modern. The aim was to show the past history of all transportation by showing the relics of early days; and comparing the latest modes of travel with these, it formed a strong contrast; which was a mighty testimony and a flattering tribute to the genius of this age.

This grand object lesson was so clearly and impressively presented that much was learned in hours and days that would require months and years in study or travel to attain. At the close of the first third of the present century the sea trade of the world was carried on with ships built of wood, propelled by sails. But the



invention of the steam engine superseded wind, which till then from time immemorial had been the propelling power in ocean navigation, and now electricity bids fair to supersede steam.

On the upper floor of this building we found a letter written in 1811. by Dr. Elias Coffin in derision of Robert Fulton's steamboat. It may have sounded sharp to people in those days, but it reads to us of to-day like the mutterings of a foolish, non-progressive and jealous person. It was handed to people along the shores of the Hudson, and along the shores of the Mississippi by the flatboatmen, who feared the steamboat would become popular, while the doctor was convinced that it was extremely dangerous. This letter which we saw was the original one written by Dr. Coffin. It was preserved and framed by Robert's sister, Miss Fulton. The frame which environed the letter was made of narrow, flat sticks, and looked like an old slate frame. The letter, brown with age, was covered by a common pane of glass.

Farther on we give a copy of the letter, when it will be quite evident to the reader that the doctor made the supreme effort of his life to be intellectual, and that it was a great strain mentally for him to have produced so brilliant a piece of literature which warned the people to keep off of Robert's steamer or take the consequences. In the letter he voiced the general sentiments of the people of that day, who evidently thought that flat boats were good enough for anyone to ride upon. If the doctor was living to-day, he would without doubt pay a round sum to have people forget that he wrote this letter. And we presume he would not rest until every copy of it was destroyed; or perhaps instead of destroying it he would secure a copyright upon it, place it on sale and cause the title to read like this: "A Freak of the Imagination, and What Does it Refer to." This is the letter:

"A monstrous fish exploded and blew our boat to pieces. We escaped with our lives. It blew the fish out of the water by millions, threw itself on shore, writhed about in agony and tore up trees, in its last throes of giving up what little vitality it possessed; after which we struck a flint against what seemed like iron, striking fire. We found this monster measured 87 feet and 6 inches from tail to snout.

N. B. Take notice.—In the entrails of the fish we found an American Barlow penknife which cut both ways."



We of the present day say, how strange it was that no one was willing to take the trial trip with Robert Fulton and his steamboat. But after a time a friend of his consented to take the trip with him, giving his reason that for some time he had been contemplating suicide and if he was blown up it would save him the trouble of committing the serious deed.

One of the Saturday rides was taken on the "Johnny Bull train." (This short trip was always taken from near "Transportation.") The old engine, good as ever, was the first one run in the United States. Its whistle sounded as loud and as much as possible like a five-cent tin one. The bell sounded like a cow-bell, so we closed our eyes and fancied that off in the distance we heard the supper horn, and "tunk tunk" of the cow-bell, upon "old Daisy," the cow, and saw her wading knee-deep through the clover pasture, at last standing by the rail fence lowing because 'twas milking time.

The cars, though new, were built to represent the old cars of that day. They possessed a certain worn-out appearance, and were facsimiles of the cars which this engine first drew; we stooped when passing through the door, and on standing straight could touch the ceiling. The windows were composed of two small panes of glass set one above the other at the side of each seat. In case of rain or cold, wooden shutters were drawn from the bottom to the top, leaving one in utter darkness. Common damask curtains, tacked to their places with brass-headed tacks, covered the upper pane only. The seats were comfortable. They were built of plain wood, with open lattice work backs, which was three slats running lengthwise. The seats were covered with damask.

Slowly we moved down its track; in one direction we saw the fast train going at lightning speed toward the city, on the other side bicycles whirled by. Then greatest of all, the electric carriage, which seemed to move as though controlled by mind power. Yes, that great power was the first cause, or improvements would never have been and hasten the day when this magic power shall be so practically utilized that we guide, by motor power, heavier material than that of carriages. It will on hot days then be a solid comfort to ride and feel a power has taken the place of over-driven animal kind—a power which neither gets hungry, thirsty, sick nor tired, except when its force is spent and needs to be renewed by knowledge imparted



to the electrician. Impulsively we ask, "when shall we sight the end of success, and what will it be even twenty-five years from now?" The answer is, aye, put it many years sooner than that.

The capital invested in United States railroads was represented in the Transportation Building to be about \$30,000,000,000, representing about one-tenth of the wealth of civilized nations. The exhibit entitled "The railways of the world," was prepared at a cost of \$100,000, to show the development of locomotives and cars from those of the rudest makes in earliest days up to the present.

Not far away we saw a model of the town of Pullman, Chicago. We passed through their costly palace cars, the finest, safest, most convenient and luxurious ever constructed. Their wood-work was veneered in hand-carved rosewood, ornamented with hammered brass. The windows were of heavy plate glass, covered with curtains, drawn back, of richest material. The upholstery was of heavy brocaded satin, combined with silk velvet. The beautiful dining cars were rich with fine snowy damask, set with sparkling crystal and solid silver service. The ceilings looked like beaten gold. These, combined with the conveniences and comforts of their elegant sleepers, cannot but give to the tourist a restful trip and a grand time.

In the American exhibit of vehicles was a magnificent ebonized hearse manufactured in Chicago, and costing \$12,000. We would willingly give the name of this firm, but it has escaped our memory.

All foreigners insisted on keeping their exhibits, especially their vehicles, together; but it gave prestige to American makes, and opportunities were better for comparing them with foreign ones; the latter being grand, nicely finished in detail, but too heavy, and their work made an unfavorable comparison when standing beside those of American make, which were lighter, better attended to in detail, and stronger.

Dom Pedro's chariot of red and gold was imposing. Not far from it was an old Mexican ox cart; its wheels were made out of solid round pieces of wood, with holes in the center for the cross piece, on which was nailed a narrow board. A stuffed ox was hitched to it by means of a rope harness, which, fastened to saplings, served as whiffletrees.



Washington and Monroe's carriages were in good repair, looked very comfortable and were strongly built for the roads when the country was new.

On the upper floor we found sleds with smooth runners, which, it was stated, are used to ride down the hard sandy hills of Carro De Monte, of South America.

We returned to the first floor, went to the southwestern side, and saw Watts' first idea of utilizing steam. A statement informed us that on steam escaping from the tube which ran out several feet from this pumpkin-shaped boiler, it was expected the pressure of wind against it would cause the wheels upon which it was placed to revolve. We passed on, by trials and discouragements of early inventors, at last finding the "horse leg engine" for roadways, over which we shed tears from laughing. The inventor's idea was that the steam, working the piston rods, attached to legs of iron with huge feet, all fashioned precisely upon the principle of horse legs, would cause the legs to step along and help push the engine. We received a well deserved rebuke from an old gentleman, who said that more than likely one hundred years from now folks would cry from laughing over our inventors' modes and ideas.

At the extreme south end we found an old Roman roadway built 400 B. C. According to the description given of them by Tacitus, this roadway was genuine; it was found covered with six feet of moss, while mining in Germany, 1,000 feet below the surface of the earth. It was brought to the Fair just as found. Some ends of the planks were nearly rotted away, while others were in perfect condition. Enough remained to answer to the question of how these ancient roads were built.

One day we witnessed an unmerciful nagging given by a woman to the guard in charge of it. She was a "I-know-all-about-it" female. Turning to her husband, she said:

"John, I am determined to tell that deceivin' guard what I think o' him."

The old man protested, but it was of no avail, so he said:

"You've made one dumb fool o' yerself ter-day askin' wher the frame o' the whale was which swallowed Jonah. You know we don't know nothin' anyway."

As Betsey blustered up to the guard her husband, with a most discouraged air, walked away, muttering:

"What's the use of anything? Nothin'."



To the guard the old woman said:

"Young man, in the name of truth, and the United States of America, I demand to know how you dare tell this road was found four years afore Christ. 'Tain't in reason, and you know it."

The tired, but amused guard muttered under his breath something which sounded like "cope with ignorance." Immediately there was another scene, for she trotted after "John" and gave vent to her injured feelings as follows:

"That sassy feller called me a mope, and I hain't got a lazy hair in my head. You know that, don't you, John?"

"Yes, nor a lazy wag in yer tongue, neither."

On elevations we saw figures in wax seated on bicycles, the wheels running by electricity. We passed through an elegantly appointed ocean steamer of the White Star Line, looked in on its fine library, and fancied that we saw among "the battle of the books" "Six Months at the World's Fair." But it was air castle building, always so enjoyable while it lasts. Next we visited the smoking, dining and sleeping apartments. Then seating ourselves on the upper deck we took in great breaths of imaginary ocean breezes, while we passed through the Nicaragua canal; for you remember it laid right before you, a wide, long model of the contemplated canal. We sailed through Lake Nicaragua past the foot of the Rocky Mountains and sailed on into the great Atlantic.

This project was a pet scheme of ex-President Grant's, and it is said to be one of President Cleveland's pet schemes. We returned and passed through the canal system of New York State. In this exhibit we saw a model lock, built of wood, in 1804, but not used, which was still in a good state of preservation,

Next we found bicycles with which one might race by paying five cents. Two young men mounted them, racing like "grim death," watching the dials move to their colors, indicating which would win. It was so exciting, the writer fell into the sin, which has always seemed to be a natural proclivity, and bet with others of her party, winning several glasses of mineral (?) water. One thing is sure, we thought betting too fascinating for anything, but possessing much fortitude and principle, 'tis believed we'll never again fall from grace. Anyway, not until the opportunity is again as favorably presented.

Next was seen and admired Mrs. French-Sheldon's tent with all necessary adjuncts for camp life. Her wicker



palanquin was tastefully draped and be-pillowed with silk. Under the seat was a place for her wardrobe, toilet articles, and medicines. In this she rode when carried by natives through the wilds of far-off Zanzibar. Alone, unaccompanied by any white person, she led and commanded 137 Africans. She personally organized her expedition, and walked over 1,000 miles to better command her caravan. She visited more than twenty Sultans and tribes who had never before allowed audience to whites. She gained the confidence and esteem of the hostile Masia-Rombo and their warriors, collecting the most unique ornaments, vestments, weapons and other examples of their native arts and crafts.

This expedition was made in 1891. In an extract from her book, "From Sultan to Sultan," which is very interesting, she says:

"A sprightly bronze beauty, according to the accepted rule of that country, came up to me, repeating 'Bebe, Bebe,' extending her arms, and holding in her hands a dried grass beaded necklace. I accepted her proffered gift, curious to know what she would demand in return. To my astonishment she spit at me. In disgust and indignation, I was about to return her present, when Josef in his merry way checked me, saying:

"'Quite right, Bebe; that is their way of paying you a compliment.'"

During the Fair, this gifted woman delivered a lecture before the Anthropological Society of Chicago, and the officials of the "White City," exhibiting to the delighted audience collections from her expedition. A woman who can do what this one has done, and write a splendid description of it, thoroughly exemplifies what Kate Field says of "Woman's sphere."

"They talk about a woman's sphere,  
As though it had a limit;  
There's not a place on earth or Heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whisper, yes or no,  
There's not a life, or death or birth,  
That has a feather's weight of worth,  
Without a woman's in it."

Cook's excursions into the Holy Land were displayed on the first floor by an Arab, who had acted as guide for



people of the Cook excursions, for over twenty years. He met thousands at the Fair whom he had guided in that far-off country, and they re-registered in a new book. Every day he gave a lecture on Mohammedanism and explained the worship in their temple. He had on exhibition a model of a temple which yet stands near the waters of the Red Sea. He said that it was a correct pattern of the first temple which the Jews worshiped in. It corresponded with the Bible description given of it.



## MINES AND MINING.

The dimensions of this building was 700 by 350 feet, and cost \$265,000. More than one and a half million pounds of steel entered into its construction.

Frederick J. Skiff, chief of this department, now president of the "Field Columbian Museum," situated in the art palace at Jackson Park, is a man of indefatigable energy, and in his department at the Fair carried out all plans perfectly and successfully in every detail, receiving unstinted praise.

Throughout the Fair he labored powerfully for contributions to a permanent "World's Fair Museum," and it must have been a proud moment to him, Mr. Field and others, when his hard but successful work was crowned by an enthusiastic dedication which must have brought to the minds of many World's Fair officials memories of the year before. In the winter of '93, when using every energy toward the success of his department, he and his gentle wife were called upon to pass through the bitter sorrow of laying away two children, leaving to them a babe only a few months old.

Toward the last of the Fair a reception was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Skiff in New York's grand State building, which was participated in by the officials and their friends. On that occasion they presented him with an elegant silver service and a cabinet of valuable gems from every country in the world. The reply of this respected and much loved man was as unassuming as that of a child. One extract from his speech shows what a "gem of the first water" this gentleman is:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Whenever we shall look upon these sparkling, precious gems, we will remember jewels more brilliant and precious than these. They are the friendships which we have formed with World's Fair friends. Whenever Mrs. Skiff and myself shall look upon this elegant silver remembrance, and this amazing wealth of jewels, the dazzling brightness of these precious souvenirs will reflect back to our vision a reminder of this evening, and your bright, happy faces beaming with love and kindness." Stretching his hand toward the gifts, he added: "With the kind permission of you all, I present the silver service to Mrs. Skiff, who has nobly borne more than half



of my burdens. In the darkest hour, when troubles weighed the heaviest and clouds hung low and black like a funeral pall, which seemed to fairly envelop us both, she created a silver lining to them, with cheery and encouraging words. There is not enough wealth in this world to pay her for such richness of devotion. In our association with World's Fair friends, we all have learned better and higher lessons of each other. It is with intense yearning that we will ever reach out to grasp high and holy ideals, which uplifts us to live on higher planes here and fits us for the infinite law of love to be lived and practiced in the better land. The time is near at hand when humanity will not groan in spirit for sympathy, but the heart-beat of every member of the human family will beat with love and the strong desire to be truly helpful to each other. Then is when the whole law of love will be fulfilled as Christ taught it; when we will say to all people, and they in return will repeat the same salutation to us, I love you, because it is both Godly and Christlike." With regret we leave this scene and return to the topic, "The Mines and the Mining Building."

The largest exhibits made in the United States were from Pennsylvania, Michigan, Missouri, California, Montana and Colorado. The most noticeable thing in the Pennsylvania exhibit was Cleopatra's needle, represented in anthracite coal.

The Michigan exhibit was entered through an arched vestibule of solid, beaten copper, decorated with brownies peeking down from above. Her main exhibit was copper, of which she has the most and finest of any country or state in the world. There were shown in the Michigan exhibit, great masses of pure copper in the rough, weighing hundreds of tons. Michigan's monument was composed of bright bands of copper several hundred feet in height. There were shown tons upon tons of iron ore, the finest in the world. A fine showing of gold and silver and precious stones from Michigan's northern shores, and exquisite spars of crystal from her zinc regions. This department was in charge of the well-known geologist, Mr. Brady, of Detroit, who was assisted by his son Howard.

Each state and country made its display in pagodas and pavilions built of its respective local mineral products. Missouri of terra cotta, and California of onyx marble, that of lower California being clear as crystal, with moun-



tains and other picturesque scenes painted upon it by nature's lavish hand.

In the Montana exhibit was their famous silver statue. The silver was provided by the First National Bank of Helena; New York supplied the model, Miss Ada Rehan, who came to the prescribed standard of perfect physical development; and "Justice," with wide open eyes, modeled in silver, looked contending parties fair and square in the face, who struggled in her presence, and even now at her feet are fair-minded citizens pleading that the difference of opinion regarding silver and gold shall be settled righteously, so that this political turmoil which is a menace to the country shall cease.

Montana, like Idaho, and many other states, is rich in unopened mines of silver. That coin was "assassinated on February 12, 1873," and that is the great reason capitalists do not invest in silver mines to pay out of them silver as a premium on gold, which had the right of unlimited coinage when silver was the unit of value, but when gold was made a unit of value, silver was not given the right of unrestricted coinage, which she, previous to '73, had enjoyed with gold."

Was it fair? No one but the western states are able to answer the question. Why are not silver mines worked as they once were? Montana's opportunity came at a most auspicious time at the World's Fair. She took aim, pulled the trigger and fired for free silver, placing in her exhibit a figure of Justice, eight feet in height, with a face possessing strength of character, typical of the return of strength in silver coin.

About 60,000 ounces of silver were employed in the casting, which was done by the American Bronze Co., of Chicago, for which they were paid \$3,750. It was sculptured by Mr. Park, of Chicago, formerly of Florence, Italy, who received for his work \$10,000. The figure stood on a silver globe, which rested on the largest square of solid gold ever cast, valued at \$250,000. The intrinsic value of the statue was something over \$65,000, which, added to the gold foundation, presented in total valuation of the two precious metals, \$315,000.

In her left hand the statue held the traditional scales, one filled with silver coin, the other with gold. The scales were evenly poised, proving the equality and value of the two metals. The right hand grasped the handle of an unsheathed sword which bore the inscription: "Equal rights, equal money."



Upon the globe was the legend, "One country and one dollar."

It is said, that under the supervision of Mr. Harvey, the statue will make a tour of the world, stopping in the principal cities and then be returned to the First National Bank of Helena, whose officials will make such disposition of it as they see fit.

On the west side of the gallery was another goddess of Justice, "The Aspen silver queen of Colorado." It was placed at the point designated because there was no room for it in their large exhibit below. It was a beautiful combination of gold and silver, and could never be forgotten by anyone who saw it. Justice was seated in a silver chariot, and over her was a silver canopy, trimmed about its edge with a fringe of pure gold. Fronting Justice were two silver cherubs, pouring out of silver vessels, one, coins of silver, the other, coins of gold. Justice held scales in which were perfectly balanced, silver and gold.

Up to 1893 the wealth which Colorado had given the world in gold, silver, lead, copper and coal, was \$459,015,554. Their smelting and refining works, in 1891, with an investment of \$10,000,000, yielded that year in gold, silver, lead and copper, \$29,264,990.

In this exhibit was a gold brick valued at \$4,800, and a smoky, yellow topaz, larger and nearly as brilliant as was the diamond in Tiffany's exhibit.

In Iowa their celebrated marble was shown in an elegantly carved mantel and fireplace done by the Aldine Manufacturing Company, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Sharp pointed steel rods, with sockets in them for candles, which were ready to light for mining, were stuck about in the high, rugged rock.

A curious exhibit in the Louisiana section was a statue of rock salt. The finest iron ore mineral in the world was shown in this great building. The United States stands first in iron productions. In 1893 exceeding its annual production was 10,000,000 tons, which was four times that of 1883. From this last named date the production of steel in the United States aggregated 5,000,000 tons per year. The development in the southern states in iron mining has been great and rapid.

In varieties of lovely shades and colorings were shown thousands of polished specimens of United States building stone. Greece and Italy showed their cold, white marble chiseled into statuary, vases and hundreds of lovely designs.



The exhibit of coal and other products was one of quality, rather than quantity, and was tested for its economic value or special adaptability. In marble and building stone the test was strength and durability, combined with the highest polish.

A crowd was always about the unique exhibit of the Cape Colony Co., who brought with them native workers from their diamond mines, and their machinery in which they used hundreds of tons of their native soil. These huge rocks were studded with diamonds. They did not have the machines there for crushing these rocks, which were simply exhibits. It would, in truth, have been an unthought of impossibility to have brought these machines and shown their work, especially as the exhibits must have then gone through many more processes. This exhibit at the Fair the company did not show on as large a scale as in their mines, notwithstanding, it was a small mine in full operation. On a revolving shaft, were cups bringing up thick black mud, emptying their contents into sluiceways, and running thence to shifting screens, where an expert picked out the diamonds, placed them in a tray and handed them to the first workman, who buried them in a wet, soft mass of emory, under which was a fire. This last process was the commencement of polishing. On removing a stone from the emory, the expert passed it to the next worker who began the cutting; afterwards he, too, buried the gem in the emory, and taking it out, passed it on to the next polisher, until it had passed through about twenty hands. Over half a day is thus consumed in polishing one stone. This exhibit and the workers were inside a locked glass house. The diamond polishers were Americans, but it was a necessity that they should be locked in, on account of possible contact with the natives. Those last named individuals have to be watched constantly in their native fields that they do not swallow any diamonds. Their woolly heads are shaved in order that they may have no chance to hide diamonds in their hair.

There was shown a large amount of silver ore from the famous "Bridal Chamber," said to be the size of a small bedroom, of New Mexico. How would you figure the dimensions of it? From this "Bridal Chamber" was produced in one year \$500,000 worth of silver.

On the upper floor was the famous Ward geologic exhibit. There were precious turquoise amid heaps of sparkling diamonds and glittering piles of gems of every color



and value. Yes, there were acres of them. There were the smooth, round stones, called rolling stones, found in Central Africa, very thin shelled, and on being broken open, lying loosely in crevices, were hundreds of sparkling crystals.

There were large flats of crystal from Russia, which is used by the Russians in ornamental work. There were orange-red crystals from the Pacific coast, deep red garnets dulled by a coating of mica, from Alaska; fiery opals, moonstones and rubies. Here is another chance for some one to write a book treating on the valuable gems of the Fair. How we loved them and were fascinated, watching their constantly changing colors.

Now there comes to our memory a tall, thin-faced, seedily dressed man, who was an intellectual king in his knowledge of glittering gems, and rare specimens, historic of the formation of the world. With a look of perfect rapture, he gazed upon the gems, and said:

"I've just ten days to spend at the Fair, and I've spent this, my first, right here."

With a deep drawn sigh he added:

"And I'd like to come every day the rest of my life, but when the time comes for me to go home, I must go and take care of the farm, so wife can come."

The famous Ward exhibit of Rochester, N. Y., is the largest private collection of gems in the world. On the same floor was the exhibit of the Standard Oil Company, showing every variety of crude oils in America. In miniature models was shown the entire Connellville plant of the Frick Coal and Coke Company.

One part of the gallery reminded us of the scientific department of a university museum with all appurtenances for assaying and laboratory work. But the one great feature of the upper floor was the geological and gem display.



## ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

The objects which attracted most attention in this department was Prof. Gray's marvelous telautograph, and Edison's latest devices. These mysterious objects of interest were located in the gallery, where some of the finest exhibits were found.

On the west side of this building near one of the grand staircases, stood a handsome structure decorated in blue and silver. In this was situated the telautograph. This marvel was invented by one of the most fertile minds among American inventors. Not forgetting to give due credit to Edison and Bell, we hasten to say that the telautograph was considered by the officials and visitors of the Exposition the greatest wonder accomplished by human ingenuity since the days of 1837, when Morse produced an instrument which wrote ink signals which were sent by wire short distances by electricity. But Prof. Gray, after years of labor, gave to the Exposition and to the world a perfect machine, which is being used in Philadelphia and other cities. The instruments are precisely alike, and may be placed any distance apart; they will transmit any writings or drawings, fac-simile of the writer. Each instrument carries a strip of paper controlled by a device, which causes one to follow the movements of the other. It is very probable that this important invention will supersede the telegraph and telephone. Newspaper men may send fully written accounts with drawings of happenings which may be transmitted direct to their office, thus receiving for publication and illustration a correct account and idea, with no misunderstanding, as is frequently the case by telephone or telegraph. Diagrams or patterns may be drawn and sent from a distant city by the business man to his factory. Often it will be the means, and probably in the near future, of saving him a forced trip of hundreds of miles. For if certain patterns must be used at once for his prosperity, it will be a fine thing for him not to be obliged to be there personally. Thus is the telautograph a time-saver. It is sure to assume its place in the business world, or commercial field; then business men will sign checks from one city to another, make trades, execute deeds,



without seeing each other's faces. It is not possible that people in general will be long without this convenience.

Prof. Graham Bell first showed at the Paris Exposition, that electricity could and would produce speech at a distance. It has long been known that there is no limit as to distance in the accomplishment of this feat. Many remember the lawsuit over the telephone between Profs. Bell and Gray. It was stated by the gentleman who had charge of the telautograph, that Prof. Gray was truly the inventor of the so-called Bell telephone. The gentleman promised us the deathbed confession of the man who swore falsely in favor of Bell. But circumstances, which were a great disappointment, prevented us from getting it, and so we were left in doubt regarding it.

There was no one so sought for and inquired after as Edison, and no one tried harder to avoid people and keep out of their sight. It is certain he had no desire for notoriety. He positively refused to hold a reception, or have a spread of any kind made in his honor. One day when in the Madison Street Station, waiting for his train and eagerly conversing with an acquaintance, it was noised about who he was, and spectators began to gather about him. He fled from them as though they were so many Indians on the warpath, and climbed on the car before it fairly stopped. It must be that he is bashful; but if he could realize what a deep disappointment it was to the public not to have the opportunity given them to meet the great inventor, he would have put his bashfulness aside, for we assure him the interest which the public take in wishing to see him is far from being curiosity.

At the late Paris Exposition his phonograph was the admiration and wonder of the hour, though he had inventions there of more importance, people stood in line for hours to hear it talk. His inventions in the "Electricity Building" were exhibited commercially by large stock companies. There was shown his latest device for photographing from afar. His first phonograph, which recorded speech on tin foil, Mr. Edison distinctly realized that this device was a scientific toy, and nearly valueless. But energetically he worked to bring it to a state of perfection, producing a cylinder of wax, on which a fine jewel pointed needle scratched the record. These cylinders are sufficiently substantial to be transported from place to place and are good for nearly four hundred repetitions, before they are worn out.



Curious effects are produced in this machine. A bass solo sung into it may be changed to a galloping soprano by accelerating the speed of the machine. It can be adjusted to any sort of music and any time wished for; from this fact tests have been and are being made by scientists, trying to reach an accurate analysis of various sounds, and settle disputed theories regarding sound waves. 'Tis said that Edison has, since the Fair, made important improvements upon this instrument. His kinetograph at the time of the Fair was not perfected, but we presume that long ago it has been. It was intended to be first a combination of the receiving phonograph and the camera; second a combination of the reproducing phonograph and stereopticon. These, combined with his wealth of scientific knowledge, are intended to produce the speech of the orator, at the same time producing photos or scenes in quick succession, one after another; one every second. This can be applied to a whole opera company. This instrument was not at the World's Fair, as he then was working upon an apparatus sufficiently large to produce this very thing.

In the center of the upper floor of the Electricity Building, electro-plating in gold and silver was done on all metals. The pass pins, penny iron affairs, were plated in one-half hour by electricity, making a pretty souvenir. In the southwest corner of the gallery was another of Edison's exhibits, which was interesting to jewelers. It was a machine which engraved pictures, and letters, raised or sunken, on flat, convex or concave metals. It was so easy to do that a child, after a few moments' instruction, could use the instrument.

The metal was placed in a ferule, and tightly clamped over a metal, jeweled point, which, controlled by the electric mechanism, mysteriously reduced or increased the size of letters, and raised or lowered them. There were electric brushes for headache, and when pressing the palm of the hand on the end of the handle it produced a strong current. The price of the brush was \$5 and it was guaranteed to last ten years.

This magnificent building contributed more than any other to the beauty of the Fair, for without it we should have had no illuminations stretching over sixteen hundred acres of ground. The wondrous and mysterious beauty seen in that building surpassed any art of description. There appeared and disappeared in every fancied



color pictures of great men, pillars of fire, and lines of fire in changing colors, which ran from one end of the building to the other, fastening their beautiful electric mystery onto great whirling balls. From behind another design a mysterious unseen power moved with the orderly mechanism of a human hand, causing light and darkness to appear. Myriads of advertisements flashed forth, in prismatic or uncertain hues. Near the illuminated room of colored glass were shown flashes of lightning, while roars of thunder were produced by this as yet unexplainable power, which may be forever beyond the knowledge of anyone to explain the philosophy of.



## ANTHROPOLOGICAL BUILDING.

In this building, which was devoted to "man and his works," although it was a world exhibit, the history of America was made especially prominent; comparisons of aboriginal customs and others being strikingly illustrated.

The exhibits from foreign countries were large and of rare interest. In the north galleries were laboratories devoted to the study of the physical characteristics of the races, with specimens and data upon study of the brain and nervous system. Apparatus and material was shown which illustrated the teachings of psychology. There were shown the results of investigation of the growth and development of children. There were also shown by material collected from American cities and gymnasiums, practical suggestions upon education. Charts indicated the physical and educational development of the races, and a fine library dealing on anthropological subjects was available.

On the south side, scientifically arranged, so as to best convey the educational purpose of the collection, were geological specimens of all ages, and models of pre-historic animals. The walking anaconda reared itself twelve feet or more upon its forelegs of great size, and rested upon the tail end of its spinal column, which was twelve or fifteen feet long. There are times in life (and this is "one of them"), that we would fain "skip out," leaving explanations like this and others to follow, to the scientist, for as no ghosts of the past return to help out the writer on so mighty and little understood a subject, such explanations as this one and those which will follow cannot but be torture and martyrdom to the reader. It was a gratifying thought, however, that such creatures had been "a long time dead."

Most of this exhibit belonged to Prof. Ward, America's great museum builder. When visiting the museum in St. Petersburg, he saw the original skeleton of a great elephant which existed before the quaternary age, carcasses of which have been found in Siberia imbedded in solid ice. This was duplicated by Dr. Fraas from bones collected in different parts of Europe and from samples of skin and hair still existing. This eminent anatomist and geologist



most truthfully resurrected this ancient Siberian mammal.

Prof. Ward purchased this and the original skeleton and transferred them to Rochester, where another duplicate was reared for World's Fair visitors to gaze on, its towering form frowning darkly and fiercely down upon them. The specimen was covered with coarse black hair, which was longer under the throat than elsewhere on its body. This animal of enormous size, covered with hair instead of a fur-like coat, appeared entirely unlike the modern elephant. It stood about eighteen feet high, and measured about twenty-eight feet in length; its tusks were fifteen feet long and were fourteen feet apart. Wags were ever present to inform those who knew better, and some who did not, that the huge modeled skeleton of the whale was the one which swallowed Jonah.

One animal (not knowing its scientific name), we christened the "bird snake, and seal turtle." This animal, 'tis likely ranked among the first of the air breathing race. Its body was like that of a turtle, while upon its sides were flippers of the seal; a snake-like neck ran up from its body about five feet in height. Attached to the neck was a snake's head with beady eyes; its expression, with its head twisted sidewise, reminded us of a bird. Geology teaches that birds came from snakes. There were pre-eminent characteristics of both these animals in some of the strange specimens which were seen there.

Imprinted upon sandstone were four toes and a thumb, looking much like the human hand. This was called the mark of the "hand-beast." In limestone were marine fossils, and quantities of coral reefs were conspicuous for their great beauty. A little boy was as intensely interested in them as was his father and explained how they had been built by little animals which could be seen only with a strong microscope. A red-headed, large-mouthed, big fellow blurted out:

"No sich durned thing. Them used to be sponges and they're turned to stone."

Imprinted in upper Devonian were frightful fish of many forms, all having teeth. In red sandstone were flat-headed ones with tapering, slender bodies like those found by the quarryman, Miller, of Scotland, who did such splendid work for science as to receive unstinted praise from Agassiz. There were exhibited great oyster shells, the meat from one once furnished a steak for a dozen persons.



On the east were all known birds, stuffed, and their eggs lay in nests; these showed their peculiar modes of nest-building. Brilliant specimens of butterflies were there from wherever they are found.

In staffwork, was a piece of scenery made to represent nature. Foliage, shrubs, and flowers were represented on rocks, from which water trickled to the green-edged brook below. Posing here and there were stuffed animals, while peering out of crevices were others in various positions; and great snakes were represented twisting and squirming about.

On the floor below were shown all religions, games and toys of all times and countries, idols, amulets, and other superstitious or semi-religious symbols, all which helped to illustrate folk-lore. It was most convincing that games of to-day were played in a similar manner by prehistoric people. One exhibit, called the Peruvian cemetery, showed their mumified remains found in their mounds. They had been buried sitting and surrounded by their crafts. Their works showed advanced civilization. Their pottery was gracefully shaped and artistically decorated in colored patterns. Their hammocks were of as good quality of twine, and rope, too, as is now made; their linen was fine, with embroidery in peculiar patterns.

From Nova Zembla were shown ebony oars, set the entire length with mother-o'-pearl. A soup boat, large enough to take a ride in, was of the same material and decorated like the oars. Great ebony bowls, used by the natives in dipping out the soup, were lavishly ornamented in the same manner. All these were so smoothly finished, artistically shaped, and so richly ornamented that they would fitly grace a finely furnished room, and, if only appropriate, would add to its beauty.

From Yucatan and other countries were seen utensils not unlike those of the Egyptians. These were carved out of stone, and were from the stone age. What had served them as dishes were carved to represent toads, turtles and fish. Their images or gods were carved out of a black marble like stone. A wide, long, smooth, flat stone stood four inches high on carved stone legs; upon it lay a long and enormous sized rolling pin of stone. The rarest exhibit shown there was two urns. The smallest topped the larger one. In design they were precisely alike. They were patterned in an open slat work. Very beautiful and smoothly done were all the exhibits in this department,



and we knew we were looking upon works which had been done by a race of advanced civilization; and an annihilating sense of insignificance swept over us as we thought of the endless procession of races which had preceded us and that may succeed us, and we rejoice in the thought of what an imperial destiny is promised to humanity, from the fact that society has never receded from civilization, but it has ever advanced physically, intellectually and spiritually, onward and upward to higher planes of living. A happy faith is that in the evolution of humanity; it is the stuff which confident, sanguine hope is made of. Next we looked upon the curious articles which had once belonged to the fierce natives in far-off Zanzibar. This exhibit was owned by Mrs. French-Sheldon, who secured them of the natives after gaining the consent of the chiefs of the many different tribes. There were shown bells which are worn by the little black babies to encourage them to walk. There were wigs made of weeds, and feathers which are worn by the natives, and fig leaf aprons, which are worn by the women and men too. There were bracelets made of pieces of brass and shells, anklets and girdles of beads, very dashing hair ornaments and beautiful spears. Mrs. Sheldon is a very wonderful woman. She traveled through the wilds of Africa and commanded a band of one hundred and thirty-six natives. She managed to secure the confidence of the terrible Chief Rombo, and others as much to be feared. She was the first white person that was ever allowed by the chiefs to watch their subjects make spears and knives and do smith work upon jewelry, etc. At all formal palavers held with the chiefs she appeared in a magnificent white silk ball gown, which had a long train. They felt very much honored in having so great attention paid to them, and in turn appeared in all of their finery. More is told of this brave woman in the topic of the Transportation Building. She has written a very interesting book upon the modes of life lived by the natives of that far-off country. The title of the book is "From Sultan to Sultan."



## ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

Situated in this "gem of architecture" were the many offices of administration, which were reached by grand staircases or elevators. If blessed with a permit to walk in the balustraded inner balcony, one could behold in full the mural paintings of the dome.

In the center of the building rested the "Treasury House," like that in Washington. It was composed of Columbian half dollars, which were sold as souvenirs at one dollar. On the octagon-shaped walls, in spaces near the dome, were the names of early discoverers and inventions, such as these:

"The mariner's compass came into general use in navigation in 1272."

"Gunpowder was first employed in European warfare about 1325."

"Gutenberg introduced the art of printing from moveable type in 1450."

"Copernicus explained his theory of the solar system in 1543."

"Newton published his discovery of the law of gravitation in 1687."

"Watts patented his invention of the condensed steam engine in 1769."

"Jenner discovered vaccination in 1796."

"Morse invented the electric telegraph in 1837."

Above the four outside entrances were inscriptions historic of Columbus. These inscriptions informed the innumerable spectators gathered from the four corners of the universe, that "Columbus was born in Genoa in 1446 and went to sea at the age of fourteen." The correct wording of the second inscription we cannot give, but it referred to Queen Isabella disposing of her jewels, in order to give Columbus financial assistance in fitting out his fleet to sail to the land which she, with Columbus, believed "lay asleep upon the ocean's breast." The third stated that "Columbus sailed from Palos with three small vessels and landed on one of the Bahama islands on October 12, 1492." Lastly that "Columbus after discovering the new world made three other trips and died at Valladolid, Spain."

Robert M. Hunt, of New York, president of the Ameri-



can Society of Architects, was the architectural designer of this building. The sculptor of the group was Karl Bitter, of New York. On the small domes were represented Commerce, Industry, Justice, Religion, War, Peace, Science and Art. On the corner pavilions were Charity, Truth, Strength, Abundance, Tradition, Liberty, Joy, Diligence, typical of the past and present of "the new world."

On the west side of the building, suspended in a frame, was the new "Liberty Bell," composed of gold and silver heirlooms, which were contributed by people from all over the world. It was rung every day at noon, and in its sweet chime were ringing notes of supreme joy, which seemed to sing forth its suggestive inscription: "A new law I give unto you that ye love one another." On its edge was the same inscription as is on the old liberty bell. On state day celebrations, it was rung with ribbons of red, white and blue by young ladies of each State. On Michigan day it was rung by Misses Jennie and Louise Flynn, of Detroit; the Misses Burt, daughters of Hon. Wellington R. Burt, of Saginaw; Misses Leah Beach and Mattie Warren, of Flint, and Miss Grace Belden, of Horton.

In the archway of the east entrance stood a heroic figure of Columbus on a pedestal fourteen feet high. It was commenced by Louis St. Gaudens, brother of the great modern sculptor, but he being unable to finish it, Miss Mary Lawrence, a pupil of Augustus St. Gaudens, did the work under his direction. On Columbus' hands were gauntlets; in the uplifted right hand, the standard of Castile and Aragon; in the left, a sword pointing downward. Over his armor was a cloak, which seemed gently blown back by the breezes. The artist's idea was admirably conveyed. His countenance showed deep-lined anxiety and toil, which was forgotten and nearly lost sight of in the proudest moment of his life, when taking possession of America.

He discovered a portion of a world within itself, which waited for the onward march of civilization to reveal its stretch of fertile plains, sufficient to feed millions; its inexhaustible mines stored with treasures and precious metals; its majestic mountains and timber-covered hills, whose sides were watered by babbling brooks running into the valley's mighty waters, on which now sail majestic ships of all nations, carrying on commerce upon every sea. We are proud of our birthplace, the home of liberty, and trust it will ever be the land where true merit makes the



man; where honest worth may win all honors, starting from the humble home to arrive at last to the culmination of success, at the nation's capitol. Our nation and her institutions are masterpieces created by the human mind, which was given a deep knowledge of wisdom by the Great Father of love, to whom be "glory and dominion forever and forever."

Too true it seems to be of some people of this prophetic age that they are unwilling to read or hear anything which savors of Christianity, but we truly believe that they are making a fatal mistake in slighting and insulting God, nay forgetting Him, Who from the beginning of our nation's history, has extended His marvelous, watchful care over it in peculiarly wonderful ways. And we firmly assert to the thousands of scoffers walking after their own lusts and saying: "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Do they watch and study closely "the signs of the times" and wait? Wait! for a great and grand change in the affairs of this earth is coming. Let us be serious and not court ignorance concerning this matter. It is time for God's people, yea, it is time for all people to awake from the belief that there is "peace, peace, where there is no peace." Do not fail to let your knowledge shine forth regarding these things; do not shamefacedly hide it, but earnestly cry forth the tidings as did John the Baptist nearly nineteen hundred years ago. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of God is at hand." Every eye shall see Him and His coming shall be as the lightning is from the east to the west and there shall be new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth unselfish, loving people, and all will be helpful to each other.



## THE ILLUMINATION.

When standing in the "Court of Honor," viewing that beautiful scene, typical of the departed glory and grandeur of Rome and Venice, only this soulful sight was on a scale a million times larger, we echoed the sentiment of the first telegraph message sent over the the first line: "What hath God wrought!" Cultured scholars exclaimed. "The grandeur of this place, or any other in the beautiful 'White City,' we lack in eloquence of tongue or pen to describe, and not half of this city's great glory to mortals will ever be told." Often we heard it remarked when in the Court of Honor, "I wonder if this is not typical, in part, of the Heavenly City?"

One evening we listened to one of the many fine concerts in "Sylvan Dell," which on that particular evening was given by thirty Alabama minstrels, who sang typical songs of the South and represented pickanniny dancing. This was interspersed by selections given by the Mexican string band. The sweet, ecstatic strains of melody placed us in a state of blissful happiness for the rest of the delights of the evening.

We strolled through the "Wooded Island," soon coming to the illuminated Japanese gardens. There hanging everywhere were festoons, stars, anchors, and other designs. Dotted over the grass were small colored lamps, which shone like so many fireflies. This effect was produced by Japanese oil, resting in colored glasses, which burned for hours, enhancing the beautiful flower-beds scattered about.

Here and there we heard music, while on the green, among the trees, danced gauzily dressed fairies. It was indeed like fairyland. We crossed the White Bridge, guarded by white polar bears, walked a broad road between two marble-like buildings, the "Electricity" and "Mines and Mining."

Before us stood the "gem of architecture," the "Administration Building." Our childish fancy of the "New Jerusalem" came to us as we gazed on its golden dome, and its figures from mythology, with outstretched arms, and in many other attitudes, looking like Parisian marble, every fold of drapery hanging perfect in its place, the whole crowned with hundreds of electric lights.



Softly some one would sing:

"I have read of a beautiful city,  
Far away in the kingdom of God."

Then the question was suggested to the mind: "I wonder if this is not typical of it?"

We felt light as air, our minds were filled with noble and elevating aspirations. A "quivering, rosy light," like that which Sir Galahad saw when searching for the "Holy Grail," fell across the MacMonnies fountain.

"Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive," it rested on fair "Columbia," seated in the "Pinta," which represented the barque of Progress. It was heralded by Fame, standing in the prow, and it was represented as being rowed by the geniuses of civilization, Old Time, representing experience, kept a firm and steady hand on the rudder.

As they sailed, the breeze seemed to rustle their draperies, and gods, goddesses, sea centurions, and mermaids gathered about the barque as they rose classic and white out of the water, which poured down the marble steps into the lagoon, where electric boats were guided by electricity's mysterious power. It reminded us of the story, in which the two girls glided to the "other shore" when "beyond the gates."

Gaily dressed gondoliers, plying their boats, flitted up and down the stream, while senioritas gave languishing glances from their dark eyes as they leaned luxuriously against silken cushions, and seniors twanged the guitar, singing heart-breaking love songs.

Traveling about was the wonder of the age, "The Water Bicycle." Presiding majestically, ninety feet in air, was the golden "Statue of Liberty." Back of her, the grand Peristyle. On its cornices, reaching from "Music Hall" to the "Casino," were the statues of the old masters of art, music and literature.

We wandered about on marble terraces, and seemed to walk on sands of crystal, gazing at the paintings of Millet, which graced every archway, or upon the classic figure of Diana, pirouetting in the breeze. Queer people from "Midway" elbowed their way through the crowds. Javanese, from under their scanty robes, showed their brown legs, and calmly puffed cigarette smoke into the faces of the curious. Dark-eyed Egyptian flower girls stared through long, black veils. There were seen Esquimaux women, dressed in American calico, their hats trimmed in colors outrivaling the rainbow; people from



the Ceylon Isle; Indians in war-paint and feathers; richly robed, jabbering Turks and Bedouins. All this reminded us of the Bible prophecy, worded something like this:

"And in the last days He shall gather together all the nations of the earth," "and the lights shall be red in the day of His coming."

On each side of the MacMonnies fountain were electric fountains, each throwing a stream ninety feet high, in constant changing colors of purple and red, then shaping into golden sheaves of wheat, which looked like Venetian crystal.

In the "Court of Honor," and spread over the great "Plaza," as far as the eye could reach, on bridges, roofs and balconies, it was a mass of people. The brilliantly illuminated battleship "Illinois" threw a huge searchlight, which was answered from "Machinery Hall," while the largest searchlight in the world, which was on "Liberal Arts," alternated in lighting up the lake and land for miles. Waves of melody were wafted miles out upon the lake from chimes in "Machinery Hall" and "Liberal Arts." At one time was heard the sweet, old refrains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Sweet Hour of Prayer," then in mournful cadence "The Vacant Chair."

On this typical Venetian night the "World's Fair" choir of six hundred voices, directed by Prof. Tomilson, and accompanied by the Cincinnati band of sixty pieces, sang "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," and "I would not live away;" it seemed we would live always amid such surroundings. These were followed by other hymns, and hundreds of thousands who were there will never forget their favored condition on that night of perfect happiness.

When Prof. Tomilson announced "America," the band sounded the key, and the vast multitude, full of emotion, sang America's "Hymn of the Republic" as it was never sung before. The vast choir arose to their feet, waving time with their music. On coming to the closing line, all looked up towards the vault of Heaven, while men, with white, impassioned faces gave long, loud cheers, which ended in sobs. Women and children waved their handkerchiefs, crying aloud, while others, with tears of reverential love streaming down their cheeks sang, "Great God, Our King."

The reign of enchantment was in full sway. The shadows had ascended from the feet of the golden Statue of Liberty up past the cap upon her spear, and the effigies



of art, science and religion, shone above the Peristyle. Darkness had become mysteriously luminous, distant domes were translucent with interior flame, cornices, pediments, and colonnades were traced in golden beads of fire; pallid pinnacles were etched upon the ebony sky, a long light leaped across the lake, and a wild cataract of brilliant colors from the electric fountain leaped ninety feet in the air. In a delirious dream of joy we seemed to drift about in a world of glorious lights. It was of that ethereal beauty which seemed to belong to things not wholly of this earth and we felt an incomprehensible affinity to something we had read, seen or dreamed of. Was it in a previous existence? On the dome of Agriculture Diana danced in the breeze like a thing of life. Enchanted we gazed upon her and waited for an arrow to whiz over our heads from her bow. There stole over us an exquisite contentment and delight, a feeling which was akin to our young, happy days, as we looked upon the electrical fountains fling into the air gorgeous columns of liquid fire, then colored spirals, glowing in intense orange and green, then crept up from the bottom over the tiny sprays, crimson, uniting in arches, then it separated in a shower of silver, which, as it fell, formed into seemingly golden crystalized sheaves of wheat. In the eastern arch of the Administration Building the statue of Columbus, holding out the flag of Castile, seemed to quiver with life, and in pride repeat, "This is my country, and I have returned to see it in grandeur undreamed of." The subtle pathos of this transitory beauty and splendor made an impression too deep for expression, for there was conceived, created and loved an ideal which has vanished like the insubstantial fabric of a vision. It gleamed like a marvelous mirage, then it disappeared, to be seen no more. All this glory has vanished like the flowers, the rainbow or a radiant sunset, which reminds us of Burns' epitaph upon the snowflake in the river, "one moment white, then gone forever."



## AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

This palace of architecture was 500 by 800 feet, and the annex was 300 by 500 feet. The total cost was \$618,000. It was one of the magnificent and striking structures of the Exposition. It stood near the shore of Lake Michigan, and faced the "Court of Honor." Its longest dimensions lay east and west. Its architectural design was bold and heroic.

On each side of the main entrances were mammoth Corinthian pillars 50 feet high, and 5 feet in diameter. A magnificent colonnade connected the "Agricultural Building" with "Machinery Hall;" near here was located the stock pavilion and "Forestry Building," which were situated near the stations of the intramural railroad.

Farmers could not but be pleased with their reception and treatment by World's Fair managers, in this their building and in all others.

Since the Centennial a great advancement has been made in agricultural progress, and since then it has been honored with department representation in the President's Cabinet. Experiment stations are now connected with the agricultural colleges of the country, with trained scientists and educators, which are supported by the government, thus reaching out into all fields of scientific research, assisting in a practical way those engaged in farm work, and advancing the interests of this great industry which occupies a foremost place in the estimation of mankind.

Irrigation was first a rude invention of the Egyptians. Its possibilities to-day are of intense interest. At the Fair the subject was presented in so practical and comprehensive a manner as to be entirely convincing as to its uses in stimulating production, and converting barren lands into fertile fields. The valuable results which have followed from the immense live stock exhibit at the Fair are very flattering and can hardly be estimated. The popularity of, and interest taken in farmers' institutes everywhere, by outsiders as well as those in farming communities, indicates rapid progress in agricultural thought. Great interest is shown throughout the country in Arbor day. This excellent practice, though forcibly illustrated



in many states, should receive far more encouragement than it does.

The eastern portion of the main floor was occupied by agricultural and food exhibits of foreign nations. Nearly the remainder of this floor was possessed by cereals and other farm products from the states and territories.

On nearly ten acres of floor were displayed the farm products of the world, showing energy and advanced culture of agriculture, in unending variety. Each exhibit was accompanied by the following data: Name of object; name of producer; where grown; character of the soil; date of planting; quantity of seed planted per acre; method of cultivation; date of harvesting; yield per acre; weight; price of product at nearest market; average temperature; rain or snow fall by months between planting and harvesting; was irrigation employed?

In the annex, on six acres of floor, was every description of the best and most improved farm machinery in use, and enough is known of the farming implements used in primitive times to illustrate the progress of industry up to the present. In the east end were working colonies of bees, and exhibits of honey; on the west were exhibits of the brewery industries. Situated by these were magnificent collections of flours, meals, breads, pastries, sugars, confectionery, canned goods, oils, soaps, chocolates, tobacco, and limitless amounts of manufactured food products.

The association of American agricultural colleges, and experiment stations, occupied nearly 8,000 square feet. It was located in the southwest corner on the first floor, and represented the entire work of a model agricultural experiment station, covering the whole field of experiment and research in crops, botany, horticulture, entomology, feeding stuffs, animal nutrition, dairy solids, milk testings, veterinary science, beside a botanical, biological and chemical laboratory. This combined exhibit, graphically illustrated the work, and the special field covered by each, and gave a vast amount of information which was, and now is, of incalculable benefit to many thousands, who learned what crops are best adapted to different localities and reasons for them, the most approved methods of cultivation, and how best results are secured.

The foreign governments and states of the Union housed their exhibits in beautiful temples. Their streets ran north, south, east and west, and made of it a veritable city of pavilions and pagodas.



Iowa's pavilion was supported by representations of mottled marble pillars, which were glass cylinders filled with seedlings. 'Tis hoped some one, who is capable, will contribute writings for a book upon this city of buildings, and their collections. It possessed too much instructive and artistic beauty in architecture and tasteful arrangement to be lightly passed by. The writer feels her utter inadequacy to develop in thought, or bring before the mind's eye the invaluable benefits which were gained by those interested in agriculture, and were the telling of it entrusted to her, instead of to an experienced farmer, much would be lost and nothing would have been gained.

Some of the private booths, especially one for a wine exhibit, cost more than \$25,000 apiece. The British exhibits contained grain from their experimental stations, showing the effect of artificial fertilization on the various seeds. They gave a great display of hemp, manilla, flax, jute, tobacco, etc.

The Liebig, and other exhibits of "concentrated extract of beef," and canned meats, were large. In a refrigerator as large as an ordinary house, were preserved dressed meats of various sorts. These were American exhibits. Americans and English showed fertilizers, chemical manures, phosphates, and alkalies, malt liquors of all kinds; and with the Scotch and Irish showed whiskeys, old Bourbon, old rock and old rye, which caused many under its influence to sing: "'Tis whiskey, 'tis whiskey that makes you feel so frisky." But imbibers, why not be practical and remember: "Oh what a difference in the morning."

The outer decorations of this building need no comments. Indeed, it is impossible to describe its beauty. To us, either in the daytime or nighttime, 'twas proudly classic. On the sides of the main entrance were great female figures of "Abundance and Fertility." Above was a frieze of horses, oxen, sheaves of grain, scythes, etc.

The artists who executed the mural paintings were G. W. Maynard and H. F. Schladermundt. The graceful and classic statuette of "Diana," on the central dome, was the work of August St. Gaudens, of New York, an artist of too much note to need particular mention. He sculptured the Lincoln statue, which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and is the designer of many graceful and noted works. "Diana" as a work of art was, perhaps, more admired than any other. So strong was the impression that this goddess fairly lived that her appearance as a



whole seemed to indicate she might, at any moment, sail away, soaring towards heaven's vaults, and be forever lost to earthly view.

Philip Martina produced for many different buildings, twenty single signs of the zodiac, twenty figures of "Abundance," two of the "Seasons," four of the "Nation," and a horse and cattle group. One very noticeable group, standing on the front roof of the "Agricultural Building," heroically outlined, was that of a yoke of oxen, a woman standing between, holding them apart by their horns.

Samantha's drawing of this, given in her book, entitled "Samantha at the Fair," was an effort which she should ever be proud of. The writer has only one criticism to offer. If Samantha could have removed the strained, lengthwise grin upon the woman's face and caused it to have a more oblique expression, in the gigantic opinion of the writer, emanating from her brain of conceited proportions, she might have made it, colossally speaking, more imposing, and might have come closer to the idea of what Martina, in this noble conception of thought conveyed, but if he is suited, and feels in no libelous spirit toward her, then we have failed in arousing any sentiment against Samantha's "art."

Martina's domestic animals graphically illustrated the purpose of this fine building, as they did wherever seen. Larkin C. Mead accomplished many fine works of art. Far above the main entrance were agricultural growths modeled in marble by his skillful hands. "The return of Prosperine from the Realms of Pluto," on the pediment of this building, was another of his numerous rare works of art.



## MACHINERY HALL.

"The heart of the Fair throbbed in Machinery Hall," infusing light and life to every part of the Exposition. In the great engine room were fifty-two boilers, the largest ones ever made. All of them worked under a pressure of one hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch. The fuel used was oil, so there was an entire absence of dust, ashes, or the usual smudge of an ordinary engine room. The floors were always clean, and the men were cleanly dressed who worked here. The prevailing valve used on the engines was the Corliss. The huge engine which furnished the power for the largest searchlight in the world, was manufactured by Shuckert & Co., a German firm. This, as we know, was on the "Liberal Arts Building," and the engine which caused it to throw out its wonderful light was an English exhibit, which made about four hundred revolutions a minute. It possessed a triple compound of three hundred and sixty horse-power. As we watched the mighty thrusts of the connecting rod, we had grave doubts of its safety. Nevertheless it proved to be perfectly safe.

It would be a big job for the "village blacksmith" to punch a three-inch hole through a heated iron, while some machines in Machinery Hall bit it out of cold iron as though it were so much cheese. Another attack upon the ancient blacksmith by the machinist and electrician, was the electric welding machine, shown by the Thomas Electric Welding Company in the "Electricity Building." The principle involved was causing electricity to pass through points brought together which would weld the smallest link in a lady's neck chain, or the huge anchor chain of a ship. This was entirely beyond the range of the forge or furnace. The process is unlimited; railroad crossings, frogs, and joints, can be solidly welded by electricity. So can the boiler head of a locomotive, or anything which would need this process, be welded by this magic force.

In this building were manufactured the heaviest parts of machinery, and the most delicate parts of sewing and other machines. In the machine shops were mechanics from nearly every industrial nation. The large German exhibit, the workmanship of their mechanics,



and the Krupp gun, of the Krupp Building, must have caused every German heart to thrill with pride. Even American machinists expressed their admiration, because it and their work was on a par of excellence and perfection.

The machines of the Morton Manufacturing Company, of Muskegon, Mich., were interesting and novel. It is an unsatisfactory and laborious job for most machinists to chip or file a key seat. Their machinery dispensed with all these crude methods. They exhibited from their machines reamers, punches, gauges, taps, dies, scales, micrometers, and numerous fine tools of all kinds.

Brown & Sharp, of what city we do not know, exhibited a measuring machine with a microscope attachment, by which the one hundred-thousandth part of an inch could be measured. While foreigners showed strong, durable work, yet that of Americans, light and neat, combined foreign methods with improved ones of their own. They showed great economy in the use of material, in space, and lightness of construction. On comparing the manner in which rivets were hammered in boilers of German, French and other foreign makes, it was found the American workman did a neater job and as secure a one, which was demonstrated in the boilers manufactured by the Wickes Bros., of Saginaw, Mich. Their boilers were exhibited in the "Horticultural" and "Illinois" buildings. These, like those made by the Heine & Krowsell boiler-makers, of Chicago, were constructed wholly of steel, producing a combination of lightness, strength and durability.

In Machinery Hall was woven fine silks for the Stevens Silk House, of Chicago. Thousands of yards of these fine textured goods, in rare, rich colors, were so tastefully arranged in "Liberal Arts" that their splendor detracted from other exhibits. Hundreds of people said it was the finest display there. Through carding machines, then out of others rolled fleecy rolls of cotton batting.

The large paper evaporating machine consumed fifteen tons of water per hour. It made paper out of bass wood, poplar and pine, reeling off hundreds of yards of paper in a day. Tired of watching huge, swiftly revolving wheels, and hearing the clanging of machinery, we hied ourselves away to a quiet spot, where stood an old Ramage press, one hundred and fifty years old, which came from South Carolina. It had been used by Benjamin Franklin.



Doubtless quantities of corn and tobacco money had been printed upon it.

Near this exhibit we met Gardarelli, an Italian from South Carolina, who showed an intensely interesting fire escape, which had been patented six years. He showed by the model that it could be placed in the narrowest alley, and be elevated to any height, twenty stories, more or less. The machine cost \$5,000, more or less, according to the number of stories it is wanted for.



## FORESTRY BUILDING.

One bright July morning friends from California, Wisconsin and Indiana joined us in a trip over the "Intramural." Very enjoyable was our trip "around the world." In the distance we saw Turkey, and nearer yet, Germany. Our route carried us past France, and cut through Idaho, Utah, Iowa, and other states and countries. Happy morning hours. We stopped at the stock pavilion to see the proud stepping, best blooded stock in the world. While walking around the railing which enclosed the circle we saw a horse, black as night, with shining coat, who bounded as light as air as he responded to his master's commands. In proud condescension he conferred these favors upon his master and the audience, seeming to know full well that he was the "star" actor of the ring.

We are unable to give the name of the man from Michigan who made such a fine display of stock. Two of his beautiful bays, precisely alike, daintily stepped along, followed by their colts, who were fac-similes in form and color, of their mothers. One of the mares trotted up to the railing and rubbed its nose against the cheek of a little woman; she said, "You beautiful creature," and added "You darling colties," too. She caressed them and at the same time talked to them, after the manner of talking to intelligent people. They arched their necks, then nodded their heads. They looked at her out of their beautiful brown eyes, and expressed in many ways that they quite understood her conversation. In the meantime the remaining mother of one of the little beauties had come up to the little woman and insisted upon receiving her share of caresses too; with her nose she pushed the lady's hands away from the others and whinnied for notice. This circumstance was proof positive that animals quickly know those who truly love them. The man in charge said: "Madam, an honor has been conferred upon you. These noble, high-born mothers were inclined to drop their aristocracy with you and did so. They are brought up to be not at all common in showing interest in people, but horses know their friends, and these have paid to you their compliments, of which you may be proud, for these high-blooded, breded horses are taught to be particular about



being caressed and to allow no familiarities. The most exclusive person in the world does not inherit prouder instincts than do finely bred horses."

The Arabian riders galloped in on their "darlings," who moved like a dream. Next came horses of Russia, drawing their drivers in two-wheeled drags, then followed four of the smallest ponies in the world, driven by the little daughter of their owner.

How all cheered the "babies," and on leaving the pavilion, we went to the tent where the little ponies were kept, which was near the Michigan logging camp, where were seen many of these diminutive animals, and we hugged them to our hearts' content. A sweet-faced young girl rested her cheek against the nose of a darling one, while the fine-looking young man who accompanied her said, with a discontented look upon his face:

"Minnie, it enrages me, beyond power of words to describe my feelings, to see you hug that little dwarf horse as though there was nothing in the world better to place your affections on than that little beast."

"Well," said she, "I never had more value received for honest affection than from this, my pony."

"Have you bought it?"

"Yes, and he returns to Detroit with me, as soon as the stock show is over."

"Well, dear, I never thought to have my love for you compared, or even placed on a lower scale than that of a little beast of a pony."

"Don't be sentimental, George, if you love me you must love my pony."

The writer has presumed on the good nature of "Minnie" and "George." But they are in luck that more was not told, for they know I have not told the half what they said. From here we went to the Forestry Building. It was a bark covered affair, of the rustic order of architecture, measuring 200x500 feet. On all four sides was a spacious veranda supported by columns twenty-five feet in height. These columns were tree trunks, left in nature's condition, and they were contributed from every part of the world, Michigan's contributions being white pine, basswood and maple. The outer covering of the building and its roof was original and unique. The roof was thatched with hemlock bark, and the building was sided with the same material. In the building's interior a wonderful harmony



in colors and finish was created by natural woods, polished and oiled, which left strong and pleasant impressions.

The first exhibit to attract attention was a mammoth log of mahogany from Cuba. It scaled four thousand feet, board measure. It was purchased by C. R. Eames, of London, England, for \$1,150, and the freight to its destination added \$250 more to its cost.

The exhibit of the Albro Bros., of Cincinnati, Ohio, consisted of highly polished pillars and panels of the most valuable foreign woods—satin, ebony, mahogany, etc. Near here we found the largest plank in the world. It was California redwood of the Sequoia family, and its owners and exhibitors, Berry Bros., of Detroit, were kept busy answering numerous questions regarding it, which were asked by thousands of people who saw and admired its beautiful color and finish.

Further on we found Prof. Jessup's collection, of New York. It consisted of specimens of all the native woods of the States and Territories, which were polished upon one side and left rough upon the other.

Across from this was the Morley Bros.' exhibit, of Saginaw. We examined all of the various implements which are manufactured by this firm which are used in harvesting the products of the forest.

Adjoining this exhibit was that of the King of Siam. We walked between walls of bamboo, and gazed upon pyramids of curiously woven baskets, the wood fibres, then trees with warty extensions upon them from which bowls are made.

We were required to judge the value of these articles by their price marks, which were very high priced; some pieces of their merchandise were marked \$400 apiece, others \$600, then in lower rates; \$50 for a "souveenyer," as they were sometimes called by those who are particular in their pronunciation. Sometimes it was a Massachusetts or Connecticut citizen. But such "breaks" were confined mostly to New Yorkers and Bostonians. This would seem to infer that the writer has tried to say something "funny." We apologize for so heavy and bilious an attempt to prevaricate regarding some of the beloved citizens of the Eastern States, and possibly some from other States, may be considered fully as guilty in the way in which they pronounced souvenir. It was like this, "Sovereigns are mighty expensive." A West Virginian made this remark. It is intended by the writer to be



funny, but a clumsy offense has again been given, and we must climb out of an embarrassing difficulty, for if an American is perusing this page we can fancy him white and choking with rage, grinding his teeth, at the same time clinching his fists, and at last shouting, "Life is short for the American citizen who writes out for us an English dose in story telling. The gods grant for her sake that the rest of this emetic is fitting to this momentous occasion." It reminds me of an artist who on exhibiting his first attempt in painting to a friend, was asked by the friend what a large black spot represented. The artist wrote upon different slips of paper some sentences, which ran like this: "This is a rock." This is water." "This is land." He then pasted them where he knew he had tried to represent these objects, which he supposed he had made very plain to the observer with his facile brush. The writer has made an audacious break in daring to have a nice little time all to herself gossiping about her fellow-countrymen, and had she remembered this recipe that the editor of the Lapeer Clarion of Michigan used upon Beatrice, when she sent him a poem for publication, entitled, "Why Do I Live," she would have thought twice before allowing herself to stray from sweet smelling pines, sandal woods and other kinds which should have been fascinating enough to have kept her nearer to nature's heart. His reply was this: "Beatrice, the reason why you live is because you sent the poem instead of bringing it." You who are sadder than the autumn leaves as you remember a stack of poems, sonnets and ditties which have not seen the light for years, all on account of the brutal frankness of some editor, are you not glad he thought for you! The reader has taken a wild-goose chase with the writer, and if you are, colloquially speaking, kicking yourself more than does the writer, she pities you, but pities herself most, and in summing up the matter, which has been used to create something funny, at the same time trying to get out of a tight place, and gratefully drift back into the "Forestry Building," we are frank in owning it is more than we bargained for; and there is no use of anyone trying to spoil what has already been spoiled, so let us be lamb-like, as gentle as a summer breeze, and if we do give the writer a "breeze" for taking us on an unexpected and possibly an unwelcome trip, let's make it summery as is convenient. Send it in your own hand-writing upon paper scented with rose water, and



inclose the sweet missive in a violet-scented envelope. Make as many allowances as your honesty of opinion will permit, for you know the Fair causes us to stroll into all sorts of subjects, leaving us dazzled, electrified and almost hysterical.

Opposite Siam's exhibition was that of California, with its mammoth cross-sections of the redwood, highly-polished planks of the same, and other varieties. Artistically arranged were ropes of fir and pine tree cones.

Adjoining Siam was the North Carolina exhibit, which was arranged in pyramidal cabinets of oak, the lower part showing sections of all their woods, the upper photographs. There was an exhibit of wood made so transparent as to show distinctly every line and vein.

Across from here was the French exhibit with its curious and varied collection of articles manufactured from fibre and grasses—baskets, nets, hammocks, etc.

Next in order was the Dominion of Canada, with contributions from the provinces of Quebec and Manitoba. In the Manitoba Hotel, on Stony Island avenue, was a fine display of her products, including a taxidermist's exhibit. The name of the genial proprietor of the Manitoba Hotel has slipped from our memory, but so hospitable a host as he deserves to be well remembered. And that brings to mind the genial proprietor of the "Anderson Restaurant," who was also popular with World's Fair people; and no less so were the proprietors of the Rosa Lee, the Colorado, and the Woman's Bakery. Like war horses we smelled the delicious cookery from afar, and though eager for the fray, were often defeated by the high prices.

The principal feature of the West Virginia exhibit was its neat and orderly arrangements. Standing in the center of the Forestry Building, it was crossed by aisles north, south, east and west. At this central junction was a pyramidal mass of woods, contributed by all forestry exhibitors. This was spanned by long, graceful bamboo poles, for which the island empire, or Japan, is justly noted. North of this pyramid was a glass case containing the ax so often mentioned in connection with England's premier, Rt. Hon. William E. Gladstone.

Next in order was Australia's exhibit inclosed in massive planks, highly polished. From this "island continent" was rosewood, black and red bean, iron bark, and



other highly-polished and beautiful forest products; also resins, gums, dyewoods and manufactured articles.

Facing this was Michigan's exhibit. And citizens of this state will take pride in knowing that the jury of awards on forestry exhibits tendered over two hundred per cent more to Michigan's exhibit in forestry than to any other state in the Union. Surely we cannot be accused of partiality in devoting some space describing her forestry exhibits, for the reason that she received twenty-five awards in this department alone; Illinois received ten, Wisconsin seven, West Virginia five—these four states received the highest awards. Michigan's exhibits were enclosed on the south side with a highly-polished white oak framework, about four feet in height. Inserted the length of the framework were panels of black walnut, butternut, cherry, red birch, and her bird's eye maple, which is celebrated for its beauty and fine grain, and for the high polish to which it may be brought. These panels were highly finished and polished by Berry Bros., of Detroit, with their well-known hard oil finish. This exhibit extended along the main aisle for fourteen feet. The rest of the space was taken up with a white oak cabinet with broad shelves. This was divided in the center, allowing a space of four feet for the main entrance to the exhibits. Its archway was spanned by the state coat-of-arms, carved from white oak. Upon the south shelf of the cabinet was a miniature old-fashioned sugar camp, built inside of a glass globe. This was the handiwork of the Rev. O. W. Johnson, of Freeport, Baraga County.

On this shelf was the exhibit of the Elk Rapids Iron Co., wood products, consisting of wood alcohol, pyrytogenous and ascetate of lime. The statement of this firm was that the resultant proof from the products of the smoke from charring woods, in the manufacture of charcoal, netted thirty-five cents per cord. It seemed an almost incredible statement; nevertheless, it was true.

On the south shelf, in glass jars, were seeds of forest trees of some sixty varieties. Then their barks, mounted and classified, and all insects, indigenous to forest trees, were shown. These were prepared by Prof. Cook, of the Agricultural College, Lansing, and was the only exhibit of the kind at the Exposition.

J. W. Fox, of Grand Rapids, showed a large and fine exhibit of excelsior. The east side of the structure was



enclosed with a combination of wainscoting and paneling composed of the hard woods of the state, the panels being highly polished and veneered. These choice specimens—some of them—were contributed by the Grand Rapids Veneer Works. They commenced with black walnut, and were followed by all the fine specimens of the State of Michigan, which is noted for her bird's eye maple and her dark red cherry. The figures upon the figwood maple were so perfectly delineated that the impression was that they had just left the hands of an artistic burner.

It was hard to convince those unacquainted with woods that the birch, with its waves of satin-like stripes, was inlaid by nature's hand in the wood. Michigan has all the fine furniture woods which take the very highest polish. Visitors would not be convinced they were not looking into glass until after they had passed their hands over these polished woods, and many a wager was lost and won because of the skepticism of their observers. On a table composed of one solid white pine plank, which was two inches thick, thirty-eight inches wide and twenty-four feet long, lay various articles of woodenware, which are used in the dairy, kitchen, bakery and laundry—mallets, boxes, matches, handles of all kinds, shoe pegs, toothpicks, and in fact every article manufactured from wood known in the commercial world.

There was an interesting exhibit of sulphite fibre. First a section of spruce with bark on, then a section shredded of its bark, then in a pyramid of glass jars the treated fibre, and finally rolls of it ready for the market. This was shown by the Sulphite Fibre Co., of Alpena, and received marked attention from foreign exhibitors. Beneath the table were shoe lasts, whiffle-trees, neck-yokes, wooden shoes, hames, croquet sets, etc. Upon this table was a placard, which attracted universal attention, as its counterpart could not be found in any other building. It informed visitors that "Woods which will not stand handling will not bear using. Michigan woods are not that kind. Handle them all you wish. This means you."

Visitors availed themselves of it, remarking: "Well, that's sensible," and handled them to their hearts' content. We all remembered how irresistible was the temptation to handle, especially if "Hands off," being placarded in several languages, was more pronounced than usual.

Michigan's forestry attracted marked attention from



the many thousands who visited it daily. Sixty-five tree trunks had been cut so as to show the straight, transverse and cross-grain of her woods. These were the finest procurable. She showed the largest and most perfect white pine plank at the Exposition, four inches thick, forty-four inches wide, eighteen feet long. The plank was contributed by Charles A. Hibbard & Son, of Pequaming. The firm own this town, and if you do not believe their work-people are well treated, happy and content, go to L'Anse, the most northern point of Michigan, and take a delightful drive to Pequaming. Starting from the head of Keweenaw Bay, we drive part of the way in sight of its beautiful waters, and in the distance see the diamond-edged waves of Lake Superior gleaming in the sun. Looking in another direction we see waving fields of grain; then we follow a winding roadway, which leads us by high cliffs; water trickles from their tops and down their mossy sides. We pass from this picturesque scene into a forest of dense, sweet-smelling pines, and soon sight the village of Pequaming, nestling amid a forest which edges the shore of Lake Superior.

A church spire gleams in the sun; the school bell is ringing; there are rows of homes with every comfort in them; their tenants have cheap rents, and there is a general store where everything is sold at reasonable prices. There is not a saloon in the village, nor for miles around, and most of the men have money at interest. A hotel stands in the midst of a lovely grove. Not far away is the residence of the Hibbards, and a short walk brings one in view of their mammoth lumber yard and mill. Dotting the waters are barges loaded with lumber for other ports. In the forestry exhibit this firm showed the tensile and breaking strength of woods, besides butter tubs, barrels, pails, etc., which they manufacture. Very unique was the library of wood, consisting of forty-four volumes, each the size of a Webster's quarto dictionary. These were bound in morocco, and the leaves were the commercial and veneered woods of the state, with their common and botanical name beneath them in gold letters.

The King Carving & Molding Co. and the Veneer Works of Grand Rapids were kept busy giving away souvenirs, of which there was an unlimited supply.

There were large photographic views of forest scenes, which showed men cutting and falling trees, skidding logs, hauling them by team and rail, sawing logs into



lumber and loading lumber upon vessels and cars. Thus was seen the modes pursued from the first attack upon the tree to the finished product.

Michigan exhibited 3,341 articles of forest products. Prof. Runnabaum, of the Berlin University, one of the members of the jury of awards on forestry, stated that Michigan's exhibit was the most comprehensive and complete commercial exhibit he had ever seen.

From Paraguay and other countries were beautiful woods with names, "Paloaigio," "Palo this" and "Palo that." It was not United States language, so we gave it up.

Japan's exhibit was very comprehensive, for nearly everything was bamboo. Some of the poles were four inches in diameter and sixteen feet long, while others were only two inches about and over one hundred feet long. They were graceful and tapering as a coachman's whip. Their grotesque yet pretty articles of merchandise were finished in that soft, satiny way which only the little Japs know how to do. Upon the walls were water colors, depicting the true color of the foliage and grains of all their woods. These were represented so truly that they looked as though they were transferred from nature.

Forestry was one of the public buildings which was always quiet. But little has been touched upon here regarding it, and we all feel as did a prominent German citizen of Detroit, who, after spending some weeks at the Fair, returned home; and on being interviewed by his friends as to what he saw, he mentioned to them some minor attractions. On being further pressed he testily replied:

"Dunderundblitzen, how I knowed vat I sawed. Go see him yourselves."

That was the predicament of a good many.



## LOUISIANA.

The intention was to have begun with the early history of this state, then taken great jumps up to the present, just as has been done with many of the other states. But the notes upon this topic, collected during the Fair, by some means were lost, so of necessity statements must be from memory.

No portion of the Union teems with more romance and poetry than Louisiana; so it has been chosen to relate the history of the "Haunted House," which stands on a street called Rue Royal in New Orleans, and which at an early day was an aristocratic French quarter. The story of this house is based on facts, and has been much romanced upon by travelers and writers, who, when there, always visit this historic building. Though giving the story as much as possible in my own language, yet I must be honest in saying that the ghost story would not have been so vividly pictured to you but for the reading of honest facts from the facile pen of Miss Louise Points. Her tale should take front rank in that line of literature, for if 'twere told us in the twilight, instinctively we would draw closer to each other, fearing we'd be "cotched" by the hobgoblins, which her fancy created, and out of dark, mysterious shadows, waving white nothings would come, and hold high carnival, while chills ran up and down our spinal column and cold perspiration would start from every pore, and every hair stand erect as though it were wire. Creepy, prickly sensations would race in waves of fright from our head to our feet and cause us to hold our breath until again compelled to breathe.

This story by Miss Points appeared in the New Orleans "Daily Picayune," March 31st, 1892. We have made a few necessary exceptions, which is, "cutting the story short," yet not harming the trend of the subject, or her literary originality.

On the street Rue Royal stands a quaint, old-fashioned house, about which clusters many wild and weird stories, and few care, even in this philosophic day, to pass the place after nightfall, or in so doing, hurry by with bated breath, feeling that ghouls and ghosts hover near to exercise an uncanny spell over them. Old Spanish residents, who have its history from their ancestors, shake their



heads, tell you "the house is haunted," and relate strange stories; how are seen mysterious lights flitting from room to room, accompanied by ghosts, hobgoblins and witches, holding high revel, making unearthly noises, while proceeding from damp dungeons and attics came weird groans; and lambent lights flit from window to window, vanishing, then re-appearing in confused rapidity.

A long, ghostly procession winds up the stairs at midnight, and peers cautiously over the roof, where may be seen on moonlight nights, haunting the latticed porches, a little child. All this began long ago, when the great house was closed for many years, and broken windows, defaced galleries and other tokens of disorder, told the story of an indignant uprising of the populace, which laid the foundation for the wild, ghostly legends, which as years passed by were woven by imaginative minds.

Shall we visit it when in New Orleans? Certainly. Artists have painted it, travelers have written of it, and it has been made a special subject by George W. Cable, in the "Century Magazine." In order to know how much of it was true written by Mr. Cable, or how much he romanced, ask the old Creole residents, who will give you the indisputable facts. Nevertheless, the house has a true and horrible history. For years it was the great mansion of the French quarters, towering high above other buildings. Every night a slave hung out of the quaint, old observatory a single light, as a guide for wayfaring travelers.

Its entrance is midway under the balcony, east. The walls and ceilings of the deep white portal way are curiously ornamented. Gates of open ornamental iron-work shut it in from the street. Upon a wide door opening into a marble hall are exquisitely wrought urns, flowers and birds, with a central piece of Phoebus in his chariot.

In the hall of the old house rises an iron-railed, spiral staircase, leading to the drawing rooms and sleeping apartments. Above the doors leading to the drawing rooms are carved human faces and flowers, while between the doors are highly ornamented panels. About the walls of these great rooms extends a deep frieze of raised work; its lofty ceilings and edges of doors are beautifully carved in raised designs of garlands of flowers and stars.

The fireplaces are high and ancient looking; the chandeliers rare and quaint, hanging thick with crystal



pendants. The high, wide windows, measuring seven feet across, are set between fluted Corinthian pillars, and open out upon broad balconies. At the end of one of these rooms there was, years ago, a little door with large iron hinges, which opened upon a small, dark place, extending to a dungeon.

The fourth floor is cut up into small closets, having large iron keys and locks. This is the attic; from here a rickety staircase leads to the tower, giving the very finest view of New Orleans.

In 1831 it came into the possession of Mme. Lalaurie; and now begins the strange, weird story.

She possessed great wealth, hundreds of slaves, and was young, beautiful and accomplished. Born and reared in the upper circles of society, she reigned like a queen in her stately drawing rooms, dispensing her hospitality in a lavish manner, and seemed to occupy an enviable position.

Her house was filled with elegant furniture, rare, costly gold and silver plate, bric-a-brac, and pictures by noted artists. Her splendid equipage and horses were the center of attraction when driving along the old Bayou road, where all fashionable New Orleans drove.

Her voice was soft as a low strain of music; she possessed sweet, gracious manners, and was noted for her charity. Yet there were wild rumors that Madame inflicted cruel tortures upon her slaves, flogging them unmercifully. That in her splendid home, behind those attic windows, were human beings, chained to the floor, confined in darkness and starving to death. In a shadowy sort of way rumors floated about the neighborhood of the curious door in the wall.

Many said she was kind to her servants, and scouted the idea of ill treatment. If any of them trembled in her presence, or seemed startled, she kindly reassured them; nevertheless the stories of inhuman barbarity increased, and one day, so said the neighbors, she cowhided a little girl in the court-yard. The terrified little negress fled into the house, up the long, winding stairs, chased by her infuriated mistress, from gallery to gallery. The girl fled into the attic, thence to the tower, then out on the roof, Madame close at her heels.

In another instant the child reached the roof's edge and fell into the court-yard below. She was borne into the



house, a silent, crushed mass of humanity, and at night-fall was buried in an old well in the court.

But the day of retribution was close at hand. In April, 1834, an old negress, goaded by cruelties heaped upon her, set fire to the kitchen. Tradition states that the old woman dreamed the night before of seeing the house in flames and caught the inspiration. The alarm was given, and instantly the house was thronged with people, eager to assist Madame in saving her valuable effects. In the crowd were citizens of high standing (some are yet living who witnessed the scene that followed); rapidly the fire gained, the kitchen was aflame, and the upper story filled with smoke.

Perfectly self-possessed Madame handed to her friends plate, jewels and robes. On a hundred lips was the question:

"Where are the servants?"

Evasively she replied:

"Never mind the servants, but save my valuables. This way, gentlemen." But she could not stop the whisperings of the crowd that her servants were chained and locked behind barred doors. Immediately voices, loud, vengeful and threatening, came from the crowd with fierce yells, accompanied with the command:

"Produce your servants. Where are your keys?"

Wildly they clamored for them, but they could not be found.

"Who'll follow me?" cried a Creole gentleman.

"I" and "I," came from the crowd. They ascended to the attic, burst iron bars and locks, then led out two old negroes, with heavy iron collars about their necks, and irons upon their ankles; attached to each of these were chains.

The fire, by superhuman efforts made by the firemen, had been subdued. The crowd, maddened at sight of the slaves, cried out:

"Let the search go on."

The garret was explored, and gaunt, wild-eyed human beings, crippled from attitudes in which they had been chained to the floor (and they were loaded down with chains), were brought forth from their dungeons and cells, while the crowd groaned with horror and pity. The suggestion was made to search for dead bodies, and when two skeletons were found their indignation and excitement knew no bounds.



Madame secreted herself in one of the great rooms, and locked it. The crowd had no time to think of her yet; in pity they brought food and drink to the sufferers, then tenderly carried them on litters to a building which stood in the next block, where fully two thousand people visited them, carrying food, clothing, drink, and speaking words of cheer and comfort. Before the day was out two of the victims had died.

An ominous silence, which precedes the outburst of the smouldering wrath of an outraged public, was strongly perceptible. All that night and during the next morning crowds hung about the mansion. Toward noon their numbers increased. By evening the throng was dense, hissing, hooting and crying out for revenge.

Madame proved equal to the occasion, for she conceived and executed a bold plan for flight. Promptly at the hour she was accustomed to take her usual drive, her carriage drew before the door, and Madame, dressed in her usual elegant style, stepped from her door upon the sidewalk, quickly into the carriage, and in a second the horses were speeding over the smooth roads of Bayou; she was taking her last drive in that fashionable quarter.

In an instant the crowd, aware of her masterful stroke of audacity, ran after her, yelling:

"Stop her, she's running away." "Shoot her, drag her out." "Shoot the horses."

Furiously the coachman drove, followed by the uproarious, uncontrollable mob, until, breathless and panting, they were distanced. A schooner was moored near the bank of the Bayou St. John; a handful of gold dropped by Madame into the hand of the captain caused his vessel to set sail for Mandeville.

For ten days, 'tis said, she took refuge where stands the Clayborne cottage, in Covington, whence she made her way to Mobile, thence to Paris; but her reputation had preceded her, and she again fled, "skulking about the provinces under an assumed name." The truth is, many New Orleans people, who were sojourning in Paris at that time, positively assert that she kept a handsome establishment there, and her home was the resort of the cultured and intelligent; her gracious manners, great wealth and high connections made her a welcome guest in the most exclusive circles, and when the story reached Paris, it was looked upon as the result of her well-known eccen-



tricity and her high, ungovernable temper, which at times bordered upon insanity.

She was not set upon by a wild beast and torn to pieces, while hunting wild boar in the forests near Paris, as has been related by some writers, but died in her home, surrounded by her family, and thus ends a part of her life history.

On the evening of her departure from New Orleans the infuriated mob retraced their steps; they were overtaken by the coachman returning from Madame. The mob killed the horses and broke the carriage to pieces, but by some strange luck the driver escaped. The mob then returned to Madame's house, and began a work of destruction. Doors and windows were smashed in; mirrors, plate and china were broken to atoms. Bedding, table linen, expensive curtains, elegant pianos, tables, sofas, lovely cabinets, all were taken to the third story and thrown from the window onto the pavement below. When night came bonfires were made of the debris.

By its bright glare they mounted and battered the roof, while some of them smashed windows, defaced doors, and were still engaged in the work of destruction when morning came, and conservative citizens intervened. The house was then closed, and for a long time stood uninhabited. "A silent monument of vengeance visited upon it by an outraged people."

In 1837 Madame Lalaurie's agent sold the house to a gentleman, who kept it only three months, so mysterious were the goings on. Windows raised and fell, doors opened and closed, untouched by human hands; unearthly noises were heard, and strange flitting lights were seen. Several times 'twas rented, when many of the rooms were sub-let, but their tenants did not remain.

For a few months a furniture store flourished in the basement; at another time a barber shop. The romance of its early days was but a prelude of its later history.

After the war, during the period of reconstruction, the radical school board of New Orleans opened doors of the white schools to the negroes, and the city beheld the strange sight of white and colored children sitting at the same desks in the free halls of learning.

The school board secured the "haunted house," fitted it up as a high school, and these ancient rooms beheld the strange sight of seeing side by side on the same bench pure Caucasian and African girls, the latter but a few



years before having been the slaves of the former. This made two distinct factions. The white girls, forced through the disastrous fortunes of war to attend public schools, if they secured an education, naturally resented the intrusion of mixed blood, or those of African descent.

Hard words passed between the races, and many fair girls' cheeks were wet with tears and crimsoned with indignation at the humiliation heaped upon them by a victorious foe, who, backed by the law, sought to force themselves into the higher spheres of a downtrodden and superior people.

Thus matters remained until the 14th of September, 1874, when the "white league" rose in arms and defeated the metropolitan police. The federal authorities interfered, but the league grew in power, and the principles advocated were imbued into the very life of the people. Even children understood the significance of that memorable uprising, and that a great and vital principle was involved, as whether or not they should enjoy the constitutional privileges of their state, which was the safeguard of their hearth and home.

At this time Miss Belle Simmons was principal of the school, and one day in December a delegation of chivalrous high school boys marched into the school, and asked the principal to call the roll. Every pupil suspected of having tainted blood was challenged. They were kindly but firmly informed by the boys that they must form in line and leave the school, which they did right then.

Mr. Cable's statement was that armed men showing the badge of the "white league" did this. In 1893 Miss Simmons yet lived in New Orleans, and if yet alive may be consulted as to the facts, which are as has been first stated. The boys' action was but a phase of impulses which often come to the surface when great emergencies present themselves. They had in the most vigorous manner purged their own institution of the objectionable colored male sex, and spontaneously they came to the rescue of their dear sisters, sweethearts and friends.

The "white league" was patriotic and had higher aims to accomplish. So to these schoolboys history must look as being responsible for that act. A few weeks later the young ladies of mixed blood and African were reinstated by the radical school board, and three years later they held commencement day with their white mistresses, receiving diplomas side by side with them, in the very room



which once sheltered Lafayette. But when the Democratic school board came in power, which was in that graduating year, they immediately established, just as they should have done, separate schools for blacks and whites.

The next year the "haunted house" was used as a high school for colored girls. The school lasted one session and then perished forever.

In 1882 an enterprising Englishman opened a conservatory of music, and a fashionable dancing school in the parlors of the house. He came with high references, and drew his pupils from the best elements of society, having as instructors the most noted vocal and instrumental professors, French, German and American.

Brilliantly lighted were the great apartments, filled with music and laughter of lovely young people. At the weekly soirees it was a pretty sight to see the young ladies gracefully flitting about the great rooms or out on the broad balconies, leaning upon the arms of dark-browed gentlemen in evening dress, while out on the evening air came selections sung by a rich tenor. Often 'twas in full opera chorus. But too soon was this happy pastime to go from them, for the house seemed accursed. The ghosts were there, "dancing on the waves of melody." The Englishman sent out invitations for a grand soiree concert and musicale. On the day of the evening which it was to have been given, a scurrilous publication attacked the character of this gentleman; by evening the artists and all the guests had heard the news, all but the host himself, who in full evening dress awaited their arrival, but no one came, and later notes of regret poured in, pleading excuses for not being able to keep their engagement. Bewildered, he wondered what it meant. Some kind neighbors across the way sent him a paper with the article marked. He read it; it was false, but he was a ruined man, and he was broken-hearted. The conservatory was closed, and the neighbors said on that night the ghosts and spirits held high carnival in celebration of their triumph.

In the Exposition year a Northerner leased and opened it for a large boarding house, but the neighbors shook their heads, and in a few weeks the sign, "The Mansion House," was down, and the house closed. No one cared to remain even over night in dreary, ghost-haunted apartments. And now comes the last chapter in the history of



this old house, which occurred a few years after its last closing mentioned. All its rooms were thrown open and invaded by a curious, motley crowd, bidding on valuable collections of a lifetime falling under the hammer of the auctioneer.

Of late years few supposed the house to be inhabited. It seemed abandoned, for its doors and windows were always closed. But for more than three years Jules Vignie, son of Col. Vignie, a prominent soldier of the French revolution and colonel of the crack militia in the old days of New Orleans, lived there, and at that time was partner of the well-known auctioneer, Gabriel De Ferret. Jules, after leaving college, was employed in his office. He was eccentric, an antiquarian by nature, and an assiduous collector of bric-a-brac and pictures.

After the war the fortunes of his family changed, and gradually they slipped out of the old life on Royal street. Embittered by reverses, Jules became more eccentric and retired to these rooms. Many supposed him dead, not knowing where he was, until a piece of black crape was seen fluttering from one of the doors of the "haunted house."

Curious neighbors mounted the great stairway, wondering who should have lived and died in those old rooms. They were surprised to see on all sides, instead of abject poverty, grand old pieces of furniture, antique cabinets, libraries, bric-a-brac, rare and costly pictures, bronzes, old swords, enough family relics to fill a museum.

In the attic, on a narrow iron cot, lay Jules Vignie—dead. Finding money secreted in a corner, it caused them to rip open some mattresses, where was found about \$2,500 and valuables amounting to several thousands more. On the day of the auction, amid its din, dust and disorder, elegantly dressed ladies visited the slave quarters; then passed through rooms and galleries littered with debris, and contents of ripped-open mattresses. Heedless of all this they peered in every corner of rooms, climbed to the attic, and examined the great iron bars, curious locks and hinges of the cells. They then mounted the rickety stairs leading to the haunted tower, and looked down upon the paved court-yard and its mysterious well. Then upon the latticed and iron-barred windows, and wondered if any old house could present more successive links of realism and romance.

They thought of the noted people it had harbored; and



as its olden legends, ghostly myths and changeful career trooped before them, they fell to wondering what next of the old-haunted house. Its picture, a very large one, hung in the Louisiana State Building, and the story was on exhibition with the picture.

The State Building was a quaintly patterned old plantation house, with broad corridors, immense doors, dormer windows and a wide, low porch running about it. The building was filled with rare old works of art, historic relics, and curious looking, but priceless furniture of old Creole days.

Over \$100,000 was raised by the people of this state for their exhibit. One room, called the "curly pine room," was finished entirely in curly pine. The cyprus wood shown is beautifully grained and very durable. Their lands are densely covered with these timbers and others, which were offered there, at 75 cents per acre.

Such lands, when cleared, will bear thirty tons of sugar cane, worth \$4 per ton, to the acre.

On the second floor we found the Brownsards in their Acadian room; the father leaned against the wall near the fireplace, while his small black dog looked lovingly, but longingly into his face, much as to say:

"Will we ever get out of these quarters and live in our own town again?"

The old man seemed quite as miserable as the dog, for his gun lay idle in crooked saplings fastened on the wall over the fireplace. By it hung a powder flask and some stuffed animals. His good wife industriously wove Acadian cloths upon a loom over one hundred years old. 'Twas a restful, quiet room, and a sweet peace stole over the beholder as he or she viewed the contented mother and daughter who was not less beautiful than Evangeline.

The guests in this old room seated themselves in rush-bottomed or roughly hewed wooden chairs; a square frame was draped with hand embroidered Acadian curtains and covered the high poster bed. Rosaries, crucifixes and prayer books were in place for constant use.

The bedspread and valances were of cotton, knit in a heavy thick pattern. Hanging from the ceiling were bunches of dried herbs; upon the walls were coarse cloth wall banners, worked in Acadian stitches, of women weeping, holding up the crucifix to the views of husbands and sweethearts, sailing away o'er the main. A worked inscription read:

"And with the ebb of the tide the ship sailed away."



The bed and furnishings called to remembrance the story told by a young girl who often visited her grandmother, who lived in a log cabin on a hill. She played in the woods and tumbled over haystacks all day; had minute pudding for her three meals a day, eating upon it sweet, thick cream, and she fairly robbed her grandmother of the wherewithal to make butter. At night she lay on a bed in a room, much like this one shown at the Fair, and in fancy she again heard a gentle summer rain descending upon the roof, "patter," "patter," while grandmother got out the "New York Ledger," and read aloud to aunty, "Capitolla, or the Hidden Hand." Have you ever been deliciously tired? That is what that little girl was; and soon she was asleep. The Acadian room carried us in fancy back to memories of that night of sound sleep, and we were awakened very early the next morning by the loud, long call of the loon, the hoot of an owl, the ringing of cowbells through the woods, and the bleating of sheep. At last we heard the welcome call "Breakfast," and arose for another romping day of pleasure.

Evangeline could not have been fairer than was Naomi Browsard, daughter of these Acadian farmers. They knew Longfellow's great poem, and said they were descendants of the people which he described.

The reason of our content and satisfaction in this room was, we think, because we partook of their perfect contentment. The room seemed filled with it. Naomi's soft, wavy black hair fell back from a low, broad forehead, her mild black eyes were of liquid loveliness, she possessed a pensive face of perfect contour.

"She was fair, exceeding fair to behold."

On speaking of "Evangeline" tears sprang to her eyes, a wave of sadness swept over her face, which quickly changed as the stalwart form of a young man appeared in the doorway, and she gave him a gladsome, merry greeting. And would you believe it? His name was Gabriel. She sat and carded wool, spun it off a little wheel, and both chatted in French.

She was pretty as a picture in her Norman cap of white, and snowy muslin crossed in neat folds over her dark blue Acadian dress. And now that they are back in their old home, near the Gulf of Mexico, may they never experience Evangeline and Gabriel's tragic fate.

In another room we found a damask dress, worked in fine designs by Madame J. Des Grange, Bordeaux. The



dress was worn at the Court of Louis XVI. We next found an old painting, entitled "The Shadow of Death." In the background was a shadow of a rather indiscernible human figure with outspread arms, shaping a cross which seemed to darken the small room, and warned, in its heavy blackness, Mary and Joseph.

She kneeled with a look of horror upon her face over the cradle where lay the babe, and saw, resting upon the "Christ child," a great heart thickly pierced with arrows. Joseph stood in the shavings by his bench, both arms were raised high above his head. He seemed to be screaming, so intense was his agony, and so apparent to him was the frightfulness of the situation.

We found a miniature of Philip Noland, the hero of Edward Everett Hale's remarkable story, "A Man Without a Country." Next a battler used by the Acadian women for washing clothes. The large square old grip-sack which Zachary Taylor carried in the Mexican war. Old breviaries of 1557, from the old cathedral of Orleans. Pressed flowers from the battlefield of Manassas; the first coffee cultivated in the state was on this field in 1840; a globe-covered clock over two hundred years old; a Spanish water jug taken from the "haunted house," and a Mexican handmill for grinding corn.

The people of the whole south, while particular as to social quality, are truly the most charitable, affectionate and warm-hearted race one can ever know. They are possessed of quick impulses, are very forgiving, and are justly proud of their southern blood.



## MT. VERNON, VIRGINIA.

This structure represented the old home of Washington, which yet stands on the bank of the Potomac. On its walls were old portraits, one of pretty Nellie Custis, and beside it her paintings and fancy work which she has done long years ago. There was also shown Dolly Madison's harpsichord, its keys yellow with age and some of the ivories gone.

In another room were works of Edward Valentine, sculptor, of Richmond, Virginia. Added interest was felt in his work by all who met him and his charming wife, who were guests of "Hyde Park" long before the Fair opened. It was a pyramidal group about eight feet in height, of Andromache, and Astyana, which were suggested on lines from Homer's Iliad:

"But now returning home, thy works attend  
The loom and distaff, and direct thy maids in household  
duties,  
While the war shall be of men the care;  
Of all, indeed, but most the care of me,  
Of all in Ilium born."

Andromache was seated, her hair bound in a single fillet, the right arm hung listlessly upon an owl-headed vase, which was half concealed in drapery. Her left hand clasped the child Astyana, while her expression seemed to forbode the oncoming of the fate which was to culminate in her bondage.



## WEST VIRGINIA.

An atmosphere of stately dignity pervaded the rooms of this building. It was surrounded by handsome, broad porches, which constitute a portion of life's pleasures in the South, as the people there fairly live upon them.

Upon its hard oiled floors were fine, fur rugs. Upon mantels, bric-a-brac. In one room we found the beflowered old rep sofa on which sat Grant and Lee when they talked it over how the papers of agreement should read; there stood the old secretary on which they were written ('tis said the final copying of them was done on a stand which passed into the possession of Gen. Custer). Above the sofa were seen the portraits of these two noble-featured men, Grant and Lee, and other historic pictures relating to the civil war. As the battle of Manassas was fought on the farm of Wm. McLean, it was in his house and while sitting on his sofa, which was displayed in this building, that the final agreement between the generals was reached. The articles were drawn up on the old secretary. Another claim is that it then was signed by them on a small stand, which is now in Chicago. The present owner of these articles of furniture is Mrs. H. E. Spilman, of Macon County, W. Va. The sofa was valued at \$1,000 and the secretary at \$2,000.

On the second stair landing was a fine painting of dogs, entitled, "Anticipation," by the Artist Lily Jackson, executive lady manager from this State. The picture "Sheep and Lambs" was by Emma White, aged seventeen. The wool effect was very natural, the sweep of woodland stretching over the brow of a hill made a perspective so good, that as a whole it attracted great attention from visitors, who said, "We shall hear of that artist again."



## KENTUCKY.

This building was a typical representation of a southern colonial mansion. In the center was a statue of Henry Clay. It was a tasty, pretty home, where people were hospitably welcomed by its charming lady manager, Miss Hill. In one pretty parlor, which was the main reception room, was a noticeable piece of furniture, the "Lincoln" piano, manufactured by Smith & Nixon from wood off the birthplace farm of Abraham Lincoln, in Larue County. In this room was a bronze medallion of him, modeled by Mrs. Cotter Pierce Smith, and valued at \$10,000. There were many handsome panels, but one was especially so, being carved in a relief of oak leaves, with a few bars of the music and words of "My Old Kentucky Home."

Among the fancy work we found a fleecy cobweb of a handkerchief, all handwrought, which was thought to be the finest piece of needlework at the Fair. It was made and owned by Miss Anna Farro, of Lexington, Ky., and was valued at \$100. Mrs. Maggie Cragg Bell, of Louisville, showed a painting done on china of Mrs. President Palmer, which was the finest portrait seen of the lady anywhere. There was some hand-painted and gold outlined china, which was the most delicate, fairy-like work of its kind at the Fair. It stood in a cabinet in a corner of one of the parlors. The work was by Mrs. John Bacon, of whom it was said, "She is just as dainty, refined and lovely as is her beautiful work."

There was a strong bond of friendship formed between Kentucky and Michigan, and Memory, standing near, carries a message of love and cheer to our friends in Kentucky:

Our friends of Kentucky,  
So just and so true;  
These are our true sentiments:  
We long to see you.  
Come over to Michigan  
As in days of old,  
And our friendships renew  
Which were like the pure gold.



Kentucky's mine pavilion was fronted solidly with canal-coal. It was turreted to imitate the walls of an old feudal castle; the entrance was gained through a mammoth arched portal; there was also shown in an underground exhibit, the starry chamber of the mammoth cave.

Her greatest exhibit was made in the "Agricultural Building." Her tobacco exhibit was especially interesting and very complete. In fact, it was called by experts the finest samples of tobacco they had ever seen.



## MONTANA.

This State was well represented in every department, her mineral exhibit being a leading feature.

It was greatly regretted by the Montana officials that they were unable to place their delightful climate on exhibition. This State covers an extensive area, and with a portion of Louisiana was once claimed and occupied by France, but became an integral part of the United States when President Jefferson concluded his big real estate deal with Napoleon and acquired ownership of that immense tract of territory which is now the garden and treasure vault of the earth. It was purchased for \$15,000,000, a sum which Montana produces in gold, silver, copper and lead every three months.

There is good reason to suppose that the first white men to enter this territory were Jesuit missionaries from near the St. Lawrence river, who journeyed across Montana's wilds in the early part of the eighteenth century. In an early day the Astor expedition traveled along the Pacific coast on its way to Astoria to found a post for the fur trade of the Northwest. Their hardships and trials are interestingly related in Washington Irving's "Astoria."

Happily for Montana her resources are diversified. While she glories in her mines she has a treasure of soil lying hidden beneath unturned sod. Her chief and certain reliance, in her future, is agriculture. Considering this country's position on the map, situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountain region, she was not exactly the State to look to for an interesting horticultural exhibit, and we were surprised to find fruits which compared in size and flavor with those of any other State.

Next to mining, stock growing ranks as the industry of importance in that State.

Its beginning dates from the time of the first gold seekers. The first oxen to arrive in Montana were worn to the bone from their long tramp across the plains. They were turned out as of no use to the owners, who expected when winter set in they would, owing to their condition, die from exposure. But they did not. A few weeks' feeding on the luxuriant and nutritious bunchgrass of the valleys and foothills gave them a new lease of life, and in the spring, to the astonishment of the miners, they were



fat enough for beef. Thenceforth this industry became an important one.

Montana's educators are fully abreast of the times, her school work comparing favorably with that of older States. From her earliest day she was solicitous for the proper education of her youth, and to-day her school system is her citizens' special pride.

The resources of this State were interestingly set forth in two elegant cars of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which crosses the State from east to west. These cars were in the "Transportation Building." No small credit is due to the women of Montana, who were zealous and active in promoting the State's interest. Their display in the "Woman's Building" was admirable. We think it was a lady from Montana who exhibited the beautiful painting of "Psyche" on china.



## UTAH.

A history of this State and its cultured people is unnecessary. Long ago the objectionable feature of their religion was abolished. From the beginning of this people's history, prosperity and wealth was showered upon them, making it seem that they were "chosen children," highly favored by Providence.

The City of Salt Lake is magnificent. It has the broadest streets in the world. The temple is considered one of the most expensive known.

The pleasant officials of their State building were kind friends to everyone, and were very dear to "Michiganders." Brigham Young's statue graced their yard; and high on the front of the building was the bee-hive, which indicates "business of official nature is transacted here."

Utah has factories of all kinds, and nothing worn or used was missing from the exhibit of their looms. The walls of their parlors were adorned with paintings and were richly furnished.

The remains of a gigantic, pre-historic person lay in a glass case. The relics from their Indian mounds were large in numbers. The librarian informed the writer that he was the son of the first wife of a citizen. That when a Mormon had several wives, he knew that such a thing as real contentment among the wives was unknown until polygamy was abolished. He said the law regarding property was, when the husband died, the first wife received one-third of it, and her children (except there was a favorite child, or children by another wife whom he could remember if he wished) received the rest. The first children might be cut off by willing them one dollar apiece.

We saw flat stones taken from their Indian mounds, with hieroglyphics upon them. These hieroglyphic writers must have been an advanced people, as fine linens and unique pottery with very pretty decorations upon them were found; also cotton yarn, woven mattings of wool, and others made of the Yucca plant by them thousands of years ago.



## ARKANSAS.

The people of this State are pre-eminently of agricultural tastes. Her fertile soil stretches forth both hands, beckoning the industrious to health and wealth: Mother Earth is powerful kind to the children of this State.

The average value of land in the United States is \$19.02 per acre. Arkansas offers hers at \$6.16 per acre. The first white person to traverse this State was De Soto, who crossed the Mississippi in 1541. He was followed by La Salle, who claimed it for France. The first white settlement was made at Arkansas Post, in 1686. It then formed a part of the Louisiana territory.

Prior to its being ceded to the United States in 1803 its breezes fanned the flags of France and Spain. It became a State in 1836. Havoc was wrought here by the Civil War, as might be expected, when 'tis borne in mind that one hundred and sixty-seven engagements were fought within her boundaries. Finally the dove of peace waved her wings over the fenceless fields and stockless pastures, but the people of this State were bravely determined to be the architects of their own fortunes. So to the music of falling trees and the melody of the hand loom and holding onto the plow handle these industries were to them the magician's wand and prosperity soon was seated beside every hearthstone.

The seasons there for cultivating and harvesting crops are long, and there are not ten days in the year when the plow cannot be run. It is too late in the day to dispute the proud pre-eminence of this State as a fruit country. She wears at her girdle every pomological scalp in sight. On her soil is raised the persimmons of Japan. She is a grand grass country, and in various ways holds out unrivaled inducements to the stock breeder. She is just at the dawn of developing many industries where abundant raw material is found.

In 1893 there was not a coke, charcoal or iron furnace in the State, but indications point to a good time coming. She awaits the magical touch of skilled industry in her rich, unopened mines of silver, her marble quarries and her coal fields covering 2,500,000 acres.

A manganese belt extends through fifteen counties. Her river competition will react against exorbitant rail-



way rates. The religious life of the State is deep and earnest. Over two-thirds of the counties do not tolerate the sale of liquors. The motto of the State, which is lived up to in its fullest sense, is that "A well-educated child is the best legacy possible to leave to the State." Arkansas has a school system that is most comprehensive. She has a State university and medical college, an institution for the deaf, dumb and blind, beside denominational institutions.

Colored children are taught in a school separate from the whites. Teachers of both sexes receive \$2.25 per day.

The "Arkansas Building" was erected by private subscription. It cost \$10,000. The interior was decorated and tinted on ornamented staff work wrought out in gold and pink terra cotta. Its walls were handpainted in representations of the wild roses which grow in its State. Columns and bases of onyx and marble were found in many of its rooms. The onyx mantel and clock in the parlor was a fine adornment. It must be remembered all material mentioned belongs exclusively to this State, and is its product.

One room was beautifully furnished by the Arkansas Bankers' Association. The flora of the State was profusely shown in paintings by Miss Trivett, the scenery by Mrs. Batesville, and fancy work by the King's Daughters. The fountain in the center of the building was designed by Mrs. Duke and sculptured by Caroline S. Brooks. The writer feels very uncertain as to description, but thinks it represented a goddess rising out of lily pads, which was surrounded by water lilies. The fountain was surrounded by a wall, about two feet high, of "Hot Springs" crystals.

Mounted on pedestals were marble statuary, and busts of this State's noted people. Scattered over the floors were elegant robes of lion skins. Some articles of antiquity were shown. The tapestry painting done by Miss Sue Jones was very elegant.



## COLORADO.

This State is one of the greatest mineral producing sections of the country, and as has already been stated, her exhibit of precious gems and metals was magnificent.

The beginning of agriculture in Colorado was exceedingly small. Narrow strips of land along small streams near the foothills were first cultivated, and on this fertile soil were raised vegetables. For some years after this (1860) the raising of wheat and other grains was more the work of experiment than a distinctive business enterprise.

The methods of seeding and harvesting which the people of this State used first were the most primitive known to Americans. The first wheat ready for the thresher was tramped out by horses, or beaten out with the ancient flail. Hay was harvested mainly from the native grasses which constituted the principal crop. It was the main source of revenue, which kept and fattened the horses of settlers and traders. All other products were mostly for home consumption, but the surplus was sold in Denver, at exorbitant rates.

From 1860 to 1870 the greater part of their produce, provisions, clothing, and necessary articles were hauled across the plain by ox teams, a distance of 600 miles, to their mining camps, ranches, and small towns, and the enormous freight rates upon them more than doubled the commercial value of low priced articles. Lumber, seeds, everything needful was carted across the plains amid the perils of savage life, and many a rich caravan was looted by the Indians, and the bones of slaughtered men, women, and children were left to bleach upon the desolate plains.

From the first the spirit of agricultural enterprise found there a permanent abiding. The first irrigation was in 1861. A small ditch was dug, taking water out of Boulder Creek. This watered a small area of land. The second, called the "farmer's ditch," carried the water over land for some miles, establishing the first system of true irrigation which, at present, is widespread.

In the same year the celebrated editor and statesman, Horace Greeley, came with his famous colony and located on the present site of the city of Greeley. He established



the first farms in the Platte valley, an agricultural section which is the leading wheat and potato producer of the State.

At the time the Greeley expedition settled in Colorado, the farmers were small in numbers, and too poor to develop agriculture. Thus extensive irrigation was retarded because what they needed were large canals which could be constructed only at great expense. But since 1870, one of the finest, most extensive systems of irrigating canals in the world, has there been constructed and 'tis essential to note that all the development which entitles Colorado to first-class rank, as an agricultural State, has occurred within ten years from date mentioned.

The irrigation supply annually is sufficient for all of 4,000,000 acres. Colorado now has the agricultural resources for the maintenance of additional millions of population.

Horace Greeley was prophetic in his faith regarding the great west and his original advice, "Go west, young man," was all right, as time soon proved it to be. Now is grown in Colorado every variety of crops in their season, fruits of excellent quality, and even successful crops of fine, high-grade Havana leaf tobacco is raised. Orchards are precocious in growth, and Colorado is destined to be the great fruit producer of the west.

The city of Grand Junction stands in the center of Grand Valley, and is distinctively known as the great orchard and vineyard of the State. It was the favorite land of the Utes until their removal in 1882. The first settler and pioneer fruit grower, Mr. Wade, settled in Grand Valley close upon the Utes' departure. He brought with him a trunk filled with a variety of fruit trees, which he planted. Ten years from that time, he picked from one tree \$52 worth of peaches. In a year or so Mr. Wade planted a large orchard and vineyard. In seven years these trees and vineyards came into their first good bearing, and now he refuses \$500 per acre for the small, but wealthy, fruit farm.

Instances like this are repeated over and over again in Colorado. Her splendid railway facilities, plunging wildly through canyons, afford the tourist a delightful journey through the Rocky Mountains. Entranced, one may sit at the window of a luxurious palace car, and pass through beautiful agricultural valleys, and gaze



upon the grand panorama of mountain peaks, or a charming vista of glens, parks and valleys.

By the Union Pacific a circuit of the agricultural region of northern Colorado may be made in a day. By the lines of the same system another day will take the visitor through the grandeurs of Clear Creek canyon to Georgetown, and over the famous loop to the foot of Gray's Peak with its crest of eternal snow, then by Denver and South Park through the wonderful Platte canyon, then over snowy regions of mountains to the famous city of Leadville.

Throughout the State are places of fascinating interest, and numerous health resorts which are places of rest to the tourist and invalid.

The social life of Colorado is a puzzle to the newcomer, and it is hardly understood by those who move along with it. There is one sufficient explanation. They are a rapid mixture of versatile people. In one sense they may be termed cosmopolitan. The great mass are Americans, who in an early day came from every State in the Union. Canadians form an important part of the society in this country; and all coming from different parts of the globe, bring with them their provincialisms and peculiarities. Some with wealth and its advantages of education and refinements; many in poverty, but with industrious habits and with an honest purpose and avocation.

Social and business conditions there are such that people become easily acquainted. Their social, fraternal, and religious organizations embrace the population from the highest to the lowest degree, and no man or woman need remain unknown.

The city of Denver is the prime center of attraction. Its churches, public buildings and private residences are superb and costly in construction, and the young men and women who have grown up in the midst of this new western life are now training their children in intellectual attainments and giving them unbounded opportunities for amusements and social enjoyments. They are polished members of society. They are social and are possessed of artistic culture. They are educated in all these excellencies, as well as being well informed in business capacities.

The future population necessarily will be distinctively of a higher order of society which is already in the majority. From the beginning a high standard of social life



marked its people's aims. 'Tis said that nowhere in the world can be found a greater degree of intelligence among the poor than here, while the higher classes, drawn from all parts of the civilized world, bring with them education, refinement, and accomplishments.

In Colorado's pretty home was always to be found "on tap" her famous Manitou water, and other mineral waters which flow from her mineral laden mountains. These health-giving springs abound in all parts of her mountainous regions. Even upon the plains, most efficacious waters are found. The thousands who drank of them at the Fair, say there is nothing like the Manitou; it is the most delicious drink in the world.

Many eminent physicians have testified that Colorado is a land of healing. Thermal springs are located in different parts of the State. They possess cleansing virtues which cure the most serious organic diseases. The lives of sufferers are always improved and prolonged by use of the waters as a bath and drink.

Colorado's officials were Michigan's neighbors during that short, happy summer of '93. Pleasant memories troop before us of their receptions, grand noon concerts, and the good cheer always to be found there, in hospitality shown by Secretary French and wife, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Garaud, and Mrs. Jones. The last three named were Colorado's lady managers. They all knew how to give a royal welcome to visitors at Colorado's lovely home.

One especial evening comes before us, of the entrancing music given by the Dudley Buck Concert Company. Rare, rich strains float back to us from that dear little building, and once more Michigan greets her World's Fair neighbors, who used to live across the way, and enlarges the message to the whole people of Colorado, and all the neighbors of other States.

Note.—In every department Colorado made large exhibits.



## KANSAS.

Kansas is in the center of the United States, being equally distant from the Atlantic on the east, the Pacific on the west, the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and British America on the north; 52,572,160 acres compose this State. It is equal in area to the combined areas of England and Ireland.

Kansas' plan for securing farm statistics is this: The township assessor receives \$3 per day for collecting statistical information relating to agriculture, horticulture, manufactures, etc. This he does under instruction from the Board of Agriculture. He is required to personally visit each family in his township, or city, and must also personally inspect farms, mills, shops, mines, and other places.

The report from each township or city is handed in to the Agricultural Board, so that the enumeration may commence on the first day of March. This law was made in 1875. These statistics are classified by the board in a convenient manner for use and are laid before the Legislature at the next session. Any assessor guilty of a misdemeanor or willful neglect of duty is fined not less than \$20 or more than \$100.

The settlement of Kansas began in 1854, and since that time sorghum has been continuously grown there. It is generally supposed that a great length of time is required for the improvement of this plant, but simply sowing pure seed, of a superior variety, makes a great improvement in a short time.

About 225 pounds of sugar, which costs less than three cents per pound, is secured from each ton of cane. With these facts before us, 'tis plain to see that sorghum sugar, without a tariff upon it, is made with much profit.

The fruit growing industry of this State is an assured success, for there is no portion which is not suited to one or more classes of fruits. The rapidity of advancement in her fruit industry has no precedent in the history of older and noted fruit States. She now holds the distinction of having the largest apple orchards in the world, some covering an area of 1,237 acres.

Kansas has no mountains, marshes, or arid plains, but her surface is pleasantly diversified with low bluffs and



a variety of rolling prairie. There seems to be no regularity in the recurrence of wet and dry seasons, and the periods and the laws concerning them cannot be stated with any certainty.

It is common opinion there that rainfalls have been on the increase since Kansas was settled. As fast as the buffalo grass is cleared away, and its hard, dry turf is plowed, rainfalls sink into the soil, collecting dampness and moisture; which before ran off of the buffalo grass' shiny bead-like tops, on to its dry, hard soil, running away or standing until dried away by the hot winds. The hot winds are becoming less frequent as the grass is cleared away.

It is said that from the hot sun shining on the beady tops of this grass, when one of the hot winds passes over fields of it, that hot air is formed as though in a funnel. It is also asserted that when fierce tornadoes or windstorms come, they are cold until sweeping over hundreds of acres of this grass; it then becomes so hot that it burns the hand to touch it. This accounts for the hot winds of Kansas, which sweep along withering and burning every green thing, until the force of heat which it gathers in passing over the buffalo grass is spent.

Clover and timothy are now successfully grown there. The bottom lands of Eastern Kansas vary in price from \$25 to \$60 per acre, the best uplands from \$15 to \$50 per acre; good improved lands can be bought for \$12.50 to \$20 per acre; grazing lands from \$4 to \$10 per acre.

The pioneer days of Kansas were full of discouragements, but the planting of trees and vegetation has brought about a decided change. The pioneer farmers of this State learned by dear experience how to farm Kansas.

In Western Kansas wheat is the most successful and profitable grain grown. Broom corn is grown in almost any season with profit. In 1892 Kansas produced over 70,000,000 bushels of wheat, which was equal to the product of Illinois and Iowa combined.

About forty years ago alfalfa clover was introduced into California from seed imported from Chili and South America, where fields of it existed over one hundred years ago. About 1880, its name and fame had spread over large portions of the west, and now in many of these States there are thousands of acres of the bright purple blooming alfalfa.



Does it pay? It would seem so when the golden seed is worth \$5 per bushel. It would seem so when we remember the statements given regarding it in Idaho. After the ricks of hay are removed from Kansas' fields, cattle, to make them fat and sleek, are turned to graze on the pastures for a couple of months.

It is not hard to take care of the alfalfa clover plant. There is no replanting, cultivating, or seeding. Once rooted upon the rich bottom lands, or upon high plains, it is a perpetual source of income. It does pay and pay well. The best time to plant it is from March 15th, to April 20th. The ground should be deeply stirred the preceding fall. When seeding time comes in March or April, oats or barley should be sown first broadcast, one-half bushel to the acre, then alfalfa, sown broadcast 20 pounds to the acre.

It is cut for hay when in full bloom, for then its blossoms are the sweetest. It is then raked in windrows so as to cure quickly and not turn or get musty in the stack or barn. If cured rightly, 'twill be as green in winter as when first put up. As a milk producing forage it is simply wonderful, and it makes very rich, nice colored butter. Musty alfalfa must never be fed to horses, for it will give them the heaves.

Stock should be kept off the fields from the first of May until after the last cutting, then there is no danger of the animals getting the bloat. The secret of its continuous growth in dryest weather is the extreme depth of its roots, which are porous and go down to moisture from 10 to 16 feet. Notwithstanding its wonderful productiveness, it does not impoverish the soil, but improves it.

Crops of potatoes raised upon its plowed surface are remarkable for size. The decaying alfalfa roots are equal to any of the best fertilizers.

The Kansas division of the Union Pacific has its headquarters at Omaha, Neb.; B. McCallister is the land commissioner. It is the only railroad company in Kansas which yet has lands for sale. A few choice lands in the Arkansas river valley are offered by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad. The headquarters are at Topeka. J. E. Fröst is the land commissioner there.

On entering the Kansas Building we heard a small, shrill whistle, and looking up into the rotunda, saw running about its edge a full train of miniature cars. It was a fine advertisement of the great Rock Island route by



the way of Santa Fe and all southwestern points in Colorado, Oklahoma, Texas, Nebraska, Old Mexico, Arizona, and California. By the St. Louis & Santa Fe Railroad to these points mentioned, and others. By the first route mentioned, one can go to Blue Rapids, the gem city of Kansas, the handsomest town in prairieland. The State's natural history exhibit was one of the best on the grounds.

There was shown Comanche, the only survivor of the Custer massacre, who died at the age of 31, at Ft. Riley, November 7, 1891. Five pictures showed the method used in mounting him. A framework was made of steel, which was covered with some unknown substance, then this was covered with plaster paris, lastly the hide was placed upon it. On its back was seen the same saddle on which rode Gen. Custer. Deers, natural as life, stood with horns locked, in which position they sometimes fight to their death.

Mountain sheep and goats stood on far-off rocky ledges. Buffaloes were represented in the act of grazing, and lying on the grass, 'mid bushes, was a lion and her cubs. There were many other animals which must be passed by without mention.

In great growths of chickweed were the cocoons of the silk worm, just as they are found in Kansas. Their silk was the smoothest, finest and best shown from any State or country. Without doubt, 'tis the best in the world. An advertisement read:

"Kansas has not much woods, but she has so many railway facilities that lumber is brought to her State as cheaply as anywhere."

The library and educational exhibit was large and good. Her public and private buildings were of fine architecture.

The first Kansas Legislature met in 1855, in the old Shawnee Mission House in Johnson County. Its picture hung on the wall of a room on the first floor, where were seen lovely designs of wheat and other cereals. Grains grow as finely in Kansas as anywhere.

On the upper floor we found the walls lined with pictures of her prominent citizens. There were many portraits shown of John Brown and of his handwriting. In various ways it was evident they wished to show the respect they felt toward his memory.

At the head of stairs stood a large picture, in the center of which was seen the sweet, refined face of Frances Wil-



lard. "On the four corners were represented pictures, one of an idiot, one of an Irish convict, then an Indian decked out in war paint and feathers, lastly an insane man, imposingly waving a branch of a tree in his hand. The title of this picture was, "American Woman and her Political Peers." It was a cold fact staring the gentlemen in the face. Many on seeing it laughed to hide their confusion, while others were ashamed that 'twas possible for so disgraceful a truth to be told.

In the next room was painted china, and fancy work in profusion, and very lovely, like all the rest shown from all the States. The tapestry painting done by Kansas ladies was considered the finest shown at the fair. In a corner stood a flax wheel, made in Strasburg in 1860. On the wall was an oil painting of Clarina J. Howard Nickels. It was presented by the women of Kansas in grateful remembrance and esteem for her writings and advocacy of their rights of suffrage.

The works of the State Art Association took front rank with all others mentioned; especially natural were their paintings of vegetables and fruits. An old violin and sheet music, by Ella Pecks, was especially noticeable for the old, worn, brown and yellow look. Another was a basket of vegetables overturned onto a brass tray; the reflection of the fruits in its shining surface was fine.

The sunflower parlör was the daintiest, tastiest, most fetching little room you ever saw. It was rich in massive carved furniture and a piano. These rested on soft carpets, which were spread with handsome rugs. Silken curtains of yellow and light green were draped at the windows. A dado of sunflowers ran about the edge of the ceiling. A clock ticked merrily while its sunflower pendulum swung to and fro, and the hands moved over an open-faced sunflower in full blossom.

In the corner hung a banner decorated with sunflowers, and poetry entitled "The Sunflower State," by Albert Bigelow Paine. He writes:

"I've ben off on a journey,  
I jes' got home to-day,  
I've traveled east, and north, and south,  
And every other way;  
I've seen a heap o' country,  
An' cities on the boom,  
But I wanter be in Kansas  
When the sunflowers bloom.



O, it's nice among the mountains,  
But I sorter felt shut in,  
'Twould be nice upon the seashore,  
If it wasn't for the din;  
While the prairie air's so quiet,  
An' there's allers lots o' room,  
O, it's nicer still in Kansas  
When the sunflowers bloom.

You may talk about yer lilies,  
Yer vilets an' yer roses,  
Yer astors and yer jessamines,  
And all the other posies,  
I'll allow they all are beauties,  
Er' full o' sweet perfume,  
But there's none o' them a patchin'  
To the sunflower's bloom.

When all the sky above is  
Jest as blue as blue can be,  
And the prairie air a-wavin'  
Like a yaller, driftin' sea,  
O, 'tis there my soul goes sailin'  
And my heart is on the boom,  
In the golden fields of Kansas  
When the sunflowers bloom."

Large silken butterflies, looking natural as life, rested upon the silken draperies, causing us to remember that in no other State are there so many large butterflies, of every imaginable, lovely hue, as in Kansas.

An elegant center table stood in this room which contained 1,000 pieces of wood, all differently shaped and set together in thirty-nine different designs. This was exhibited by the Ladies' Reading Club of Kansas.



## SOUTH DAKOTA.

This building was 130 by 70 feet. A small building when compared with any of the rest, excepting Texas, Colorado and one or two more. It was two stories in height, of a gray-greenish color. It was covered with Yankton cement and fronted the east. It stood on the right of the Fifty-seventh street entrance.

At the right and left in this building was the parlor and reading room. On its walls were portraits of the prominent people of the State. On passing through the vestibule at the right there was seen an exhibit of huge petrified logs. These were from a forest situated in Arizona, but were owned by citizens of Sioux Falls, S. D., who as a matter of course, placed this exhibit in their State building. This material is many times harder than steel, and it takes twenty days, with the aid of diamond dust, to saw through a tree twelve inches in diameter. Hence its expensiveness. These specimens told a silent and wonderful story, how by capillary attraction silica was for hundreds of years absorbed into such forests, until all fibre was displaced by it. It was a marvelous process of nature which lay before us in dazzling colors.

The State of South Dakota lies in the same latitude as Michigan, Wisconsin, New York and Massachusetts. Its southern boundary line is parallel with Detroit, Boston and the south of France. East of the Missouri River the State is an undulating plain. West of it the same features prevail, except that elevations are more numerous, finally culminating in the rugged upheaved district, known as the Black Hills, the mineral resources of which are considered inexhaustible.

The State has an area of 77,650 square miles, and a population of 328,808. In the Black Hills was discovered the first metallic tin in America. In 1873 over 4,000 veins had been discovered with more to follow. So large is the output of this ore, that we are forcibly reminded of the protection folly which keen-eyed tariffites fancifully see reflected in it.

Geologists give astounding estimates of the thousands of years which it would take to lessen the State's gold ore, now in sight. The "Homestead" claim had in 1893, 900 stamps working day and night, the greatest number



used in any one mine in the world. Their building stones of jasper, chalcedony, and other varieties are counted inexhaustible. Like the State of Washington, nothing is impossible to be found there. She has nickel, copper, iron, lead, zinc, fire-clay, with inexhaustible stores of gold and silver. Gold is washed with profit from many of their streams.

History dawned upon the Black Hills about twenty years ago, when Gen. Custer organized an expedition at Fort Abraham Lincoln. They reconnoitred in all directions, then passed through Bare Butte to the Black Hills. Earlier than 1855 scientists had visited the Hills, risking their lives, for they were good as massacred if they chanced to run on to any one of the thousands of Sioux, whose entrenchment might be behind their large herds of buffaloes, the hunting of these animals being one of their occupations. But on comparing the present with the past, what a mighty change has been effected!

Let us glance back to some of its early history when was given the grass dance of the Crows while at war with another tribe; both were encamped on the grass plats of the lower Missouri, each tribe was waiting for an opportunity to wipe the other out of existence. In the night the Crows made sheaves of grass, enveloping themselves in them, then squatting, they made their way through the swaying grasses, fell upon their foes and massacred them. Conceiving this costume to be of great beauty, they danced in it. This new dance was transmitted from tribe to tribe, and it was permitted to survive the "sun dance," because it was unaccompanied by physical torture. But fast as possible, civilization has suppressed all of these barbarous practices.

The "sun dance" was the conception of the Omahas, and Rain in the Face. In houses called "Omaha houses" they were, and perhaps are yet allowed to gather, and trip the light fantastic steps of this dance. They are, when indulging in this dance, nude but for breech clouts, they are brilliantly painted, and wear bristling feathers tinted in many colors. From ten to twelve holes are pierced in their ears, from which dangle pendants and rings. Streamers of eagle feathers are attached at the back of waist, which trail and represent grasses, helping to emphasize the motions of the dance, which is made from the hips; on their knees and ankles they wear strings of bells. During the process of the dance a dog is cooked;



this, with hardtack supplied by the government, constitutes the feast.

How redolent and unendurable must be the atmosphere, laden with the unsavory mess, combined with tobacco smoke, and their perspiration.

The wild days of Deadwood, and of other towns, were between 1877 and 1885. At that time a tenderfoot was in danger if he was so audacious as to wear into camp a white shirt. But if he came in the regulation suit, a slouch hat, high strapped boots, belt filled with dirks and revolvers, and walked with a swagger, intimating "Hail fellow, well met," he was immensely popular. With the advent of railways and elegant boudoir cars, and others of convenience and comfort, came the pushers of civilization, and then decorousness and quiet displaced the noise and brawls of the lawless.

Ox teams, drays and stages "cleared out," as trains spurred their way to every gulch and to the dump of nearly every mine. About nineteen years ago the question of purchasing the Black Hills was submitted to the Sioux.

It was on an Indian summer's day, in the latter part of September, that the commissioners arrived by appointment. They pitched their tents under a cottonwood tree, where they looked out upon a vast prairie and on to Crow Butte, whose rocky, mountainous surface reared high in air. It appeared like the ruins of an old castle. A small company of cavalry and soldiers were drawn in line to give dignity to the scene.

For some time they waited and listened for the first approach of the Indians, and had decided they were to be disappointed, when suddenly they changed their minds, for in the distance was heard the hoof-beats of horses. As they drew nearer there were so many thousands of them they fairly made the ground tremble. They swung in sight, a confused mass of brilliant colors.

There were five thousand of these Sioux, decked out for this occasion. On they came, firing volleys from their guns and howling their war songs. Madly they rode in circles round and round the tent, a yelping, maddened mass of redskins, firing as fast as they could pull the trigger of guns. Indians on foot soon swelled their numbers to 7,000. The commissioners, in helpless fright, did not offer to open the council, and expected to be massacred as the Indians stationed themselves about them in great anger and with fiendish actions.



Immediately two naked warriors galloped through the ranks, which opened for them as they came. One was "Little Big Man," very small, but with a voice like thunder. He had ridden from the "Big Horn" as fast as his horse could bring him, for his tribe had heard of the council and treaty, and he came to tell the Sioux not to give up the lands at any price, but to end the matter by killing the whites. Then out of the angry multitude came "Young-Man-Much-Afraid-of-His-Horses," mounted upon his pony. Majestically he stretched out his arm and told them to go back to camp until they were better prepared to transact business. He possessed great influence over them, and they instantly wheeled on their ponies and disappeared as though racing with the wind. Gladly we leave this subject and return to the present and the Fair where, from the beehives of the vast earth, its children swarmed from every direction, each a committee of observation for themselves, in order that they might report what States or countries would yield the most honey. So we expect no mistakes have been made by those millions of observers in locating their interests. Not as did emigrants of an early day, to whom it was experiment, when starting out to find a new home in a country, their wagons placarded with the motto, "Pike's Peak or Bust." Too often the sequel was added, "Busted."

Much knowledge had before been gained regarding these great western sweeps of country, and added to that gained at the Fair, it would seem impossible for any more victims to be gathered in by the "boomer."

In the center of the South Dakota building, mounted high on rolls of wool, was a large sheep. Here was given figures and statistics regarding this industry. Artistically arranged were their grains and grasses, the wheat exhibit being especially attractive.

On the second floor we found lovely handiwork done by the women of this State. The large portrait of Gov. Millette strongly resembled that of Gen. Grant. On the walls were pictures of public buildings and private residences in an architecture of which they had a just right to be proud.

The picture of the corn palace was of wondrous beauty. Very natural and attractive were the moss roses painted by Carrie Scott and presented to Margaret Wylie. The former became the wife of President Harrison. The latter became Mrs. Millette. She is the wife of the gentleman



in the picture just mentioned. He was Dakota's last territorial governor. The painting of moss roses was a cherished memorial of an early friendship between these two ladies, and also a sad reminder that the loving hands which had painted it were quietly folded. Yet, while her soul lives on in another sphere, we tenderly recollect all of her good, womanly qualities, and a higher compliment could never be bestowed on any lady than to be likened to her.

The refined culture of Dakota's women was most apparent in the exhibition of their literature, the representations of their refined, beautiful homes, elegant oil paintings, decorated china, and much more besides, which must be passed by.

There were shown rare old works from the sixteenth century, a painting of the "Holy Family" and another of the "Last Supper."

There was exhibited a cottage made of minerals. It was solicited by the ladies of Custer City. Then a miner's cabin, furnished with every necessary article for such a life. It was the most complete model of its kind in the world. It was made by a boy twelve years old.

Embroidered on white silk, with human hair, by a colored woman, was seen the portrait of Abraham Lincoln. It was an artistic work of art. A prairie chicken shoulder cape was shown, which was done by Mrs. Fuller, whose famous opera cloak was shown in the "Woman's Building." The portrait of the lady showed her to be possessed of fine features, while her work proved that she possessed skillful fingers.

A cabin containing a piece of wood from every State in the Union was modeled and built by the Sisters of Mercy of St. Joseph's Academy. Its unique furniture was made of quills and feathers of geese, fastened together with pins. Near it was a crucifix of the twelfth century and a Bible nearly four hundred years old. In glass cases we found many things of interest, including many cloths from their different looms; but special mention should be made of the elegant damask from their linen mills.

In a newspaper printed in 1828 we give the substance of a story, varying the conditions of it in order to leave out what was objectionable. A young gentleman of Oxford fell in love with an innkeeper's daughter and left college to marry her. His father felt the disgrace so keenly that he cut him off without a shilling, then died of



grief. They were left miserably poor. Unhappily, the young couple thought upon their beggarly condition, and of the beggars which might be born into the world. In a dazed, strange state of mind they were agonized with premonitions of great sorrow and suffering in the future. In desperation he watched his wife's fingers fly at her knitting, and thought out and devised, with the assistance of his wife, the knitting machine.

At the west end of the building was a collection of petrified fossils, the skulls and jawbones of animals. There were objects which appeared to have once been vegetables. One, we knew, had once been a fine, juicy ham. These specimens were of fascinating interest even to those not students on these lines; but to scientists and geologists it was a delightful, intellectual feast.

Mrs. Hanie and Mrs. Millette were the motive powers which caused this building, which cost \$25,000, and the exhibits in it to be a success. It was built by contributions from the ladies of the State, who worked in unison with these ladies. Efficient work was done by Mrs. Oliver, but Mrs. Hanie was the main worker. She rode hundreds of miles by car and carriage soliciting funds and exhibits. Language of the most forceful strength is inadequate to express how difficult the work was which was performed by the women officials, as well as by the gentlemen. Both of these made an orderly and systematic exhibit, and the pleasure it conveyed to others can never be measured in words. All officials were ever on the alert to improve their exhibits, and were very energetic; but we cannot refrain from stating that the women representatives in the Fair were the main spokes in the wheel. We know when a business-like woman does a thing it is so well done that it cannot be improved upon.



## WASHINGTON.

Prior to the purchase of Alaska, Washington was the extreme northwestern territory of the United States. She is one of the youngest States in the Union, but she has progressed very fast, like western States usually do.

She expended \$100,000 on her exhibit, which was large in every department, that in the "Fish and Fisheries" being very complete. When George Washington was elected president, this State's magnificent islands, her adjacent seas and the mighty river Columbia were born with the great republic, the United States of America.

When a territory, this philanthropic State began educating the Indians to be self-supporting. Many of them are born sailors, owning sea-going schooners, and are agency traders, storekeepers and successful business men. Their splendid school for both sexes at Bahaida has changed these former freebooters and fierce savages into peaceful, industrious citizens.

Previous to this there might be chronicled the discoveries of the north Pacific regions by the navigators of other nations, which, if space could be spared, would render intelligible the measure of national claims to the territory lying north and west of the Columbia River, which gave origin to what might be called the "Oregon controversies," that half century of contention between the United States and Great Britain as to the sovereignty of that portion of the State.

Earlier than 1845 there was an educated preference among the Indians for the "King Georges," as they called the English, who incited the Indians to direct and open hostilities against the American settlers, whom the Indians called the "Bostons."

Those who have read the history of the State of Washington know how it would weary if a full account were given of it, so touching a little here and there, before going back to the World's Fair we'll stop at the Whitman massacre of 1847, which occurred at an early day in that State.

Dr. Marcus Whitman and wife crossed the continent on horseback in 1836. They established a mission at Waiilatpu, under the auspices of the "American Board of Foreign Missions." There were provided houses for the sav-



ages, work shops, a school house, mill and place of worship, and, as much as possible, all accompaniments of civilization.

The Whitmans treated the savages as children of our common Father, but with the most merciless perfidy the treacherous Cayuse Indians murdered them, with nine others of their household. A mound near this site marks the resting place of these victims of Indian jealousy, superstition and hate.

The Oregon pioneers had been denied all protection by the Federal government, but nobly they restored peace and avenged the martyrs' death. The battle field account of that war is in Washington. It was a war declared and waged by the Oregon provisional government before the United States extended its jurisdiction over it.

At the very birth of this State its future development and greatness were believed to depend upon the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, with the location of its terminal port upon Puget Sound. For half a century the agitation was continued, and after great expenditure of money and energy, on September 7, 1883, the last spike was driven, sixty miles west of Helena.

A few days later Oregon and Washington celebrated this great consummation. A year later the tunnel through the Cascade Mountains was completed, and a great work of the century had been finished. Washington, Montana, with North and South Dakota, were admitted into the Union in 1889, and the act was approved by President Cleveland on the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

Many fascinating and interesting incidents might be told of this State and of the few pleasures and hard labor of her pioneers, but we hurry to her culmination of success, which she presented at the World's Fair in material wealth and natural resources, vast and inexhaustible, lining up equally with the resources of the other great western States which have already been mentioned, making it unnecessary to name her products in full.

Near the entrance of the south annex was a crayon portrait, looking like a steel engraving, of George Washington. This was by Artist Satterfield, of Mt. Vernon, Ill. Its frame, a laborious and fine piece of work, was composed of seventy-seven pieces of wood. It was made by J. E. Zeemer. The woods were secured by Mr. Maxey, who spent more than two years in Washington, scaling



mountain peaks, and trudging through deepest valleys, securing the finest woods in the world. The woods of Washington compare in height, size and beauty to those of California.

Above Washington's portrait was an immense eagle carved of wood, by Artist C. B. Feters, of Elensburg. Another of his pieces was a carved scene in a mill yard. In this were seen logs, a mill, a railroad track, a ship steaming away from the dock, and looking in another direction were observed fields of grain, uncut and in stacks. Appropriately, at this time, a quotation may be given from one of Washington's writers, Mrs. Josephine Brinkerhoff:

"The sultry noon sleeps on the drowsy hill,  
Where fragrant grasses ripen in his beams,  
While swarthy summer in voluptuous ease  
Stretches her lazy length beside the stream."

Regretfully we left poetry to look on leather, tanned with extract of white hemlock, then upon wrapping paper made from fir and cottonwood, by the Fir Co., of Everett. Next to look upon a specimen from the Roslyn mines of Kittatas County. It was taken from a slope 1,700 feet long, and is the largest lump of semi-bituminous coal ever handled. It was twenty-six feet in length, fifty-four inches high, over five feet through, and weighed 50,250 pounds. A paper pasted upon it read: "Beat me and you are entitled to the chicken."

So far as is known of the coal area of this State, it has 1,000,000 acres. Over 2,000 specimens were shown of their fruits, which compared with those of California and Idaho. Like both these States, Washington is rich in mineral products. Her sea sand has gold in it. It is as white as snow, and looks like granulated sugar.

There was shown a vase turned out of the largest piece of cedar in the world. By it a red fir block nine feet in diameter. The flagstaff fronting the building, of the same wood, was 215 feet high. It was cut in two, in order to transport it to the grounds, where it was spliced together.

On Chicago day, a steeple climber wound it from its top down to the ground in red, white and blue bunting.

All the stones about the flagstaff were heavy with gold and silver. On the walls everywhere were mammoth paintings of her lovely scenery. Her fish, oysters, crabs,



and such were represented, as was the fruits in fancy glass jars. The oysters and all products from the waters of this State are of unusual size.

Her natural history exhibit was large. Fronting it was the skeleton of an "Elephas Primigenius," the largest ever found. It was discovered in Spokane County. It was thirteen feet high, and is owned by the Chicago Academy of Science.

As we wandered over 22,000 square feet of this building, we happened on a flight of stairs which brought us into the ladies' parlor, and from there to the cool stone porch. But time was precious, and we hastened back to the miniature farm scene situated in the center of the building.

It represented a 500 acre farm. Men were reaping and stacking wheat, leaving the stubble behind them. The cook house, on wheels, was drawn by horses to whatever spot the men were working, stopping to cook meals and feed them. Large forces of men work together there, so that when the day's work is done they camp out sometimes twenty miles from where they started, so we readily perceive the necessity of a traveling cook house, which also carries other conveniences, such as blankets for the men to wrap themselves in at night, in which they sleep. In many ways it was shown how differently work is managed on a vast expanse of land. In the center was the farmhouse, barn, and all home or farm accompaniments. Hundreds of bags of grain stood about, everybody chewed wheat, and everybody appeared welcome to all they could chew.

All this State's cereals were large and perfect, and her exhibit showed careful preparation.

The walls of her building were lined with pictures of her public institutions—the State University, Agricultural College, Normal Schools, churches, colleges, and public schools of high rank. All her instructors receive the highest salaries. The school exhibit from Olympia was very neat and orderly, and like Illinois, gave the clearest and most concise explanation of their school methods.

In her city schools is taught physical culture, drawing, molding, handcarving on wood. The latter is done by younger pupils on white soap. The botanical display, because it was so perfectly mounted, was intensely interesting.



The kindergarten work of children, ranging from four to six years of age, was the very neatest seen at the Fair. Examination papers of lower grades and the higher were neat, orderly, and above criticism. We leave you to imagine how beautiful the ladies' hand-painted china and fancy work must have been to grace the interiors of palatial homes, which were pictured on the walls, and glancing at the exteriors, more certainly proved it to be a truth that elegance and refinement in rich and tasteful splendor may be seen in the luxurious homes of the residents of the State of Washington.

In the next annex we found heirlooms belonging to families whose relatives brought them into the State when they settled there. Among these exhibits was a hand-made, guipure lace scarf. It was inherited by Mrs. Jay from her great-grandmother. Next a complete set of war scrip valued at \$50, and not marked high-priced enough. A watch which resembled a small clock, for size, was loaned by Mrs. Williams. It belonged to the great-grandfather of Jefferson Davis. It is altogether too large for wear in this age of speed, as its wearer would lose time lugging it about.

Note.—The mammoth timbers which ran the length of this building were over 118 feet long, while the broken lengths of timber ran frontwise 208 feet.



## IDAHO, "THE GEM OF THE MOUNTAINS."

Idaho is an Indian word which, interpreted, means "the gem of the mountains." In her case it is no misnomer, for under her rugged, mountainous surface, awaiting the enterprise of man to utilize this wealth, is hidden the richest minerals and most precious gems.

In this distinctly mountain State health is marked higher than any State in the Union. From the foothills of her mountains flow springs of crystal clearness, ice-cold, warm or hot. These are the sources which supply the greater rivers. Many send forth immense volumes of pure water, supplying cities and towns abundantly and at any temperature wished for, nature supplying it free of charge. South of Mountain Home is one of her wonderful springs, bursting forth from the palisades of the Snake River, one of the four of this State's most important streams. The spring creates a large river of itself before joining the waters of the Snake, where it plunges with terrific force from a height of several hundred feet into the torrents below.

These springs possess valuable medicinal qualities. Nearly every county in Idaho has its lake of placid water, surrounded by nature's park. Lakes in great variety accompanied by most picturesque scenery, abound in the mountain ranges. Payette Lake, the source of the Payette river, which is situated in Boise County, is a favorite resort for the people of Boise City and its surrounding neighborhood. The lake is ten miles long, five miles wide and is particularly noted for its trout, red fish, whitefish, and for its unknown depths. Soundings of 2,600 feet have failed to reach bottom. It is surrounded by mountains, a wealth of lovely landscape, and its tranquil waters are unbroken by discordant sounds. So numerous are the lakes in Idaho that even to mention them would require more space than can be allotted in this topic. Nothing can exceed the tranquil loveliness of nature there. Rarely ever does the temperature fall to zero. The lowest temperature ever known in the history of the Boise signal station was 27.8. That was on January 6, 1888. At this time the signal officer walked regularly from his office to his residence without an overcoat, and noticed many men without them. Such habits are possible in this excep-



tionally fine climate. This occurred during the period of twenty days, when one thousand persons froze to death between the Rockies and the Mississippi.

In October, 1893, there had been no frost; the most tender vines and flowers were yet vigorous and fresh as in the spring. The States of Florida, California and Colorado are endowed with genial climates, which approach perpetual spring and summer. There are favorite resorts, where tens of thousands flee for restoration to health, and whither most eminent medical men unite in directing the multitudes. In comparison with those States, the health-restoring climate of Idaho shows that the mortality in these are from three to five times greater than it is in Idaho.

The United States troops are kept at Boise City, Idaho's capital. It is the healthiest post in the States; the death and disease rates there are the very lowest in the country. The troops are centrally located at this point, because it is most convenient to move out from if called into action. They are kept by the government cheaper here than at any other post in the country, the healthfulness of the spot having much to do with it.

Italy, France and Algiers are the countries where invalids suffering from pulmonary diseases are sent. Idaho compares favorably with these health-giving countries. Boise City is situated in Ada County, which was named in honor of the daughter of Hon. H. C. Riggs, one of Idaho's oldest pioneers. The capitol at Boise City cost \$80,000. It is a beautiful city; its streets are lined with shade trees, and its buildings, handsome and costly, are elegant specimens of architecture in wood and stone.

Ada County, in 1893, had eight thousand inhabitants, six thousand belonging to Boise City, the metropolis of the State. This city possesses more wealth per capita than any other city of its size in the Union. Artesian basins of hot and cold water supply the city's needs, the supply being sufficient for a population of 50,000. The city owns \$125,000 worth of school property. It covers an entire block and is situated in the heart of the city. I cannot give the superintendent's salary, but the principal draws \$1,500 per year, and teachers from \$70 to \$80 per month.

The soil of Idaho is composed of decayed volcanic matter, and through ages of disintegration of lava, basaltic and other rocks have formed the richest producing and



the most enduring soil under cultivation in the world. Its soils vary according to location, and are of four classes. First, the mountain soil, in its timbered section, is exceedingly rich in vegetable mold, very deep and black. Second, the plains and plateau soils contain all elements required for the production of vegetation. Three-fourths of the arable land of Idaho is of this class. Third, the valley soils are of high excellence. They consist of accumulations of decayed vegetable matter of unknown ages, which yet comes from the side of the mountains. This produces all products adapted to the climate of the State. Fourth, the natural products of its alkali soil is grease-wood and salt-grass, which are readily eaten by cattle. After this soil is deeply plowed and the salt is washed out by irrigation fine crops of cereals may be raised thereon.

Idaho raises the finest prunes in the world. Her fruits are of nearly every kind, of enormous size and delicious in flavor. At the Fair it was remarked time and again that her fruits were equal in size and quality to those of California. A four years' growth of young trees there yields two hundred pounds of apples; seventy-five pounds of cherries; one hundred and fifty pounds of peaches; one hundred and thirty pounds of pears; one hundred and fifty pounds of plums. These are not exceptional figures. Small fruits are very prolific. Hardy fruits are grown with success on the high elevations of the State. There are small orchards which produce from 20,000 to 50,000 bushels of fruit annually. The climate is favorable for drying, and leaves them in possession of their flavor to a greater degree than is often met with. Grapes grow in heavy, long, luscious clusters.

Travelers who for the first time go through Idaho on the Union Pacific Railroad are unfavorably impressed by the monotonous sage plains, which stretch far out to the right and left. These little dream that beyond in the north begins a region covered with timber, and the farther one penetrates into the State the greater is the wonder and admiration of the beholder. Her forest area is 7,000,000 acres. She has 25,000,000 acres of grazing lands, covered mostly with bunch-grass (so called because it grows in bunches similar to timothy).

We immediately recognize that with judicious management money may be made there in stock raising. On their ranges are found thoroughbreds and high grades of



all the most approved breeds. In this State are over 400,000 sheep, the mountains and hills being eminently adapted to the raising of these useful animals. In Idaho that industry is the poor man's opportunity, for no other branch of stock raising brings wealth and independence so quickly as does sheep raising on a small capital. Many become rich on the lease system by securing a flock of sheep for a term of four years only. The lessee, at the end of this time, returns one-half of the wool clippings, half of the increase and all of the original number. One herder obtained a lease of one thousand head, which in four years had increased to seven thousand; then the lessee owned 3,000 sheep, worth \$10,000, and \$5,000 worth of wool.

There are 7,500,000 acres of public government land open for settlement in Idaho. The Indian reservations contain 1,500,000 acres, which includes some of the State's finest agricultural land.

The early explorers of this State were the same parties mentioned in the account of the State of Washington. It was through the patriotism, energy and personal efforts of Dr. Whitman, the missionary, which defeated the scheme of the Hudson Bay Company in securing all the territory north of Columbia River to the sovereignty of England. Accidentally he was apprised of their intentions to secure this territory, while officials in Washington did not know its value. Dr. Whitman, with but little preparation, started immediately overland. Just when he arrived in the States or Washington is not recorded. He was accorded interviews with President Tyler, Secretary of State Webster and members of Congress, in which he urged the importance of taking immediate action in extending the authority of the government over this territory to save it from falling into the hands of England.

He was surprised at their indifference, they arguing that the country was but barren deserts and rugged mountains, unfit for agriculture, and that it was not worth the trouble and expense. In vain Dr. Whitman labored to remove their erroneous ideas of this vast country. To prove they were mistaken, he agreed to pilot a train of emigrants to the coast. President Tyler promised to await the result of the experiment before concluding the settlement of the boundary line.

Guided by Dr. Whitman, 875 emigrants, with 1,300 head of cattle, their wagons loaded with the most necessary articles, traveled over the plains, and on reaching the



Columbia River made a settlement. This was in 1843. In 1849 emigration to this place had taken on such great proportions that their numbers had increased to 499,043.

The task of collecting an exhibit from this sparsely settled State was not an envious or easy one. The first appropriation made was only \$20,000. The executive commissioner, Mr. Wells, instead of devoting his energies to efficiency and rapidity of work, was obliged from the outset to make economy a study, and not until an additional appropriation was made of \$30,000, which was on February 1, 1893, could the plans laid out by the commissioners be carried out with anything like vigor or certainty. Fifty thousand dollars was not enough, but it was the highest possible sum to obtain of the Legislature.

For many reasons the task of collecting Idaho's exhibits were difficult. First, there was but little material at hand to make a beginning. Scarcely a county fair had been held in the youngest State in the Union, and exhibits had to be dug from the ground or taken from the stump. Not in the whole State was there an organization of any kind for promoting the work to be done. There was not to be found a scientific person engaged in any special line of work. So with no associations of agriculture, horticulture, stock breeders, pomological or any other associations, the commissioners in no department could find a ready collection. They reached out to others for help, but, regarding the State exhibit, the spirit of indifference seemed predominant among the masses.

In the midst of solving these difficulties, with limited time allowed for work, the commission was called upon to bear great losses incident to two fires and two bank failures. First the exhibits from Latue County were destroyed when the town of Kendrick burned. Second, a carload of agricultural exhibits, taxidermy and paintings were burned. This after every expense incident to their collection and shipment had been paid. While these were of intrinsic value, the loss to the State, inasmuch as they could not be replaced, could hardly be estimated by moneyed values. A World's Fair pavilion, erected at great expense, awaited the agricultural exhibit. The next great calamity was the failure of the bank at Wardner, in which the Ladies' Columbian Club was victimized to the amount of \$500. Following this came the greater loss of \$1,543.59 through the failure of the Columbian bank, of Chicago.



When we consider these discouragements of this commission, connected with their hard labors and anxiety, it must have been to them appalling, and only for the liberal terms granted by the Union Pacific Railroad, Idaho's exhibit at the World's Fair would, in many respects, have been a failure. Often we wondered what their display would have been had they met with no losses, for had they not told us of them, we could never have known anything was missing from their exhibit, which, brought about by very hard work, was a grand success.

President Clark, of the Union Pacific Co., indorsed a recommendation to Mr. J. A. Monroe, general traffic manager, that a rebate be made Idaho of all moneys paid for freights over their road, which was over \$5,000. This was done. Such liberality cannot receive too much commendation. Over the long distance they generously hauled huge timbers, rock and other material, which, after all exhibits had been brought through, amounted in freightage to a great deal more than the sum mentioned.

The architecture of the building represented a Swiss cottage, but when looking on its massive stone foundation, running half way to its roof, in fancy we were on a ranche, looking off onto mountain peaks; buffaloes grazed in the distance; Indians skurried over the plains, and their arrows whizzed through the air at the buffaloes. Oxen were corraled near by, and silken-haired Angora goats skipped from one craggy height to another.

As we swung back the heavy wooden gate and passed through a cavern-like opening like that of a cave into the somber darkness, we found ourselves in a mica hall, which was worthy of note, as mica for practical use is found in only one other State in the Union, viz.: North Carolina.

Wooden benches were strung the length of this hall and in the rest of the rooms. At the right was a room with two small windows set in the solid stone. There was a fireplace, its mason work being of lava. This room was even darker than the hall, and had this building really been situated out in the mountains, we should have looked fearfully about for bandits. A young man of a certain kind did some artistic love-making in this room, which seemed almost in the heart of the mountains themselves. He said:

"Dearest, let us be true-hearted, drop all frivolity and draw 'nearer to nature's heart.' Can you not fancy that you inhale the fragrance of mountain odors?"



The young lady was inclined to be serious, but the opportunity given for repartee made the temptation too great, so she said:

"Tell me, in all seriousness, do you think the fragrance of 'old rye' could possibly be fancied by anyone as being a mountainous odor?"

But the environments of the occasion soon caused the lady to become quite poetic, and in answer to his proposal of marriage she said:

"I believe that your love for me is stronger and more enduring than even these granite rocks by which we are surrounded, and I will say I reciprocate your granite-like love."

Although the writer has not given the whole of the conversation, she was much impressed with the oratory and sentiment, especially when he said:

"My love for you will ever remain pre-eminently strong as are these granite rocks."

The writer would not be misunderstood in her appreciation, upon which she cannot express her feelings on this affecting episode, but, for the sake of effect, will add that she made a long but vain search for a brick to throw at them. Their arrangements were made that they would marry on the next day, and when they discovered the august presence of the writer she made no attempt at an apology, but making a low, sweeping bow, which would have shamed one of Samantha's, she gave an impromptu but short congratulatory speech by saying: "May all your cares be 'little ones.'"

In the most delighted manner possible to imagine they thanked the writer for her kindness, and she, completely overcome with her nervous flow of oratory, dug a penny out of her purse and hastened out to the first mineral water stand to recuperate for the rest of her trip through Idaho.

On the opposite side of the hall was a lone room. On its window sills were a few house plants, and in the center of the room a long, bare table with the newspapers of Idaho upon it. Here we met an Idaho State commissioner, Dr. Jennie Beardsley. She was also a press representative from Mountain Home, Elmore County. In the next room she showed, mounted and covered with glass, the flora of this State, which is beautiful and plentiful. This room, which was situated back of the office, was filled with hundreds of specimens. The writer is very



sorry to have lost the address of the young lady commissioner. She was so kindly and interesting, as she walked about her home of the mountains, telling of customs and the life there as we climbed stone stairs lying between dark walls, coming into rooms descriptive of much she told us.

There were shown more than 135 varieties of lovely plumaged birds. Skins of wild animals adorned the walls, floors, or they were thrown over rude chairs. On crooked saplings, fastened into the wall, lay the gun of the hunter; near it hung his coat of tanned deerskin; a little further on a large collection of Indian relics. There we saw the prettiest collection of arrow heads, made out of flint and cornelian, we had ever seen.

In another room was a collection of the State's cereals and grasses. Very luscious and tempting, seemed the dried fruits. Strings of dried herbs and red peppers hung from the rafters; peering upwards, light was seen coming through the roof. Below were the coarse board floors. Even the woodwork was old and battered. It was a fine representation of long usage.

In other rooms kettles hung in the fireplaces, dishes and frying pans were placed in the rude cupboards, and a four-poster cord bedstead, made up high, was covered with a heron-bone, pieced bed-quilt. This was adorned with small, narrow pillows, and it was a reminder of the early pioneer life of all the States. Doubtless many ladies remember now when they were young girls that they were invited from their town home to remain over night with some girl chum residing in the country. They'd take what seemed to them the easiest way to climb into the high-built bed, a mountainous looking affair, by balancing themselves on the footboard and then making a long, wild plunge into feathery waves, they would emerge from its depths nearly smothered. The writer knows one who one night lost her little two-by-four inch pillow, and as she vainly searched for it the other young lady awoke and asked, "What is the matter?"

"I've lost my pillow."

After a while her friend asked:

"Did you find your pillow?"

"Yes."

"Where did you find it?"

"In my ear."

The drinking cups in this building were of solid silver.



They were attached to solid silver chains, which were welded to the water pail. Upon them was inscribed, "Idaho silver. Presented by the ladies of Mineral, Washington County, Idaho."

The State's mineral display numbered over seven thousand specimens in gold, silver, flashing gems, mica and others. The lead product was very great. It is most plentiful in Idaho, Ada County taking the lead. Idaho produces the finest mica in the world. Sheets of it measuring 12x20 inches, clear as glass, are taken out of the McConnel mine in Latuh County. Mica was discernible everywhere upon the rocks in this building, which seemed to have brought with it the very silence and air of the mountains, and fancifully we pictured ourselves living in a long, low-roofed log cabin in the midst of a ranch in Idaho. Does the reader, like the writer, feel an inspiration and longing for emigration and prospecting? If so, you've joined me in this message to her people and State: "Wait, Idaho; we're coming, Idaho. Our four-horse team will soon be seen way down in Idaho."



## CALIFORNIA.

This building was patterned after the old mission church of San Diego, but was larger. It was 144 by 435 feet in dimensions, and cost \$300,000.

On the garden roof was a roomy, flat, central dome room; in this and about the whole outside space, which represented a garden roof, were served meals. This building was next in size to the Illinois Building, the total floor space being 100,000 square feet.

California was largely represented in all departments. Her wine display in the Horticultural Building was a central attraction, and her display of tropical fruits, with the possible exception of that of Idaho, was the largest and best. Some of the fruit in the pyramid of oranges kept the whole six months. The California Building duplicated all exhibits made in her building in all other buildings. When there, it was a common thing to hear:

"Oh! this makes me hungry."

They were the finest of fruits, and were piled up in tempting and picturesque display, dried and laid in fancy boxes, or canned in large glass jars, which were finely patterned. Onions were shown as large as an ordinary cabbage; a four-gallon jar frequently holding only four, or six pears or peaches. Luscious clusters of grapes hung on branches two or three feet long.

There was exhibited a colossal knight mounted on a horse, both figures were composed of figs, prunes, dates and raisins. Another attractive object was a marble statue of a woman, her arms filled to overflowing with fruits, and crouching beside her was a grizzly mountain bear. It was hard to tell which county in this State made the finest showing, as they seemed parallel in this respect, yet Sacramento County, we thought, excelled.

Everywhere were globes in which were represented cans of olives, pickles, fruits, etc. Everywhere were arches, upon them were descriptive mottoes, and pictures relating to the resources of the State. Her large mineral exhibit was the largest and most attractive of any, filling numbers of glass cases, which covered a large amount of space. There was jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, amethyst, and hundreds of other specimens. Many of these were as transparent as crystal.



The vast and beautiful array of quantities of gold and precious stones made it easy to believe in St. John's vision of the New Jerusalem.

The serpentine jasper, quartz crystal, and others in purple-pink red, in every color ever heard of or known, lay before us in lavish beauty, and in fancy we walked through the gardens of the gods. High cliffs towered above us as we passed through those winding pathways of nature, and looked upon the grand splendor of rubellites in pink and white, throwing lights like the opal, then passing by iridescent limonite in shades of purple, orange and green, we came upon black marble cliffs. Try hard as we may, we cannot describe the beauties of one imaginative park, which we traveled through in this building, and if we made the mistake while there of describing some minerals which have never been seen there, possibly it helped to enhance the park's beauty; who knows? We saw high, shining, clear cliffs of onyx from Lower California, and photographed upon it were forests and mountains. We saw, transparent as water, great rocks of quartz crystal. The largest quartz crystal ever found was displayed in this building; it was so clear one could fairly see through it. It weighed 106 pounds.

In the midst of this exhibit was the bronze statue of James W. Marshall. His left hand rested on the handle of his spade; in his right was held a fac-simile of the first nugget of gold which was found by him in California, at Colomo, El Dorado County, on January 19th, 1848.

The total yield of gold since that time up to 1893, was \$1,310,000,000. The original nugget is now owned by W. M. Allan, of San Francisco. The placer gold, which is found in fine grains, when sifted by scientific workers yields them from \$2 to \$3 per day. The leaved gold on crystal, was like that shown from Colorado.

In this building was shown a gold gavel which was made in the presence of the National Editorial Association. The gold was mined from one of this State's mines. It was cast into a brick and presented to them after it was made into a gavel. The handle was composed of mazanita and orangewood. Designs of gold were patterned over this, and the handle handsomely finished in gold at the top.

California paid for her wants in gold; Idaho, and other Western States, in silver. A Californian stated that the



new McCarthy Devisadora quicksilver mine paid \$800 to the ton, and that in it is found gold, which is formed in curious shapes. He found in it a small gold snake, as perfect as though a goldsmith had fashioned it. He caused garnet eyes to be placed in it, which made a unique watch charm.

We looked upon the San Barnardo meteorite, which was found in the Ivanpah mining district. It weighed 128 pounds. It was analyzed by Prof. Shepherd, and it was reported in the Journal of Science in May of 1880. It was composed of iron, nickel, phosphorus, graphite, and silver ore. It was a wonder to every one who saw it. Stibnite and antimony is a plentiful product of the State, and combined with copper makes the strongest shafting in the world.

The Californian said it was a rare treat to be in Santa Barbara on flower festival day, which is celebrated once a year. Carriages and wagons are twined with blossoms in this land of flowers. Large pictures represented vehicles trimmed with roses, pansies and hundreds of other kinds of flora. They were so thickly twined up on the wheels and every part of the vehicles, the harnesses of, and the horses, too, that they were completely hidden in a profusion of blossoms. Each vehicle is driven by a young lady, dressed in white, and lavishly decked with garlands of flowers. Seated with her are stately beauties and lovely children, dressed in gay attire like her own.

The procession is miles in length. So luxuriantly bloom the flowers there, that people may be as extravagant as they please with them, and then there is always plenty of them and more to spare.

Cleopatra's needle was represented in fancy bottles of olives and olive oil of the celebrated Elwood Cooper brand. This display was made up and shipped direct from Mr. Cooper's olive farm in Santa Barbara. It is said olives of his raising are the finest flavored in the world. They have taken medals wherever exhibited, and received a medal and a special certificate of honor from World's Fair officials.

A handsome booth from Fresno and Keene Counties represented a large display of citrons.

On the second floor were mammoth paintings of "The Golden Gate," "The Yosemite," "The Leland T. Stanford University," pictures of his large vineyards, interior of his winery, and a picture of a free kindergarten which he



established in memory of his young son, Leland, Jr. These are all to be found in Palo Alto, and they were painted by Reed and Gross, Chicago.

We saw the photograph of Mrs. Susan Winans, who was the first white child born in Chicago, on February 12th, 1812; the statement was given that she was in 1893 yet living in Santa Anna. There was also on exhibition a palm tree planted in 1770 by one of the mission fathers, and lastly a tile was seen which came from the mission of San Juan. This mission was erected in 1776, and destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, while Franciscans were worshipping in it. The mission bells shown were small iron ones, and resembled the bell of old La Rabida.

California's artists in the Fair ranked high in their works of art. They certainly possessed extraordinary merit. "A Street Scene of an Early Day in San Francisco" was painted by Ernest Nargot. "The Old Sailors' Home," by Lee Nash, looked very comfortable. "Sunday in California in Olden Days," by Charles C. Nall, told that they did not keep Sunday at all. Its characters were Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians and children. All these were of both sexes. Ox teams hitched to wagons were filled with tropical fruits, guitars were played by Spaniards, while Mexicans were giving songs and dances.

In "The Glory of the Heavens," by W. M. Keith, the array of light and colors were phenomenally brushed. The works of Bent and Bond were perfect. The panel work done by Miss Reeve deserves special mention. Grace Hudson's paintings of Indian children were especially attractive, and were simply perfect in representation. "Mendiceno," an Indian babe crying real tears which left upon his face dirty streaks. It was most cunningly brushed, but was of no better execution than was the first work mentioned.

Some tapestry work, with one and one quarter million stitches taken in it, depicted the surrender of Mary, Queen of Scots, to the confederated lords at Carberg Hill; this intricate piece of work was accomplished by Mrs. J. F. Jenkins, of Los Angeles. She was fourteen years completing it. Another, composed of one million stitches, was named "Weighing the Deer." Seven years were required for its completion.

There were great glass cases in which were displayed delicate sea mosses of every conceivable color. Then we admired some fine fancy work and rare patterns of lace work.



Everywhere were seen panels of this State's woods, mingled with decorations of magnolia branches, whose leaves were gold bronzed. One charming little room was furnished in yellow and white. On the wall was an oil painting belonging to Mrs. Johnson, of San Francisco; the picture contained forty-one Persian cats and kittens, and inscribed on its frame was the sentiments of her husband regarding her pets.

"If 'twere but one, I might conceal,  
The raging jealousy I feel,  
But with this crowd her heart to share,  
What little spot can I have there."

A fire etching of Grover Cleveland was remarkably well done with a hot steel poker by Lilian O'Hara. We would not forget to mention one of the main attractions, the California shell rainbow portiere, composed of 12,000 shells, valued at \$1,500. It was originated and designed by Mrs. S. M. Walker. These tiny shells she picked up on the beach at the summer resort, Santa Monica, in California. After gathering them they were handled individually eight times and collectively six times, taking four months for the completion of the work. The shells were in shades of purple, yellow-white and pink, and by the untiring perseverance of the owner there was created a handsome effect.

There was some sheer material upon which was wrought running vines, fit for fairies' wear. It was done by two ladies, Miss Berry, aged 81, and Mrs. Lowden, aged 82. A painting by Thomas Hill, of historic interest, was entitled "Driving the Last Spike," which connected the Union and Pacific railroads. This occurred on May 10th, 1869.

On the southwest corner of the rotunda was seen a stuffed grizzly bear, the largest ever taken. It weighed 1,800 pounds, and was captured by Capt. James Adams, while the state was comparatively new, in September of 1854.

Portraits of her noted men and women were largely represented. In the old Wells-Fargo Express Company exhibit, hanging from a beam, suspended on a string, was a conglomeration of good-for-nothing articles which they had carted over California. A few were, a Chinese parasol, printed signboards, indigo bags, a glove, a rubber, and many other things which you'll be glad to hear were unmentionables.



Notices reading like this were placed beside pictures of old-time stage coaches:

"On Sunday night, the 27th, the stage from Colfax to Grass Valley was stopped by four highwaymen, and our treasure box was robbed of \$7,000 in coin out of a leather pouch which was in the box. We will pay a reward of \$2,500 in gold for the capture of the robbers or the recovery of the coin.

"L. F. ROWEL,

"Ass't Supt. of Wells-Fargo & Co.

"Grass Valley, July 28, 1873."

In many instances, the robbers when captured were dealt with as were the Ruggles brothers, who killed and robbed a messenger, viz.: Taken from jail, and hanged without a trial.

In a picture entitled "The Start, upon December 1st, 1866," the lines were held by Mrs. Mary Langdon, who was the first and only woman mail contractor in the United States, and the finest four-in-hand driver on the coast. Early one summer's morning she drove away with passengers and mail. All seemed right for a happy and safe journey, but a few hours later "Black Bart," the terror of the mountain, with his men, stopped the horses, and with drawn revolvers said:

"Off and in line, every mother's son of you."

The passengers were relieved of their valuables, but were thankful to get away with their lives.

Black Bart was never captured, so 'tis not known whether he is living or dead.

Strong iron boxes and mail bags lay torn open from the effects of dynamite explosions, one of which occurred in the year of the Fair. Four of the gang implicated in it were then in jail awaiting trial; they injured the messenger so badly it was thought he would not live; and in case he did not, it was expected that quick justice would be meted out to the prisoners by indignant citizens of the State without troubling judge or jury.

The Wells-Fargo Express was founded in 1852 with a capital of \$300,000 for their express and banking business; they speedily endeared themselves, by the pony service they gave to the miners living far in the wilds before railroads came their way. To-day the Wells-Fargo Express Co. interests span the American continent from ocean to



ocean, and across the seas. The total number of miles it operates by railroad, steamer and stage is over 40,000, and it gives employment to over 6,000 people. All losses by robbery or other causes have always been promptly paid by them and their generous rewards have usually been the means of recovering much that was stolen from them.

Wells Fargo was born May 2d, 1818, and died August 3d, 1881. He was the first president of the company, which he was prominent in founding.

Another large exhibit shown in this building, mostly Indian relics, was that owned by Gov. John Draggert, of Black Bear. In that exhibit were soup spoons and combs made of elkhorn, by the Obedian Indians. There was exhibited a piece of the white silk dress which Laura Keene wore on the night of which Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Stains of his martyred blood was upon it. Lying near the relic was the picture of the theater where he was shot.

Next, a pen etching by Lily Blondin Ruggles. It was a copy of St. Antony, and was copied in 1891 from a cathedral window in Spain which was over three hundred years old.

For the State's scenery, with which the building was lavishly decorated, the painters charged their brushes with truest colors, and guided by a fine instinct of hand and eye, did grand justice to her cliffs, thousands of feet high, and her water-falls. Projecting boulders watched like sentinels over the secrets of their gorges, and we fancied ourselves upon the original spot, or traveling through her cities, towns and hamlets, the painting of which were so well represented. Such grandeur and beauty of scenery is seen only in California.



## NEBRASKA.

This fine two-story building, surrounded by porches, stood on a corner, across from the South Dakota building. With but few exceptions she was represented in all departments. Her exhibit contained many interesting special exhibits. The building's interior was ornamented with staff and trimmed in profusion with designs of cereals and grasses. Scarcely anything can be mentioned which does not grow in Nebraska.

Her counties made displays, in artistic booths. An antelope stood at the entrance of Custer County, which county centered this State's exhibit. Mottoes in the exhibit stated, "Sugar is Queen, and Corn is King." Another antelope stood at the entrance of another county exhibit. Here, also, a relief work, in corn, which gave the State motto, "Before equality, the law." There was a finely executed design of our nation's flag in red, white and blue corn, containing 38,000 grains.

In the parlor we found, as we did in many State buildings, the fine toned "Bent" piano, manufactured in Chicago. A hat-rack and table, which were designed and made by Miss Carrie Barber, stood in the hall. The hand carving was intricate, and its patterns finely carried out.

The school and university work exhibit was so perfect that it could not be improved upon, and this seemed to be the case from every part of the United States.

There was exquisite painting on china by Nina Lombard. "Washington at Valley Forge" was executed by Ida Bennett.

Prominent betimes were fervent mottoes of the religious and temperance work. The history of one banner was very interesting. The linen of which it was composed was made by women in Pennsylvania one hundred years ago. Patriotic designs were upon it with the inscription, "Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." The standard was made from trees planted by soldiers at Ft. Calhoun in 1819. The fringe was made of buttons worn by them. The display of temperance charts and other orders was magnificent, as were also pictures of the state institutions, and their paintings and fancy work. The paintings from nature and still life were very fine. Indian life, in an early day, was demon-



strated by gaily painted designs on a tent which had been used by Col. Cody when serving the Union with Grant and others of note.

An object of much curiosity was a painting of the first homestead taken up in the United States, by Daniel Freeman, a white haired old patriot, whose portrait hung next to it. These were painted by Mrs. McFarlan. It was a restful scene. It represented a broad sweep of green earth, dotted with trees. In the midst of them stood a log house and shed, with the wood piles and barrels standing about them.



## MAINE AND INDIANA.

At the Fair, Maine, the "old pine tree" State, bravely upheld in every department her motto, "Dirigo" (I lead). A grand State, which has sent to Congress the ablest of men, while a brilliant record was made by her sons during the war.

Sportsmen come from all over America to fish in her lakes and rivers, teeming with trout and salmon. Her forests, the home of the moose, deer, and smaller game, cover more than half the State. This grand old State is rightly named, "The play-ground of the nation," "the health resort of America," and "the sportsman's paradise."

The State is a leader in agricultural products. It also produces a fine quality of granite and slate. Within her boundaries there is a constant increase of factories and industries. Her coast line extends from Kittery to Quoddy Head, and it is 2,500 miles in length, with here a noble bay, there a broad inlet, or a broad river's deep mouth cut in the yielding soil. Set, gem-like, along its whole distance, on emerald clad isles, with scenery grand and beautiful, are cliffs, rocks, and shell paved beaches, the whole environed by the broad Atlantic, into which flow the great rivers of the State.

Maine to the world is what Herculaneum was to Rome, for from the cities of other States and countries come their people of wealth to build elegant summer homes, where they may walk between rocky cliffs, or on some of their beautiful islands loiter through sylvan dells, or take charming drives, inhaling the vigorous air of the ocean.

Maine's fleets of steamship lines, replete with every luxury, ply between New York and Portland. On leaving New York harbor and passing down the bay one looks upon elegant residences, massive blocks, the magnificent Brooklyn bridge, harbors and marine outlooks, green and gray islands, Brooklyn Navy Yard, Blackwell's Island, Hell-Gate, and many other points of interest. In the evening it is an entrancing sight, when passing illuminated steamers and lighted headlands, as the steamer plows her way on some journey taken to some distant point. Then comes to the traveler glorious sleep, and he awakens to find himself sailing into the beautiful, island-dotted Vineyard Sound, to charming Cottage City. From there is passed



Cape Cod. From thence the vessel sails out on to the grand old ocean.

General C. P. Mattocks, of Portland, Me., was executive commissioner from this State. He is a college graduate, has practiced law over thirty years, and has served as State Attorney. During the Civil War he held commissions, commencing with first lieutenant, and was rapidly promoted from one office to another for bravery. He was brevetted brigadier-general for gallant and meritorious services in the campaign ending with the surrender of Lee.

This building, and Indiana's, both were beautiful homes, and never will be forgotten the pleasant family from Maine, General Mattocks, his queenly wife, and stately, beautiful daughters. Nor would one, if they could, forget the pleasant evenings and other occasions spent on "Indiana's" porch, in her parlors, or in strolls with its executive official, Col. Havens, his amiable wife and daughters. Col. Havens, in "Indiana's war report," receives special mention for daring and bravery. This State, as well as Maine, gave splendid exhibits in all departments.



## CHICAGO DAY.

This auspicious and historic day opened with booming of cannon and unfurling of the national flag on every public and private building, the Fair grounds being decorated lavishly in honor of the ovation. It was a color-dazzling, ear-splitting, fire-raining celebration throughout the day and evening. A greater "whoop-la" celebration than was ever any Fourth of July celebrated in America; an extravagant, wild, a tempestuous, western good time, such as only Chicago knows how to give.

Hundreds of civic and other societies of all names from all countries and of all creeds marched. Soldiers, followed by artillerymen, were led by American cavalrymen, and the English redcoats from "Tattersall's." All nations were represented in the parade. The whole of "Midway" came out, except the Dahomians, who could not be trusted. There were girls from the Oriental theaters and from the "Congress of Beauty." They rode in open carriages. Following them were the nearly naked South Sea Islanders. The procession entered "Midway" in grand array. Natives of the Holy City were seated on gaily bedecked camels, keeping up a deafening screeching with their instruments and playing upon the noisy tom toms. Next was heard the gong playing given by the Chinese, who carried a mammoth dragon, with shining green eyes; its tongue lolled out of its cavernous mouth, its body extended about one hundred and forty feet in length, while in line underneath, supporting it, walking in solemn mien, were twenty Chinamen, who balanced the fierce creature on their heads. It nodded and bowed, in all its terrific ugliness, to everyone. It passed by in great state and impressed all with its mythological greatness. Swelling the parade to great dimensions was Col. Cody's "Wild West Show."

In the evening, over one hundred and twenty-five floats, the finest display of the kind ever originated, passed through the World's Fair grounds, representing the early history of the world, our Nation, and Chicago by scenes which were acted in tableaux by the young men and women of Chicago and of the counties of Illinois. Just before the parade reached the "Michigan" Building, an accident of some moment delayed a portion of the gorgeous procession. In grand array there passed before us again,



as in life, notables long since gone from earth, so perfectly represented that as in a dream, we wondered if we were in the body or "out of the body." We saw all of the presidents, commencing with George Washington, on to Abraham Lincoln, Grant, and other noted people of the past. Following these were the representations of music, art, literature, and science. These were represented by lovely young ladies in gauzy white robes, wearing golden wings and standing on globes. They looked like very angels. It was an entrancing sight.

Four floats represented some of the history of Chicago. First, the erection of Ft. Dearborn, in 1802. Second, the Ft. Dearborn massacre of 1812, where the lone settler's wife leaned against the walls of her cabin home, in a pathetic attitude of horrified helplessness, while Indians battered at the door to gain entrance. Third, the city charter, in 1827. This was presided over by official-looking men. Fourth, the great fire of 1871. This was depicted in a gorgeous painting, and was followed by scenes of desolation. After this the gorgeous fireworks were given on the lake front. There were set pieces without number, historic of Chicago, showing many of her fine buildings, the cow which kicked over the lantern, and Chicago, in fireworks, burned again. But out of its ashes has risen the "Queen City of the West," and cheers went up from thousands of throats, as they proudly thought upon her phenomenal growth and progress, which has never been equaled in the history of any city in the world. For its size, it is no worse, morally or politically, than any other city. Its citizens, as Americans, have broad minded views regarding political and social problems, and have always been kind enough to allow the affairs of other countries to be criticised by their own countrymen. Very willing we are, that Americans shall tear down whatever they think is bad in our country. We have those perfectly capable of doing it, like Dr. Parkhurst, who has proved himself to be our leader, but who did not, like Editor Stead, feel called upon to go over to London to seek out its iniquity and advise the people of England what to do regarding it.

Editor Stead did not seek heathen nearer home, as did Dr. Parkhurst, but rather sought notoriety in coming to Chicago to work a reformation, both politically and morally, to the neglect of such affairs at home. It is the honest opinion of people of to-day, that Chicago is no more the



"Sodom of the earth" than is any other city. There is no one who does not approve of Mr. Stead's honest efforts toward moral or political reforms, no matter where, but as Americans we feel that England yet needed him, and that he bestowed a poor compliment on the good Christian material to be found in Chicago and America. Entirely unnecessary seemed his rampant talk to the "Women's Clubs" of Chicago. In it he seemed inclined to be sensational; and when his book appeared it made a slight stir, and ended promptly in creating no sentiment in America. Had an American gone to London and searched out that which her residents already knew, and had he written and published a book entitled "If Christ Came to London," it would have received as few thanks and as little notice there as Mr. Stead's book did in America.



## THE ILLINOIS BUILDING.

This great State annually produces 300,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 230,000,000 bushels of corn. The building's dimensions were 160 by 470 feet. Here was held the State fair of Illinois at the World's Fair.

The archaeological and geological exhibit was large and interesting. A special exhibit of lithographic stones was presided over by its owner, Martin O'Neal, of Thebes, Ill., where is situated Mr. O'Neal's property, the only lithographic quarry known in the world. This stone is composed of more magnesia than lime, and it is found to lie 390 feet lower than the bed of the Mississippi.

In 1893, Mr. O'Neal had owned the quarry for two years. The stone was then being taken out at a depth of 325 feet. He has been in nearly every State in the Union, and from all of their geological indications he is satisfied his is the only newly discovered quarry of this kind in the world. It covers 165 acres, which he bought for \$600. There is annually consumed of this article about 16,000,000 pounds.

The lithographic stone was first found in Bavaria, Germany, over 263 years ago. It is sold from twenty-five cents to \$1 per pound according to size. "If one piece weighed one pound, and three pieces weighed one pound, how much would there be in each of them?" There are no quarries now in Bavaria, though once it was so plentiful there that the inhabitants built houses of it. But for some years they have been tearing them down to procure this valuable and scarce stone, for which there is a great demand.

If the genial, gentlemanly proprietor of the quarry at Thebes yet lives he is nearly seventy years of age. We trust he is hearty. He was a railroad contractor for forty-five years, and served last on the Cincinnati Southern to Chattanooga. He has filled some of the largest railroad contracts, and in connection with this work has handled the heaviest stone work in the United States. He is the father of four boys, one a telegrapher, the next an engineer, another a conductor. At the time of the World's Fair he said he thought the young son who was at home would follow out the family tradition, and be a railroad man too.

In Mr. Wm. McAdams' department, his geological exhibit was thought by many to be the largest and finest on the grounds. Opposite of these displays, in more brilliant



colors than we had ever seen, of corn and other cereals, was the agricultural exhibit in handsome pavilions. But the "Farm Scene" on the west side of the wall, composed of various growths of the State, was conceded by everyone to be the finest work of art ever accomplished with growths from nature.

This represented the State's typical farm buildings, which were drafted by Mr. Drake. These stood upon a vast representation of land, the lay of it being like the farms of Mr. John Virginius and Mr. Fursman. These gentlemen are warm friends, and own the finest farms in Illinois. They are leading officials in her agricultural associations, and authority on such matters. The horse in a corner of the barnyard was a correct representation of a \$3,000 animal owned by Mr. Fursman. The team and farm wagon, worth \$6,000, were a correct representation of those owned by Mr. Virginius.

At each side of this picture were curtains looped back with cord and tassels made of small ears of corn. The curtains were composed of all the varieties and shades of fine grasses grown in this State. It was hard to believe them made of grass, for they looked like a rich foreign material, worth thousands of dollars.

Back of the farmhouse, wheat was partly cut and in sheaves. At the right, in the garden, were currant and berry bushes. Hop blows stood in the garden for cabbage heads, and for shade trees maiden hair ferns. Sliced broom corn made the fences and sides of buildings, and cornhusks were used for roofs. Cat tail stalks were the material used in the corn crib, and sorghum in bloom made the gravel walk. What is the use of trying to make those understand who will not, that gravel does not walk. The cattle and horses were made out of millet and hemp. There was the wind mill; yes, everything that goes to make up or represent a typical farm in Illinois.

This large scene was framed in ears of corn, placed in designs which looked like hand carving. This wonderful piece of work was accomplished by fifteen young ladies under the direction of Mr. Fursman and wife, of El Paso, Woodford County.

One of the main artists was Miss Shur, the daughter of a banker in El Paso. She is endowed with exceptionally fine taste. Her people were warm friends of the Fursmans, and she, as were all loyal citizens, being greatly interested in her State's exhibit at the Fair, lent her hands to



this work out of pride and love for her State; her part, with Mr. and Mrs. Fursman, being that of general dictation. Nothing could be truer to nature, nor show deeper study or more labor than was shown in the perspective, lights and shades of this picture. This effect was due to Miss Vida Weborg, but Miss Daisy Hortop, Miss Jessie Buckner, and the rest of the fifteen were fully as essential in helping to complete and bring the picture to perfection. If the names of all of the young ladies were remembered it would be a pleasure to give them here.

We felt we would like to take a run over the hill in this picture, for we fancied we should find there a river with a sandy bottom and pebbles looking up through its crystal clearness. A flock of birds, seemingly frightened, were flying up from behind the hill. This added much to the reality of the scene. These were done by a young man who would make his fortune as an artist, if perchance, he always was as fortunate to be unfortunate as was he then. As he was descending the ladder for the last time after the picture was fully completed, this fortunate artist dropped his hatchet against the sky effect upon the canvas, and the quickest record ever made, even by any painter of note, was done by him, for his hatchet drew upon the canvas a perfect and a large flock of meadow larks. It was a famous addition. The artist for a few seconds was in a frightful "slough of despond" and thought his reputation was forever lost, but in a few succeeding seconds Mr. and Mrs. Fursman and all of the artists of the picture decided that he had committed upon the canvas a very creditable showing of birds. One young lady went so far as to assert she could hear them singing. We are sorry, indeed, not to be able to give this distinguished artist's name together with that of the famous painter of birds.

"Memorial Hall" was in charge of Mr. John Gunter and W. M. Sands, who, if they yet live, are custodians of old Memorial hall at Springfield, as they were appointed for life. Mr. Gunter, who was colorbearer of the 21st Ill., under Gen. Grant, said:

"Our family all are, and always have been life long Democrats. I was shot on the 30th of December, 1862."

Pointing to a glass case, where rested some small bones, he continued:

"On February 22, 1863, those were extracted from my arm in the Louisville Hospital. In 1887 another bone was removed."



We looked into glass cases where lay tattered and honored battle flags. Nearby, upon the floor, lay old artillery. We looked with veneration upon the chair in which Gen. Grant sat throughout camp life. What a story of love and reverence the old chair might have told of him, could it have spoken. A saddle also might have related silent stories and grown eloquent as fancifully it once more carried Gen. Logan through brilliant campaigns. Next was shown the portrait of martyred John Brown, and one of the famous pikes he ordered of Rust & Son.

It was our fortune to meet Mr. Rust, Sr., near this exhibit, who told many interesting things of John Brown. Mr. Rust said:

"One morning John Brown came to our house, and bargained with my son and I for 1,000 pikes, which we made for him at \$1 apiece. While there he remarked, 'I believe that if every person is armed with one of these pikes they will be able to defend themselves from the enemy standing in their own door.' John Brown's family and mine were intimate friends. Personally, he and I were close friends. I loved him, he loved me. He was possessed of a quick, impulsive, and passionate nature, yet was very kind hearted. He believed that sharp, energetic work, combined with plenty of assertiveness would hasten and end slavery."

Pointing toward the John Brown relics, Mr. Rust remarked:

"There is his field glass, which was used by him at Ossawatamata, in the Kansas campaign, and there lies the gold medal which was given his widow in recognition of his bravery there. Here are the presentation letters, which were written by Victor Hugo, and by residents in Kansas when the medal was presented to him."

Afterward Mrs. Brown and family presented this and other relics to the Kansas historical library. There lay his hand Bible, which was read constantly by him a few days before his execution. There were hundreds of markings in it, referring to oppression and slavery. The last words written by him are:

"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crime of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood." And how prophetic the utterance was.

Most appropriate it seemed that we should next look upon a part of the long, black coat worn by President Lincoln when assassinated. We could see his white, care-



worn, suffering face after the fatal shot. And there arose before us a vision of Mrs. Lincoln, dressed in the low-necked, short-sleeved silk dress of pink and white, which lay before us. We looked upon many other of her garments, fans and jewelry. These she had used before the dark shadows of sorrow swept over her pathway. There was the martyred president's mixed gray shawl which he wore from Springfield to take his seat as president. It was always carried by him ready for use up to the time of his death. There was his pocket knife, a locket containing a lock of his hair, and a small wood carved medallion of him which was made during the Civil War. There was one of the original programmes of his funeral procession, printed in white letters upon black silk. A cup and saucer which he had drank from two weeks before his death, was an interesting relic.

In another room we saw a bell which was presented in 1782 to the Kaskaskia Mission of Illinois by Louis, king of France. Then a sugar bowl and teapot, over a hundred years old, which had been handed down by the descendants of Pocahontas.

Other interesting exhibits were the wooden leg worn by Gen. Santa Anna when captured in the Mexican War, and the bright brass caps and breastplates used in this war.

Leaving these silent and saddening historical events behind us, we walked to the center of the building, where rocks were piled high and rugged, making a picturesque drinking fountain. Cups were chained to it ready for use, and out of its rock-like sides ran pure cold water. Running up its sides were vines. In niches rested calla lilies. Up on its top grew palms, and patches of moss grew here and there.

Next, we passed into a grotto. As we walked we heard water running; as we progressed, we felt it trickling and throwing a fine spray upon us from above. We hurried through and walked over a rustic bridge. Then we saw water trickling down the grotto's rocky sides, which trailed with vines and flowers. The water ran into the brook beneath, where sported many kinds of fish. The brook was surrounded by a wall of fossil-like rock from the southern part of the State.

The fishery interests of Illinois were exhibited in a thorough and masterly manner by Capt. Bartlett, of Quincy. This gentleman now has charge of this State's fishery interests. He said that when an overflow occurs companies



of men are sent out to rescue all fish which have been washed out of the streams by the overflow of larger streams. The fish are rescued out of shallow places and are gathered into tubs of water and then returned to the rivers, thus rescuing and saving, with but little if any loss, thousands of fish.

This State's educational exhibit was especially worthy of mention. It commenced with the representation of a graded country school, and carried us through the high school into university work. A school room was shown which should be the typical one used in the country.

The kindergarten work done by small children was neat and seemed more complicated than is usually accomplished by pupils in the first grades. Across the way we found the largest natural history exhibit on the grounds. Next we passed into the "Kindergarten" where about thirty little tots, chattering, like so many magpies, to each other and teachers, were seated about low tables. About them were little articles they were making. One little one passed fringed green paper about a match-like stick, then informed us it was a "twee." "No, I's changed; its a paint bwush."

In natural, easy ways they learned how to count, tell all colors, to express ideas and invent new ones. At a signal sounded upon the piano they arose, cleared back chairs and tables, formed a circle, and, going through with simple gymnastics, they sang "I'll choose one if I can."

Little Red-dress coquettishly motioned her partner to take his place beside her and as they danced around the circle with the rest, they both tripped and rolled outside of the ring. Quickly Red-dress was on her feet, and then seated herself upon him. He accepted his position as being part of the performance, not offering a struggle until she was ready to resign her seat upon this "buoy," who was in imminent danger of being "caught in a squall." Next they sang and played a game called "Hiding a stone; then finding it." A little fellow stood in the center of the ring of children. One of them had the hidden stone. When Claude (the little boy who was searching for the stone) drew near the hidden prize the music played upon the piano by a young lady grew very loud. That meant he was "very warm," but while he was not near the hidden article the music was softly played, and then he was "very cold." In playing "hunt the thimble" children used to say, in the place of music being played, "Now you are warm; yes, you are burning," to indicate to the searcher



he was near to finding the thimble. Then perhaps it was vice versa, "O, you are freezing cold." To some this may have seemed like the "day of small things," but never to God's little ones.

Next, we gazed admiringly upon Marshall Field's display of woman's fancy work. It is not thought best to impose upon you a description of what would be better to leave to the imagination, for the scribe might distort every stitch and color out of place. Yes, it is better to leave the description to some one better versed in this art.

On the upper floor the walls were lined with pictures of the public institutions of the State. In another room the blind of the Illinois blind school were doing all kinds of work. Sewing by hand or on the machine. Doing bead-work, straw-work, knitting or crocheting.

This department was directed by their much-loved instructor, Prof. Hall. They called him their kind, good friend. He was the first inventor of the stereotype for the blind. After working upon it for some years he perfected it. It was operated upon in this department by a young man who was blind. As we visited with him we noticed that the characters which he made with this machine seemed much like shorthand. He transferred these characters to the machine, which made upon paper raised letters. He handed to us one of these slips of paper, from which we read:

"And I will bring the blind by a way they know not; in paths they know not will I lead them. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight. These will I do, and I will not forsake them."—Isaiah, xlii., 16.

They gave compositions on the piano from many of the old masters with full orchestra accompaniment. Many of us know of some person who has, unfortunately, become blind. It is no matter from what reason they are afflicted; duty and love for humanity thus afflicted, or perhaps in some other way which causes them to be helpless, presents to us the privilege of doing kindnesses in various ways. But what can be done by the blind to pass away many weary hours? Perhaps they have become so in old age, when it is too late to learn to read by raised letters. Here is one of the grand opportunities to those who feel "life is not worth the living," and for those who say "I am of no use in this world." Perhaps a few doors from us is some lonely soul, hungering to be read to. Let us not fear to offer poor services, for they are the very best when given "in His name."



## MINNESOTA.

This State is a beautiful, fertile country of prairie, woodlands and lakes. It was proved in all departments of the Fair that there every kind of agricultural industry is pursued on a large scale.

The lakes of the State are estimated to number 7,000, Red Lake being the largest body of water in the Union except Lake Michigan. There are, altogether, nearly 3,000 miles of navigable water in Minnesota. During the glacial period, rock or earth basins were scooped out where water collected in these different geologic formations. When the great ice sheet melted they became lakes. Most of them are exceedingly picturesque, with cliffs running high on their banks. The waters are clear and cool, and abound in fish. Many summer resorts are situated on their shores.

Not fifty years ago the resources of the State lay untouched, except here and there a home had been made by a stray settler, or by a fur trader who drove precarious bargains with hostile Indians, but this wilderness, by efforts of men who fixed themselves in one locality, yielding their ambitions to its success, soon became a place of great cities.

Americans are notoriously restless, fond of change and moving about, yet for their country's good would remain in one spot all their lives, rather than diminish, by word or action, an iota of honorable prosperity due either the State or Union.

For many years the Jesuit fathers, whose chapels and graves marked the shores of Minnesota's lakes and rivers of that mighty wilderness, gave their lives freely to the vision of a general conversion of the Indians to the Christian faith. Both Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries were the pioneers of its civilization and settlement, where were built, in many places, chapels and missions.

In 1840 a little chapel was built upon the bank of Red Lake and dedicated to St. Paul.

On entering the alcoved porch of the Minnesota State Building, there was seen, mounted upon a beautifully sculptured pedestal, a statue of Hiawatha carrying Minnehaha. This poetic and historic legend in marbled art



was sculptured by Tjeldia, a Norwegian resident of Minnesota. The statue was purchased and shipped to the Fair through contributions given by the school children of the State. The sculptor conceived this noble design and carved it out in masterly art, and we felt that we knew just the place in the poem to which it applied.

“Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his headgear;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
Bent aside the swaying branches.”

According to the early history of the State of Minnesota, it is not possible to believe that there was ever more than one true example of Hiawatha, for the history of the cruelties practiced by Minnesota Indians upon whites while the State was new is, we think, the most revolting we have ever read of in American history, but they were dangerous and bad enough in any portion of America when it was a howling wilderness and infested with wild animals. The animals were counted friends compared to savages. Early settlers never retired feeling quite secure of waking on earth. Too often they were awakened from slumber by hideous yells, and flashing tomahawks; and a few hours later all that remained to tell the story were a few bones lying in the ashes of their cabin. We would that the youth of this prosperous age would bring themselves to a realization of what they owe to their forefathers. With their wives, and, sometimes, children, all aiding them as much as possible, they hewed logs, cut down trees and helped to build cabins in the midst of a trackless wilderness, miles and miles away from any other human beings. They placed their lives at the mercy of savages, to give their children, and their children after them, a free country.

But now what a change! Great cities, with grand buildings, flourishing hamlets, splendid roads, and churches innumerable, where is taught the love of the Master, and the grandest music is heard. All these have taken the place of the lonely, dangerous pioneer life. Now has dawned prosperity, instead of their sufferings, both mental and physical. Now they aspire for high intellectual attainments, which at that time was impossible to



obtain. Then, as a matter of course, though in some cases it was not so, they used bad grammar and mispronounced their words. Their only thought was work, and work they had to, and oh, so often, without proper sustenance.

This reminds us of an instance, told by an old pioneer, which is of small account compared to what some pioneers might tell. One of them stated in a jocular way that he wished to brag over the rest of the settlers, for besides having potatoes to eat, they had had salt pork in their house for weeks.

"You don't mean to say you've eaten salt pork for weeks. How extravagant!"

"We have a way of making it go farther than the rest of you have, and it satisfies us, we think, just as well."

"How can that be?"

"We have a piece attached to a cord which hangs over the table, and every meal we point at it."

Can this young generation ever look upon the horny-handed, leathery-skinned, wrinkled-faced, perhaps dowdily-dressed, old farmer and wife, and not remember the hardships they have endured? Were it not for these very people who have cherished in their sensitive personality an inner secret longing for all the refinements and good things of life, it is a certain fact, that we of this generation would not be in possession of any of these privileges or attainments, and the men and boys of to-day would all be obliged to clear away forests, while the women and girls would be spinning, weaving and knitting, and be very glad to have the old colporteur drop in to make a prayer and sing a hymn, as he journeyed by to distribute his tracts.

This was some of the entertainment our forefathers had, and it was years before they could have a paring bee and an apple cut, for they had to grow the trees first.

But when they began having apple bees, oh what fun it was to see who could peel apples the fastest, cut and quarter the most and quickest, make the longest strings and be first in throwing them over a rafter to dry; and when Si Jones arrived from Puddin town their hilarity knew no bounds. Their nimble fingers flew to pare, quarter, core and string their last apple. And with the rafters and sides of walls festooned with yards of stringed apples put to dry, which on the next day and for weeks after would be black with flies, they then cleared the



small room of all they could move out of it. Si had "chuned" up his fiddle, and as he sawed the bow across it to the air, he sang it, too, and it was

"Sally come up, Sally come down,  
Sally come twist yer heel aroun'."

Then breaking into "Old rosin the bow," he called "Choose partners and everybody dance. Swing yer partners. Docey fallinette. Homeliest man and purtiest gal in the center. All circle round 'em."

This was the sort of entertainment which many in that day were pleased to enjoy, as there was nothing better to take the place of it, unless it was a prayer meeting, which before it was finished was (figuratively speaking) blue with brimstone for the sinners who danced. Well, those apple cuts and the hoe downs which took place after placed some spice in their monotonous lives. All of this time we have been visiting, we have not moved an inch from the statue of Hiawatha and Minnehaha. No doubt it has "made us tired," so on passing through Minnesota's Hall we turn to the right and sit awhile in a splendid parlor, where we see a very elegantly carved pipe stone fireplace and mantel. It came from one of the quarries in Pipestone County. There were various articles of utility and beauty, made out of this material of pinkish red. It used to be used by the Indians for making pipes and cooking utensils. When pipe stone is first quarried it is soft and easy to mold or cut, but it hardens very fast upon being exposed to the air. It is of a peculiarly beautiful tint, and is smooth like slate stone.

We next looked upon a large exhibit of Indian relics, including garments entirely covered in patterns of bead-work, the most artistic of its kind ever made. There were seen cruel war clubs and many other things historic of their barbarism. On finding a gun which a Sioux warrior used in the attack on New Ulm, childhood remembrances returned, and once more we felt the thrill of horror which passed over the people of the Union in that memorable month of August, 1862, when the men of Minnesota were away defending the Union, and the Sioux outbreak occurred, extending to every village and hamlet of this State. The savages committed upon women and children the most atrocious cruelties and outrages ever chronicled in history. By their hands and feet they were



nailed to doors, then burned alive. This massacre, with the destroying of property, rendered 30,000 people homeless. Seven hundred were murdered, and 200, mostly women, taken into captivity. The loss of property to the State, whose resources already were severely strained by her needs, and by contributions to the nation's necessities, is placed at \$3,000,000.

Within two months after President Lincoln's first call for troops, the First Minnesota Regiment, more than 1,000 strong, was mustered into service. By the middle of 1862, ten large regiments had been sent to the front, Minnesota contributing in all 25,052, which was about one-seventh of its population at that time.

On coming to the second landing of the grand staircase in Minnesota, we stopped and admired a group of deer heads, to which were attached electric light fixtures. They were a unique idea, which came from someone's fertile brain. They were attractive chandeliers. It was either in "Nebraska" or Minnesota we saw a painting of birds which were by artist Ella Hostetter. We liked the painting, and we were carried in retrospection back to childhood days. Again we were listening to song birds just as we once heard them when we used to bend down saplings in Benton's woods and race for dear life upon our mimic horses. The artist's name is a very familiar one to us, and we are reminded to ask you, Ella, if the sweet singer, John Hostetter, who so long ago taught the villagers in the little town of Linden to sing *Do Re Mi*, is not your brother. If he yet lives, please ask him where little Johnny Field is. The people of L. have not forgotten them. When in singing school Johnny Field played the organ and John Hostetter beat the time and sang, oh so sweetly, with Mary, Fanny and scores of others, the song entitled, "It's an Age of Progress."

Memory lingers to gaze upon faces which were once the windows of the human soul. We note each eye and facial expression until they seem ready to enter into and take part in our daily routine of life. Supremely happy are those residents of a small town who are content to make of it their little world. It would be well for humanity if in this age simple pleasures pleased as they once did, but fancies of childhood must be no longer dwelt upon. We are visiting as we pass through the Minnesota Building, just like we used to when there. The spell remains with us which the officials cast over us on



making our first call upon them, and in fancy we stand in the large exhibit room, which led the visitor out upon a pleasant porch. Here in our laps we held portfolios which contained pictures of their public buildings, business blocks and private residences. These fine specimens of photography depicting their architectural beauty, were duplicated in large pictures which hung upon the walls of the room. Minnesota received the well deserved praise of having shown the best work in her photography of buildings and many other pictures. We never tired of looking at the picture of the mare "Polly." She is the fastest four-mile horse in the world, and can draw 300 pounds that distance, from standing start to finish, in 10:05. She is owned and was bred by Jay Ladue, of Luverne. Hanging in a frame by her were four gold medals which were given to her by the Czar of Russia.



## MASSACHUSETTS.

This building was modeled after the old "Hancock house," which for many years was a familiar landmark on Beacon street, Boston. The simple, but heroic lives of the Pilgrim Fathers, which have been glorified in poetry, painting, fiction, and oratory, came trooping before us as we looked upon the pictured faces of the great men and women of the past, and upon those of the present of the great Bay State, then upon the picture of the most famous boulder in the world, "Plymouth Rock," as enduring as the influences of the Pilgrim forefathers themselves.

In few portions of the Union has a study of ancestry been more diligently carried on than in Massachusetts. This was proved in the number of societies represented in their literature. Their inheritance of Norse blood explained to us their love of the water and ships, while from their ancestors, the old Saxons, they derived their fighting qualities.

Miles Standish and his mail clad men returned the rattlesnake skin stuffed with bullets and powder, and began war just as soon, possibly sooner, than the Indians wanted it. Portraits of John Alden, Anne Hutchinson, Cotton Mather, brought up many trains of thought. How Miles Standish might have made a better selection than in sending John Alden to manage his love affairs. Of the cruel, disgraceful martyrdom suffered by Anne Hutchinson, all through the vile superstition of the people of that day. A long line of other pictures reminded us of their fame in theology, literature, enterprise and social life.

The intellectual foundation, upon which the reputation of this State rests, comes from the fact that a large majority of the one hundred Puritan clergymen, of the Church of England, who came to Massachusetts, were university-bred men, and this is an inheritance handed down to a State which boasts of more great men of the past and present than any other State.

In 1604 the Pilgrim Church was born, and as time passed on, some of the best blood of England joined them. In the onward march of civilization, new lives were added, many of them writers of greatest ability. Of historians, the names of nine, out of many, occur to us. Among them



were Bancroft and Sparks. These two will suffice, with no further mention of more. In philosophy, Jonathan Edwards and Ralph Waldo Emerson; poets, Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes; in oratory, Phillips Brooks and others; in fiction, Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, Holland, and hosts of others, which adorned the honor roll of Massachusetts.

In the old "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall, the gray and the blue have dined in fraternal union, and on Bunker Hill, as one band, they have joined in fresh consecration of loyalty to our common country.

Under the golden dome of the State House on Beacon Hill hangs the true symbol of the wealth of the Bay State, a golden cod. As a matter of course, the cod has always been a standard diet, upon which the first order of brains in this State have long been nourished. It is no wonder fish is declared brain food, when we remember the brainy people of the past and present of this State. Physicians say that baked fish and potatoes are an ideal food, and these, added to the rest of palatable things, coming from the New England kitchen, like brown bread, baked beans, great, fat doughnuts, and pumpkin pies were made as few have the opportunity to test nowadays. In Massachusetts pumpkins are cooked in the skin, and cooked down in the kettle, dry and brown as a berry, some molasses stirred in, then run through the colander.

We have all heard of pumpkin molasses. Have you ever tasted it? It is, we are told, good. Housewives, when you take the peel of the pumpkin away, not allowing it to cook with the other part of it, remember you have taken just so much molasses out of your pie. It was such living as this just mentioned upon which thrived the builders of the warships "Constitution" and "Old Ironsides," both were built in Massachusetts Bay. It is not necessary to state of this noted State, as we have of other States, that this is a bare outline and touches but a small part and parcel of it; but unitedly we all join in behalf of the "Old Colony State," in their ancestral prayer, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

As we stepped into the spacious hall of the Massachusetts house, we saw in the corner of the stairway a tall clock, which was made by Nat. Milliken in 1757. It indicated a quarter of two, and keeps as good time as ever. Another clock, which was more interesting, was made in the eighteenth century and came from England.



This building was entirely furnished in articles of antiquity. In a straight-backed, carved chair, fancy saw Benjamin Franklin reading the "Boston Weekly News-boy," which was printed in his time, where was advertised the Bristol church lottery, which read like this:

"This ticket shall entitle the bearer to receive the prize that may be drawn against his number, if demanded in six months. By order of the general assembly."

It seemed natural and right that he should sit in his own chair, and on picking up the "Anderson Almanac," printed in the year 1600, he read this inscription heading the title page:

"Time, like a stream that hastens from the shore,  
Flies to an ocean where 'tis known no more."

Lying in glass cases was a vast amount of money issues, including the "Sword in hand" and "Pine tree shilling." Next we looked upon what the Indians once used in playing lacrosse. The superstition of these children of nature in an early day was, that when sickness came upon the country, they must play this game to restore its people to health. They were so fond of the game that they made it an excuse to entertain distinguished guests of the whites who lived in forts. They often asked to play it in the presence of the whites in order to gain access and massacre them. This they loved to do better than to play lacrosse, which game they would play, going without eating, hours upon hours, so much they enjoyed it.

We read out of an old book in the library that, "Pocahontas taught the Indian boys to be rude by turning hand springs over and over them." "This immodest girl did do these things in a likewise manner as did these boys."

The pitch pipe which used to give the key to the choir in olden times, was made of iron, and in shape resembled a willow whistle. Only a slide was worked the length of it over the openings which pitched the different tones for the choir to sing about "Our God of Love," in a form of language which to-day seems to us a libel upon His goodness. A line or so of a hymn occurs to us, running something like this:

"From His shining throne, where all is love,  
He looks down, with majestic hate,  
Upon vile sinners writhing there,  
While His ear was closed to their dying prayer."



There was shown a shovel on which Franklin used to pass coals to his friends to light their pipes; upon the shovel lay a long, slender pair of tongs which they once used to pick up the coals. A tinder box, flint and steel were objects of much curiosity. Carefully those old patriots watched the smouldering log lest it went out, and the flint had to be used. In those days a family was poor if they did not own this necessary article. Their first lights were tallow dips. When candles came they were sparingly used, being snuffed out earlier than eight, when curfew used to ring the time for all to retire. Well, don't you busy people, living where it is noisy at night, when you are tired out, wish, too, that there was a curfew to ring at eight? Then would come the solemn silence of the night, and you'd wake in the morning feeling rested and bright.

A curious relic was a large, round table, which, by lifting the top straight back, was converted into a chair. This was a witch house table from Roger Williams' house of 1634. A sampler of that period, worked by Ruth Gray, aged eleven, showed the reverence and deep respect commanded of children, who did not question the fact that they were expected to obey and show proper respect to their parents and all older persons. One mark of respect was "making their courtesies," which was a sudden bending of the knees, accompanied by a nod. Another was standing at the table to eat. Another precept, which was most forcibly carried out, was "little folks should be seen and not heard." Another was "Never speak unless spoken to," meaning they were not to take charge of the conversation, by giving their parents good advice, or in any manner try to teach them the way in which they should go, as is too often the case with the young Americans of to-day. We fear the trouble is that we have not enough old-fashioned fathers and mothers, and if we have, it is their opinion there is too much to battle against. Truly these remarks apply, in a general way, to a large class in the present.

This is what little Ruth worked upon the sampler:

"Next unto God, dear parents, I address myself in humble thankfulness for all your care on me bestowed."

A dutiful motto, which children, whether they felt like acknowledging it or not, were compelled to follow out precepts like this in those days. Perhaps they secretly were very rebellious, and that is why the on-coming race



is so hard to manage. It may be this inheritance has been bestowed upon their children, and has caused parents to inherit tendencies of the very pity their ancestors felt for themselves, in submitting to so much humiliation.

Next we passed into a long parlor and looked upon the portraits of Adams and Hancock. Then we went down into the blue tiled kitchen and seated ourselves on an old-fashioned settee. Water buckets of leather were hung about on the walls. On a shelf, high above the fireplace, rested blue china over a century old. We swung a huge iron kettle over the blaze, placed in it ingredients for a savory soup, then while it was cooking talked over the history of the first battle of Concord, when a regular and forcible resistance was made by armed Americans shedding the first British blood.

We made another little excursion to the second floor, and looked upon a christening robe which had been worn by a babe over two hundred years ago, after which we inspected an old wedding veil of white material, which was worked by the niece of John Quincy Adams, while living in the White House. Next a pair of tall candlesticks which came over in the ship that followed the "Mayflower;" a skein winder which had been used by the sister of Paul Revere. A curious but valuable relic was a cradle that was made for the Adams family by the village undertaker, which had been used for five generations in the Adams family, including that of President Adams. There was an old-fashioned portrayal, in oil, of the Boston massacre, which was painted by Paul Revere. Next a silk bedquilt made of pieces of Lady Washington's dresses. We inspected an ancient bureau of John Drew's, who brought it with him to Plymouth when he joined the colonists in 1660. His grandfather was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1589.



## PENNSYLVANIA.

The Keystone State ranked with New York and other large States in every department of the Exposition.

Her headquarters was a reproduction of "Independence Hall," its roomy interior being fitted up into elegant reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen. This building contained a profusion of historic relics.

The famous Liberty Bell hung within a stout frame, in the center of the hall. It was surrounded by plants and ferns, and two policemen guarded it constantly. One day a brown-eyed little woman timidly laid her hand reverently upon this symbol of our liberty. The policemen looked at her in a way not to be misunderstood, but presently their eyes moistened as she repeated the verse which was underneath a group in the parlor, which was by Artist Sarah Dodson, of Brighton, Eng.,

"The day of toil is done,  
The future mothers of the race  
Listen to tales of harder struggles past,  
While in the air, peace, like a guardian angel,  
Hovers o'er the land."

The tale of this painting told of times in the early part of this century. It was a representation of when our ancestors were of the robust type; this explains to us the most apparent stoutness of the figures. The second painting was a group of weary girls sitting about their aged grandmother, and listening in the gathering twilight to stories of battles which had occurred in her youth. Tranquillity and repose, after a day of toil, breathed through the heavy limbs and languid attitudes of their resting figures. The spirit of peace floated against the evening tones of sky and distance, while resting over it all was an azure, rosy haziness.

"Revery," by Jean Rongier, Philadelphia, represented a young girl sauntering down a hillside path. Her parted lips murmured a verse from the open book she was reading; her inspired face reflected the poetic sentiment which was coloring her dreams of the future, and this is what she repeated:



"Give, give, oh, woman, all thy crowning grace,  
 Thy soul poetic, thy entrancing face.  
 Thy land hath place for all of these and more."

In the next painting she was a wife and a young mother standing in her ivy-leaved cottage door, looking with a serious, sweet expression down on her sleeping babe, lying in its wicker cradle. The picture was redolent with domestic happiness. The pleasures of the intellect and the poetic fancies of the maiden had given way to the serious, sweet duties of home life, and now she repeated:

"Yet save for home, that better than all art,  
 The wealth of treasure from thy woman's heart,  
 To bloom like flowers round thy door."

"Spring," by artist Margaret Lesly Bush Brown, Newburg, N. Y., was represented by five maidens and Cupid. They were laughing, swaying and swinging in festive circles under a tree weighted with its mass of fruit blossoms. The awakened life blood in tree and vein was made to respond to the call of spring, with buoyant force by this artist. From their lips came the song:

"Let us rejoice, while bud and blossom show  
 How through the year the springs of life now flow,  
 Let us rejoice, let songs be on each tongue,  
 Young as the year our land, our hearts are young."

Artist Miss Clements, of Vine street, Philadelphia, next with her brush told of "Harvest." This picture glowed in the noon heat of sunshine, the atmosphere quivered with it, over yellowing grass, lying in shadowy blues of distance. This was symbolic of the harvest we enjoy from the maturing seeds of thought, and of action which was sowed broadcast in the spring season of our nation's history. The following illustrates the rest of the scene:

"Low swing the orchard boughs with golden fruit o'er laden;  
 Maidens hasten with thrift eager to gather the store,  
 In the new land, the fathers, by wisdom and foresight guided,  
 Planted these trees, whose treasures fall to the children's hand."

Over the mantel of the fireplace in this room was a



graceful statue of a young girl, in the dawn of womanhood, clad in a lightly flowing robe, the head slightly uplifted, was crowned with a wreath of laurel, faintly tinged with gold. Her right hand was raised as if in benediction, while her left clasped a bunch of laurel symbolic of fame. This was by artist Chas. Gaffy, Philadelphia, and stood in a niche, highly polished, of bird's-eye maple. Below it was a decorative panel in relief work upon which was carved, "Art sanctifies the sorrows of the world."

This rich mantel was designed and carved by Miss Slater, of Philadelphia. The statuery was entitled, "Genius of Art."

In another room was a stained glass window in harmonious colors, representing spring, and designed by Mrs. Sweeny, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Her exhibits were from the most modern resources of art; in the way of decorations and arrangement of drapery, besides showing general originality and artistic taste. In one of the parlors was a large exhibit of decorated china. It was painted by members of the Philadelphia Ceramic Club. This exhibit attracted much attention, and was greatly admired.

Over the whole building were found numerous fine paintings, and it seemed that Pennsylvania in art deserved the "golden apple," for her exhibit was very large and satisfactory.

The tall, wide chair, seated with leather, in which Thomas Jefferson sat and wrote the Declaration of Independence, was strong and good as ever. The ink bottle which he once used, and the feather quill, too, rested upon an ancient table, upon which the Declaration of Independence was signed. His sword lay on a sofa which had once belonged to Washington.

In Pennsylvania's fine booth in the Agricultural Building was the old Liberty Bell, produced from cereals of this State. In her mammoth exhibit in "Mines and Mining," one of her trophies was a shaft of coal sixty-two feet high and ten feet square.



## MICHIGAN.

Before the opening of the eighteenth century the Great Lakes, leading through this State, had been explored. Early as 1641, Jesuit fathers established a mission on the Sault Ste. Marie for the Chippewas, but it was early abandoned. In the spring of 1668, Father Marquette renewed the mission, and founded the first permanent settlement in Michigan. He was then about thirty-one years of age and an enthusiastic missionary. In the next year Father Dablon took charge of the mission and Father Marquette went into a new field of labor west of Lake Superior, where he gathered all the Hurons, who had fled from their new enemies, about him at the straits of Michilimackinac.

"This," he said, "might properly be called the home of the fishes." And this attraction drew savages from every direction from the persecution of the Iroquois, thus favoring him in opportunities to instruct them as they came and went over the broad waters of the great lakes. This good man sacrificed life and health in his religious fervor to convert the many different tribes. In vain he tried to live until he reached the first mission he had founded, but Providence ordered otherwise. He landed for a brief rest and to worship near the mouth of the river, which since has been named for him, and within a few hours, almost without warning, he passed into rest and was buried there by his sorrowing companions.

Two years later a party of his Indian converts removed his body to a place of repose, which he would have selected himself, beneath the chapel which overlooked the Straits of Michilimackinac. From the time of founding his missions they became a resort for fur traders.

The exact time that Mackinaw became a military post is unknown. La Salle, in the "Griffin," the first vessel to plough the waters above the Niagara, passed it in 1679, and in 1688, Baron La Hontan visited and described it. La Mothe Cadillac, who was in command of the post in 1695, said: "This village is one of the largest of all Canada." Of soldiers there were about two hundred; of savages, about seven thousand.

Preceding the settlement of Detroit, a fort was, in 1679, built by La Salle near St. Joseph, on Lake Michigan, and by others in other places, but the founding of Detroit, in





THE MICHIGAN BUILDING.







1701, soon rendered any other post of little or no importance. The missionaries, LaMothe and Galinee, so it is stated, were the first white men who, in birch bark canoes, coasted along its shores, their object being to land in Detroit, which they did at the foot of Griswold street, where were situated the villages of the Ottawas and Hurons, who rushed to the shore's edge to welcome them. Soon they were prospecting through the green forests, and nature unfolded her rare loveliness, like that of a coy, beautiful maiden, to the admiring eye.

Sporting about in limpid waters were thousands of fish. Tender-eyed gazelles and deer gazed in wonder, and frightened, bounded away. Hundreds of birds sang or twittered in leafy branches, and flowers scattered incense over the grand, solemn silence which seemed like a hushed benediction.

In 1701, Cadillac secured from the king of France, through the influence of Count Pontchartrain, a tract of land fifteen acres square which should be wherever on the Detroit river the fort was established. Fifty soldiers, fifty Canadian traders, and artisans were soon living at the foot of what is now Griswold street. This occurred on July 24. Immediately a stockade was built and named in honor of the minister from France, Fort Pontchartrain. Log houses, thatched with grass, were erected for their shelter and homes, and thus opened the natal day of the "City of the Straits," and following in proud array came an army of noble men and women, whom history cannot too highly emulate. If space allowed hundreds could be mentioned where but few can be.

General Lewis Cass is loved and remembered for his sterling character. He was thoroughly alive to the interests of the people of Michigan in her early history, with her malaria swamps and impenetrable, unknown wildernesses. It was a problem which received from him great consideration. In this early day United States commissioners visited Michigan one wet spring, making an exploration. They reported that the State was one vast swamp, with scarcely a tillable acre in it, and that the principal products were frogs, ague, and mosquitoes. A surveyor from Oakland County reported the soil there as being marshy, springy, and unsafe for man or beast to tread on. Thus were the State's interests retarded for some years after her sister States were populated and progressing, but improvements took on great developments, and



soon the news was carried north, south, east and west of her vast hidden wealth of iron and copper in the Upper Peninsula, of her great salt wells, her mighty forests of oaks, hickories, walnuts, maples, pine, etc., towering up in vast forests of majestic grandeur. Those of southern Michigan royally decked with nature's adornments, sustained the elk, deer, and the bear which tracked the honey bees to their wealth of sweets.

On the water courses the beavers built dams, and buffaloes fed on the prairies. It was at this period when the copper ornaments worn by the squaw were the only confirmation of the Upper Peninsula's wealth. Another of Michigan's grand men was Governor Crapo, of Flint. He was one of the most successful of business men, and when in the United States senate ranked as a leader, being chairman of the committee on banks and corporations, and a member of the committee on bounties to soldiers. He twice filled the office of governor, giving hearty support to President Lincoln in crushing the rebellion, though not filling the chief executive's office during that time. In all ways he was a conscientious and valuable public servant.

Another honored and loved citizen is ex-Gov. Josiah Begole, of Flint, who since he was twenty-one years old has resided in Michigan, and no one has ever been more philanthropic and generous in promoting the interests of his State. He has always been identified with leading movements, but now is too feeble to be engaged in public work. He was a liberal, public-spirited and active member of the committee which drafted the bill for the establishment and building of the new capitol at Lansing, costing one and a half million dollars. At that time he was State Senator. Afterward he became a member of Congress.

Another honored citizen was Hon. Moses Wisner, a judge of supreme ability, so patriotic as to command the utmost respect and obedience from the men under his command. He was their idol and they eagerly listened to every word he chained together, it making grand oratory. One day this loyal man was brought home and laid in a soldier's grave.

War Gov. Blair, of Jackson, will always be remembered, especially for his eloquent speech, made in a convention on President Lincoln's call for men to help save the Union. In one sentence he said much: "I marshal in the columns going to battle for Abraham Lincoln."



Zachariah Chandler was a firm, unyielding man of purpose, a tender, kind friend, an orator of rare ability, he served his State and country's interest for more than twenty years. He died suddenly, in Chicago, after making one of his famous speeches.

Dear, departed Gov. Winans. His memory will ever be tenderly treasured in the heart's best affections by all who knew him. Commencing in his early manhood to accumulate a fortune in California, he soon returned to Hamburg, Mich., to spend the busy remainder of his days. Not seeking or expecting political favor, he was chosen to many public positions, which he filled conscientiously and with honor to himself and State, his last office being that of Governor. He was possessed of extraordinary qualities of heart and brain, and was always reaching out to succor the helpless, or lift up some deserving one. Nothing could be said too good of him, and there is nothing but words of praise for an executive who possessed such noble qualities.

Michigan's own great inventor, Thomas Edison, was born in Port Huron. His reticence is peculiar only to sound thinkers. Just after his marriage he disappeared for twenty-four hours, and on being questioned regarding it, confessed he forgot himself in his laboratory. When a boy, he strung his first telephone, made of twine, across the street to his uncle's house, who believed in honoring the boy's scheme. The receiving tubes were ordinary tin pepper boxes. This was a small beginning, and we have not yet seen the end of his greatness.

Will Carleton, the Hillsdale poet, whose works are in nearly every household, on writing his first poem sent it to his sister. Afterwards he said, "You must have thought me a precious young goose, but it was the encouragement of my sweet sister that caused me to try and write rhymes." To-day he is a recognized literary light, of great ability. Hundreds of others come trooping before us. If we could spare the time with them, but it is not possible, so they rush by and are lost in the crowd.

Memories of noble deeds, and lives of many women troop before us. Mary Rice, now Mrs. Dr. Fairbank, of Flint, after whom is named Riceonian Hall, of Ypsilanti, where she spent her best years in polishing and feeding the intellects of young men and women who are, in the work of the world, a credit to her labor. Her work was done in philanthropic love, and to her memory they will



ever pay grateful, loving tribute. She served with fine ability as president, and with Mrs. Flint P. Smith, as secretary for Genesee County, for the World's Fair. These ladies secured a contribution from the ladies of Genesee County which sent to the Michigan Building, besides other valuable work, a fine painting by Artist Heinrich, of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bagley, of Detroit, deserve a loving tribute. While he lived, their lives were ordered on the same lines, in behalf of all which would uplift the unfortunate. His upright record of purity and honor shines brightly on earth's roll of respect. He filled the office of Governor, and many other offices. After his death, her loving interest in behalf of humanity, which has always covered a broad field, has been for many years specially centered in behalf of the Boys' Reform School at Lansing. So liberal and broad minded is she that she believes while the boys are in durance vile the opportunity was never better to elevate and crush out evil. Through her influence the high iron fence which once surrounded the building was removed. She deserves the proud prominence as lady manager which she maintained in the World's Fair, and in the late National Council of Women at Washington.

To say Michigan performed her whole duty in aiding to suppress the rebellion would not be saying enough. She successfully acquired an exalted position among her sister States in the Union during the war, and she will ever continue to be the recipient of great credit and distinction for her help given in suppressing the rebellion. And she is further honored in special singleness of thought of each old soldier, "brave and true," who gave the best days of his life to hardships and danger. Many who bore the brunt of war gave up their lives, and language is too feeble to express the praise which belongs to them.

The large oil portrait of General Custer hung on the wall of the first landing of the staircase in the Michigan Building. His sunny hair was tossed back from his frank face, which had upon it the impress of military sternness. We have read in the "Detroit Free Press" of a tattered piece of the battle flag now owned by Mrs. Riedell, of Detroit, which was carried on that awful day in June in the Custer massacre by his orderly, who followed the general, defending the flag at the cost of his life.

Our eyes dim with sorrow as we think of the brave general and his men who were murdered by frantic redskins.



Meeting the foe until their last ammunition was spent, looking anxiously for Reno, who could not come. This starry banner will be preserved in history as figuring in one of the most brilliant services ever given by any command. The brave record of General Custer and his men will ever be cherished in the annals of our history, and reverently we will speak to our children's children of the daring deeds of these great men.

Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, President of the World's Commission, is more intimately associated with the history of Michigan and Detroit, his birthplace, than could be told in these few words. At an early age he conducted a lucrative business in the town of Detroit with the Indians on the frontier. In the fall of 1848, he with five others, made a tour of Spain afoot, visiting the Alhambra, Granada, and other points. In 1889 President Harrison appointed him minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the court of Spain. This time his associations in that land were of national dignity and honor. And for the third time were cherished recollections and associations revived in his distinguished position as presiding officer in the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. He has declined many honors showered upon him, yet, whenever accepting an office, if it was by vote, he always received a handsome majority. Especially was this the case when he was elected to the Michigan State senate, after which he served six years as United States senator, and then voluntarily retired from politics.

He is closely identified with important business interests outside of his own State. He and his wife are harmonious in their philanthropic views. One day, as we stood near the Fifty-seventh street entrance, he was chatting, in his pleasant sort of way, when his attention was directed to the bleeding knee of a horse which had fallen on the stone pavement. He said, "It hurts me as much as though it were a human being." He found the owner intended to lead it to the stable for rest and treatment, then he said: "I feel better now that I know it will be cared for."

Mrs. Palmer, as well as he, thinks that money was never invested in a better cause than in contributing to better the conditions and alleviate the pain and misery of animals, but other causes in which they are both interested are both numerous and unostentatious. They deserve the warm friends they win in all who meet them.



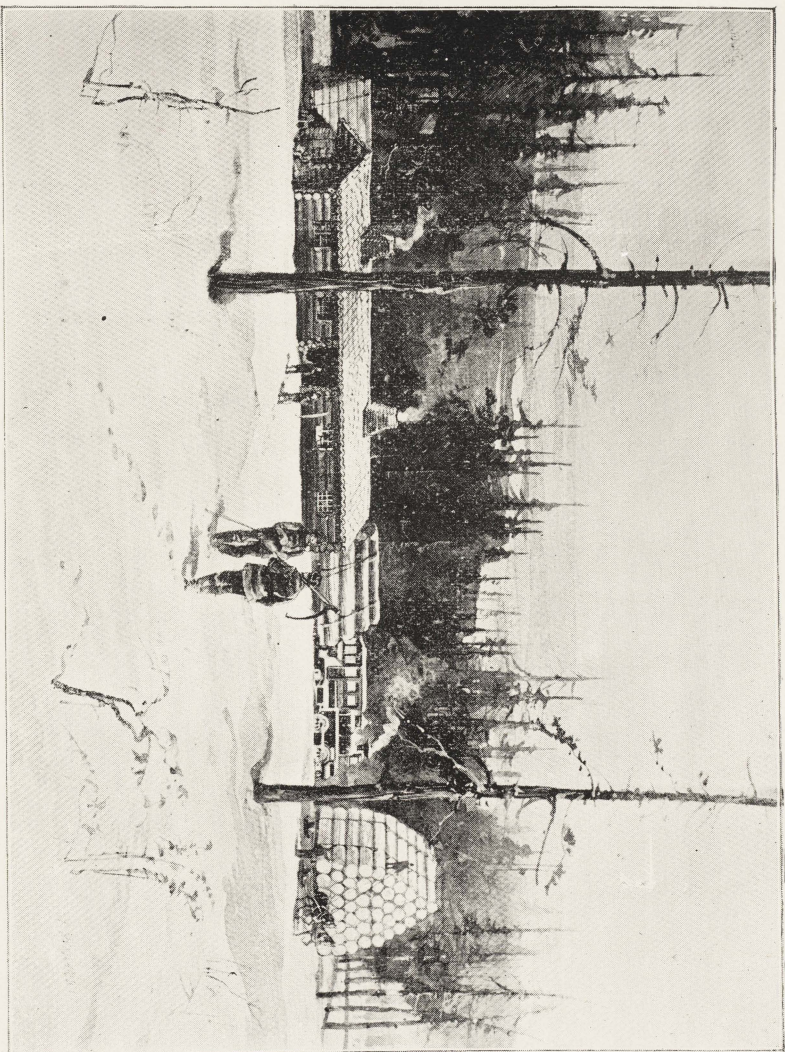
He was a firm believer in the grand success of the Exposition, and energetically and persistently labored for that end. He assisted by every energy the man on whom the chief responsibility of the success of the World's Fair rested, viz.: Director General Davis, of Chicago. Both men are possessed of clearness of judgment, promptness and determination, with a great knowledge of men, and tact in dealing with them, which enabled them to carry out, with the assistance of all officials, the successful and grand undertaking. And it is a matter of pride that in Michigan, the banner State of the Union, a State which sent ninety thousand to battle when the nation was in danger, none fearing less to die for their country than the valiant sons of the greatest State the sun ever shone on, was found one of the chief representatives to the World's Fair.

'Tis not a new or untrue remark that Michigan might build about it a high solid wall, and exist alone and unaided upon her resources, because of their variety and diversity. In awards given at the Fair, over seven hundred, and about eighty certificates of commendation from Director General Davis were awarded to Michigan. That State made a magnificent display in all departments, besides showing the only lumber camp upon the grounds, and the largest load of logs ever drawn by one span of horses, which were owned by the Thomas Nestor estate, of Baraga. Many camp dinners were given in the log camp, where, off pie tins, using steel knives and forks, were eaten boiled pork, beans, cabbage, and brown bread, and coffee or tea which were served to each guest in a two-pint tin basin. The guests were seated in rude chairs and dined from a bare table, upon which was never seen a table cloth. All this fare would have been considered fine by our forefathers.

In a recess stood a bedstead made of saplings. The outside and inside walls were hung with shiny axes, pikes, log chains, and rafting boots, the soles were thick, with sharp steel points. The log cabin was purchased by Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who removed it about a mile from his country residence. Having made an underground passage to it, he studded the tops and sides with crystal to represent Crystal Cave in the Horticultural Building.

Mr. Childs' intentions were to invite guests to take the underground journey of one mile, starting from his resi-





LOGGING CAMP.







dence. At the end of their journey they would come to a flight of stairs, which as they climbed they would with great pleasure notice they came nearer and yet nearer a savory smell, and soon to look upon a farmer's boiled dinner, which would be greatly enjoyed because an appetite had been created for it by the long walk taken.

Another unique exhibit from Michigan was seen throughout the Fair in the Liberal Arts Building. It was a mammoth stove, large enough for a cotillion to have been danced upon it, and plenty of room for swinging partners. It was manufactured by the Michigan Stove Works, of Detroit. It was a typical monument of fine art and strong work, which was executed by most experienced workmen, the only kind of workmen the proprietors of this mammoth factory will employ. After the Fair this magnificent stove was brought back to the factory of the Michigan Stove Works and re-erected upon a high elevation fronting the mammoth stove plant where it was manufactured. It is an object of great admiration to the thousands who gaze upon it when driving to and from beautiful Belle Isle, and a grand reminder of the great Columbian Exposition.

Michigan's State Building was 140 feet in dimensions, and cost \$50,000. It was located southwest of the Art Building, at the intersection of two of the finest avenues in Jackson Park. It made a comfortable and convenient home for Michigan visitors, beside being greatly appreciated by people from all over the world. It was the only building, except the Electrical Building, which was not closed at six o'clock. In fact, the doors of Michigan were never locked, and visitors stayed evenings until eleven and after.

The doors were opened in the morning at half-past seven or eight o'clock. At that time it was always scrupulously clean. In no building was there registered more names. The ladies' parlor was a tasty and elegantly furnished room, and was made handsome and attractive by the fine taste displayed by Mrs. Smiley, of Grand Rapids, now of Chicago.

The Grand Rapids Furniture Co. and other large firms of that city, supplied everything needful in elegant profusion. On its walls were paintings by John Owen and Heinrich, of Detroit. Next to this was the writing room and library, where were found books written by writers of Michigan. The next room was furnished with couches,



willow rockers, and all toilet conveniences for rest and comfort.

The Saginaw room was finely finished in made panels of wood, contributed by the lumbermen of Saginaw. This comfortable room, with its cheery fireplace, on a chilly evening was the cosiest in the building. One evening some members of the Apollo Club, of Chicago, and some musicians of Detroit, sat before its cheery blaze, and sang, or told stories of the experiences of the day or evening. The snatches of conversation are told by the writer as they came to her ears. A blue-eyed young man merrily remarked:

"Those fireworks wiggling through the air were suggestive of the Egyptian dancing of Midway."

Another said: "I used to live in Alabama, but Michigan is my home, if I do live in Chicago. To-day I was looking at the portraits of President Lincoln and Sojourner Truth, by Artist Miss Titus, of Battle Creek. The picture hangs at the head of stairs on second landing. He is showing her the Bible presented him by the freed slaves of the South; a woman, I don't know who she was, or where she came from, but she said, 'Funny, isn't it, that a white man should marry a black woman.'"

"Oh, I know a better one than that," said another young man. "When I was in the Woman's Building, looking at the Rainbow Robe and others shown by Madame Kellogg, of Battle Creek, I was informed by several that these beautiful garments were made by the great singer, Clara Louise Kellogg."

"O, Will, you said you made a great break this morning, what was it?"

"Why, I walked into some private apartments, situated in the northeast corner of the third floor. There was a smothered laugh, a sudden slamming of doors, and a voice called out: 'You would not care for the exhibits of this room.'"

"No," said another voice, 'the exhibits of this room are not on exhibition, so run along into the taxidermists' room and see what the Ann Arbor University sent to the Fair.'"

"Who were the ladies?"

"That's where the joke comes in; it was my wife and sister making a call on the occupant of the room. They tried to scare me, and I tell you they did."

"I feel perfectly at home in Michigan."



"So do I," came in chorus from all.

"Very pleasant officials, Andy Wilson is just the one in the check room, so obliging. Lunches, wraps, anything one wishes checked free of charge."

"Have you a pyrites of iron ring set in Northern Michigan gold? It shines like diamonds. Her specimens of copper are covered with crystals, the exhibit is in the vestibule in charge of Mr. Deimel."

The club marched away to look it over, singing, "Michigan, My Michigan." One of them remarked, "I like Michigan better than all the other States of the Union."

Another remarked: "I like Classen and Streeter's cigars, manufactured in Flint, Mich., which are sold by George Y. Warren." They all stopped at Mr. Warren's booth and bought that particular brand. After looking over Mr. Deimel's splendid collection of minerals from Northern Michigan's famous mines, they joined the ranks of University students who, late as it was, had started for Midway. There were hundreds of them; they placed their hands upon each other's shoulder, formed a line, and taking the lock step, the students rushed through every building on Midway. They held full sway until ready to stop their mischievous pranks. No one, not even a Columbian Guard, dared interfere. It is doubtful if they wished to. Some of the papers next day stated that the guards and chair boys, being mostly University students, were seen to shed bitter tears of disappointment, because they did not dare leave off duty and take part in making "Rome howl" with the boys, for the students did paint Midway brilliantly red; and if anyone declared themselves offended regarding it, they heard cat calls and the expression "Sour grapes," and others, too, from the students and their sympathizers, until the unfortunates heartily wished they had kept their remarks to themselves. It was remarked by the students that "It was a night, Oh, such a night, and that they had the funniest high old time you ever heard of." There was more than one man claimed to be from Harvard, Cornell or some other college, so as to be in the fun. Even staid, dignified gentlemen joined them, who were old enough to be fathers to most of the students. They could not at that time and cannot now but feel, that the temptation was irresistible to be a boy again with the boys. If they all had not have enjoyed every legitimate feature of the Fair, they would never have realized how it is possible to feel perfectly



satisfied. How they on that night did howl, dance and rush things on Midway. The moment one struck Midway a broad grin spread over their face, and it remained there long after leaving the enchanting place.

The University of Michigan occupied two thousand feet in the Liberal Arts Building, and was presided over by Prof. Fiske, of Ann Arbor.

On Ann Arbor day, hundreds of University students made the Michigan Building and the Fair grounds ring with their college yell of "U. of M., rah, rah, rah, Michigan, Michigan, rah, rah, rah." Then the Orchard Lake cadets came and held their graduating exercises upon the grounds in Music Hall. Next the students from the Agricultural College, of Lansing; all of these merry, frank, happy-go-lucky boys made everyone feel happier for having seen them and heard their college yells and songs.

We remember with pleasure the merry, manly members of the Detroit Evening Newsboys' Band. How reluctantly we bade them "good-bye," but wished them a safe return to their home, the metropolis of the State.

Next came Michigan Press Day, with its brilliant reception in the evening, and as we mingled with these talented people and listened to a flow of progressive opinions, and thought of the wide, sweeping influence of the press, of how they get at facts, then how their imagination, properly trained, evolves from them, truths of importance and value to the public, we thought, if some spirits of the Middle Ages could have been present, they would have asked, "Where are we at?"

Golden moments were passing by leading them back to their respective homes, but leaving behind them the impressions of great thought and knowledge, and instinctively one wished they were useful members and workers in this organization of world-wide value and helpfulness for humanity.

In the main corridor, near the grand staircase, hanging upon the wall, was a large chart, on which was given the amount of property owned, controlled, and the taxes paid upon it by the women of the State. It stated their professions or other lines of work. One day a woman read it all aloud, then in a louder voice she exclaimed, "And women can't vote."

The Muskegon room was finished and furnished by her people, like the rest of the building it was furnished in leather covered and wicker furniture. In the center of



the room was a long table which was always well supplied with Michigan's World's Fair writing material. The Chase Bros., of Muskegon, supplied this room, the Grand Rapids parlor, and the assembly room, each with one of their fine pianos, and though these instruments were subjected to dampness and sudden changes of atmosphere, they remained in perfect order throughout the Fair.

The large pipe organ in the assembly room which was manufactured by Farrand & Votey, has a world-wide reputation, and though the water power was not strong enough for it to be played upon, yet in the disappointment expressed by everyone was always heard flattering remarks like this: "Farrand & Votey manufacture as fine an instrument as was ever made, and we are indeed sorry not to have the building filled with its melody."

The writer questions whether or not she will be accused as trying to amuse by telling some funny things of people who claimed to be taxpayers from Michigan. In all instances of unruly conduct it was found that they were not from this State, that is, when the instance happened in the Michigan Building. But the man who whittled chunks out of a handsome center table in Missouri, and said he belonged to their State, and was a taxpayer, and would whittle it all he "derved pleased, too," was suspected of being a resident of Michigan. Whoever removed and carried home the electric fixtures from the New York Building was from Missouri. But the family of seven, who in Michigan ate chunks of cheese cut with "dad's two-blader," and chewed on chicken wings, shied cheese rinds and nibbled bones in every direction, Michigan people believed them to be residents of some other State. But "dad" said: "Be gosh, I'm a taxpayer from Michigan, pay a hundred dollars a year, and it's my building, some on't."

A sliver was removed from the woodwork about Mr. Geo. Warren's cigar booth and handed him with the statement, "This is the value of your year's taxes."

In President Weston's rooms, where were held the official meetings, an elegant table centered a rich rug. On the walls were portraits of Michigan's noted people, of the past and present. One day some women were found with alcohol lamps boiling eggs, making toast and tea on this elegantly polished table. Very much offended they were on being told that every one dined in the corridor, and one of them said, "Dum it, I am a taxpayer from Michigan,



and a lady, too, and I'm going to have every attention. I want a room in this building prepared immediately for me. Here's my valise. Carry it and I'll follow you."

Wouldn't it have been too funny if all the people of the State had demanded rooms. A man and his wife sat fronting the lighted gas logs in the Muskegon room. Their little child toddled about, hanging to everything possible to keep its balance. He remarked, "Wife, we have sot here by this mighty poor fire and fruz long enough. Them air logs must be greener'n grass, for they ain't dropped a durn ash yet." So giving them a kick, "to brisk it up," as he said, he "broke them all up."

After a while they laid out on the piano cover a lunch of beans spread on bread, hard boiled eggs, onions, and a bottle of "something." Baby was yet tipping about making its explorations; it grasped the piano cover and pulled the contents thereon upon itself, bumped its cunning little nose and demolished the dinner.

Then the father asked "Joppie, old boy," of the post-office, to pay him for his dinner, which he had lost in his State building.

A young Englishman, with an American acquaintance, sat and visited upon the porch of Michigan. On being asked by the American if "he intended to thoroughly do the States," he nonchalantly replied: "O, yes, a couple of months will show me your whole country."

"Hump," said the American, "you might as well try to find a proper elevation with a telescope strong enough placed at a proper angle to take it all in at once, as to expect to do one-eighth of America in two years. It reminds me of that 'chestnut' story of the Englishman who was fresh in America. He awoke one morning in a western town, and on looking out the window saw some mountains, which seemed not far away. Soon he was dressed and started to walk to them, hoping to get up an appetite for breakfast. For over an hour he walked, but the mountains seemed no nearer to him than when he started. Meeting a Yankee, he asked him: "How far is it to those mountains?"

"Thirty miles," said the Yankee.

A shallow stream flowed by them. The Englishman began divesting himself of clothing.

"What are you going to do?" said the Yankee.

"Swim this river; I take no chances again in America, for I do not know but this stream is fathoms deep, and thirty miles wide."



Just here we were joined by a merry party of Flintites, and went with them to the pleasant rooms in the northeast corner on the third floor, where for an hour there was held an informal reception and high carnival, too, in celebration of Mr. and Mrs. E. McIntyre's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

On the same day, in the North Dakota Building, it was our pleasure to meet all of her officials, and Hon. Jack Crawford, the genial Texas scout-poet. A young lady asked him if he remembered, while riding in the National G. A. R. parade, in Detroit, how from the porch of the First National Bank some ladies waved their handkerchiefs at him, and called him "Buffalo Bill," while he lifted his hat from his flowing locks, and threw lightning like glances from his eagle-like eyes. He replied that he did, and appreciated the compliment of being mistaken for a better looking gentleman than he was, adding: "Col. Cody is a brave and handsome soldier."

On this same day Michigan officials received a letter of great consideration, which read:

"Dear Sir:—I am keeper of a skunkery in Michigan. I would like to send you some young skunks for pets. Chain them in the yard and they will be a cute attraction."

That letter caused a telegraphic message to fly to the home of the skunk raiser "not to send them to-morrow, nor at any other time."

The next morning, as two ladies were passing under the colonnaded walk of the Art Building, a workman dashed out of the carpenter shop, situated at the right, and jerked from one lady her handbag, containing diamonds, and several hundred dollars in money. Their screams quickly brought a guard, and he signaled for a patrol wagon, which soon arrived. The ladies, on recovering from their dazed condition from being knocked down by the fellow, described and identified a man, dressed like the workmen, sitting on a box 'mid shavings in the carpenter's shop. When asked about it he denied it all. The guard pushed aside the shavings, and there lay the missing bag. You can imagine the sequel better than it can be told here. But few words are needed to be used to tell it. Arrest; examination; trial; State's prison.

On the day which Michigan celebrated, the famous West Point Cadet Band played on her green. Seated



upon the ample platform were Michigan's officials. Gov. Rich, with President Palmer and Director-General Davis, were introduced in a fine speech given by President Weston, who for years has been identified with the great interests of Grand Rapids. He served that city with rare capacity as her Mayor.

In the evening followed the reception and grand ball. The Iowa Brass Band, numbering forty pieces, was stationed on the corridor of the second floor, so that dancing might be indulged in over the whole building. Every Friday evening, Michigan welcomed all the States and people of all the world to her informal balls. None will ever forget those red letter nights, or the receptions given in other buildings, which were of the same order.

The Mexican officials gave their receptions and dancing parties in Michigan. They, nor Michigan's representatives, will ever forget the grand strains of musical selections which were played by their Mexican brass and stringed bands. Even now is floating to our ears the strains of the Mexican dance and in slow, stately measure, fancy sees those dignified gentlemen moving about and teaching fair American ladies their steps, which was to the ladies a new art in dancing.

Memory loves to revel through the many scenes of by-gone happy days, spent in the Fair. All who were privileged to be there treasure it as one of the brightest spots of their lives, and in visions we all again wander through the Art Palace and pause under the shaded portal of some particular room to catch another glimpse of our favorite painting, a piece of statuary classic and white. Some in retrospection are walking by those beautiful flowers which edged the walks of Wooded Island. These were shaded by great trees. We are now seated in an electric launch and gliding noiselessly down the lagoon, to gaze upon either side and see the classic facades of the Agricultural Building, or the porticos of others, or we see pinnacles and marble-like figures etched against the hazy-looking sky. And now we are wandering through grand rooms ablaze with lights, and peals of merry laughter float distantly, indistinctly, with magic charm to our ears, from those whom we do not expect to meet again in this world. This brings to mind the reception given by the Mexican officials in Michigan's Building. Upon the same day of that evening, there was a gathering of great importance at the California Building. It was



the occasion of forming "The International Press Club." This organization was composed of a large number of leaders in newspaper work, and is by this time without doubt a large organization. Upon that eventful evening, as they were about to disband, a messenger came over from the Michigan Building and delivered to them an invitation from Senor Garibi and Senor Serano, the head officials of the Mexican Commission, which stated that they hoped for the pleasure of meeting the new society which had just been formed, and also that of the Californians. In a short time nearly all had responded to the invitation. Among them were Mr. Henry Richter, of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, Louisiana; Miss Mary E. Culbertson, of Richmond, Indiana; Miss Octavia W. Bates, of Detroit; Mr. A. Alexander, and Mr. Armstrong, of Kentucky; and Mr. H. L. Cargill, of Mt. Eliot, Roxbury, Massachusetts. More names cannot be mentioned. It has been said there is an "end to all things;" but one thing there is no end to is the subject, "The World's Fair," only as we cut it short in places, leaving a tangle behind and a worse one before us. The writer is wondering if those who were at this reception would not like to repeat it. She knows what the true answer would be: "To be sure, for it was the most enjoyable party given in the Fair at the Michigan Building." Formality was disposed of to quite a degree, which was one of the main reasons of it being supremely enjoyed by every one. Mr. H. L. Cargill gave an impromptu recitation, subject, "The Midway." It was most affecting. Everyone's handkerchiefs were damp with briny tears, which flowed freely and more freely, as he progressed in his recitation. Before he began to recite it is well to explain that the spectators were a select few. They arranged themselves in a double row as if ready to dance the Virginia reel. Mr. Cargill seemed to know by intuition what was expected of him, so before he began his pathetic recitation he danced down the center with his "willin' partner," while both of them sang, "Sir Richard De Coverly, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha." He bowed with the grace of a courtier, as he led the lady back to her place. Then, with the eloquence of a bard, he recited his poem, which was a vast improvement upon the following lines, which have been substituted for it, owing to the fact that his lines were not remembered by the writer:



On the shores of memory I often shall linger,  
And listen for sounds from Old Midway;  
I'll look upon her pictures, which will bring back fond  
    longings  
For its melodious music and life so gay.

It requires much care and skill rhetorical  
To talk on Midway—it is so historical;  
To-day I was walking down its streets so enchanting,  
With a lady whom I was most proudly gallanting.

She stepped like a queen of the drawing room,  
She poised her head proudly in air,  
She remarked, "I belong to the Congress of Beauty,  
And you, sir, belong to the Fair."

I cannot believe all that glitters is gold,  
I swear to you all I'll ne'er again be sold  
By a dazzling beauty who appeared like a lady,  
Until suddenly she staggered and cried out "O'Grady."

Now that you know all,  
We'll adjourn to the ball,  
Where in stately measure we'll gracefully prance  
To the slow, slow, Oh, so slow, Mexican dance.

In the course of the evening some fancy dances were given by Miss Nellie Goodman, of Detroit. She danced in Wisconsin's Building as well as in Michigan's and other buildings, upon their reception evenings. This graceful and cultured young lady gave much pleasure to all who were so fortunate as to witness her dance. It was called the personification of poetic movement. She is gentle and kindly in her manner, and she has since the Fair been the recipient of many expressions of regard from acquaintances formed there. Miss Nellie was chaperoned by the wife of one of the officials, and remained with her as her guest for some time. It was with profound regret that she was parted with by all who knew her. Every evening throughout the Fair "Michigan" was resplendent in the bright glare of five hundred incandescent lights.

But "there is an end to all things," and at the end of the Fair the lights went out and the many bright people hastened away from the desolation and demolition which, on the first day of November, was immediately com-



menced. All, as well as the officials of the World's Fair, bade each other "good-bye," and returned to their homes, very sad at giving up its social pleasures and the friendships formed there. It is doubtful if we shall ever meet again on earth.

Yet sweetly falls on each ear  
Past words of comfort and cheer,  
Of courteous kindness toward each extended,  
As regretfully we said "The World's Fair is ended."

Note.—Mr. Travers, one of Detroit's rising young artists, occupied an office in "Administration," doing official drawings of the many art pieces in order that they should be correctly preserved. This was done under the authority of the Exposition Company, who contributed them to art journals. It was our pleasure to often see these masterly collections of drawings done by this gentleman, for with portfolio under arm he always stopped "home" either going to or coming from the "Art Palace." All art seemed to be his forte, but especially so were the heavy pieces like "A Crocodile in the Embrace of a Lion," and "The Indian Hunt." He was gifted with great versatility and innate conception of execution.



## DEDICATION OF THE MICHIGAN BUILDING.

The dedication of the Michigan Building occurred on the morning of April 29th, 1893. Perhaps it will interest, if there is mentioned some of the discouragements and hard labor which accompanied the gathering together of material, through soliciting contributions both in material and money. Of these last two mentioned, prominent citizens of the State responded nobly; while en masse the citizens of the State of Michigan were deeply interested in seeing that the banner State of the Union did herself proud, and they went to the Fair with no shame-faced doubts regarding any department which she might represent, and they returned home prouder than they ever were of the Wolverine State. The highest to the most subordinate official worked in season and out of season to bring about the grand culmination of success, in which they most nobly succeeded. And Michigan carried home unlimited honors, which as a State she justly deserves. At the time of the dedication of the World's Fair grounds, 1892, the frame work of the Michigan Building had been only a short time erected, and it was not enclosed. The work upon the building progressed slowly, but there were good reasons for this. In comparing with other States which were situated nearer Chicago and so could command their resources much sooner and at less expense, it was found that Michigan officials were even ahead of these in completing and furnishing their building first. There was not a carload of material sent steaming over the railroads directed to Michigan's World's Fair Commissioners that some official did not have to board the cars at South Park Station and ride down to Harvey, to then walk down the tracks of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, and search out the cars which were labeled for Michigan. Then they would find a railroad official, and with him go through endless yards upon yards of red tape, which sometimes kept them there a whole day waiting for hundreds of other cars to be drawn to the Fair grounds, or to be sent on to some other destination; and when the sun was low in the west, the tired Michigan official, with hundreds of them from other States who were awaiting their turn, would be informed by an official of the road, if they wished to receive any attention,



to come early in the morning, as the first that came would be first served. Sometimes these proceedings lasted for days. No one was to blame for it. The railway companies employed all the help that could be utilized, and the employes worked faithfully to send on their way the thousands of cars. We must not forget that all of this time of weary waiting, that workmen at the Fair grounds were waiting for the material to proceed with. There was not one thing attempted by any one interested in the Fair, that they did not meet with even worse experiences than these just mentioned. Large forces of laborers, numbering into the thousands, worked both night and day upon the buildings, while it seemed the icy breezes of Lake Michigan would freeze them to the very marrow.

We have yet to understand how they held nails in their fingers, stiff with cold, long enough to hammer them in. As soon as the frost was out of the ground, the railroad tracks within the grounds, which ran over it in all directions, were removed from their places; and as if by magic in a night only, our eyes would rest upon green lawns and broad white roadways, until at last everything was perfected and in readiness for the nations of the earth to enjoy it. For two weeks before the dedication of the Michigan Building, carpenters and other workmen worked both night and day, in order to anticipate the wishes of the official boards, and to accomplish that which was to give pleasure and comfort upon dedication day to the people of Michigan.

The tiling of the main reception room, or office, was laid under most discouraging circumstances. Narrow boards were elevated over the yet green work, a tippy-toppling arrangement, often breaking down, but luckily doing no damage. When in condition to be walked upon, never was seen a smoother, finer pavement, or one which wore better. At the end of the Fair, although it had been trod over and over again by millions of feet, it was still in good condition for years to come.

This work was accomplished by Billings & Drew, of Detroit. On April 28th, the Grand Rapids parlor, not being finished, or furnished, as was the case of the rooms in every State building, it was decided by the officials that the lumber, tools and all that was unsightly or of objectionable appearance should be placed in this room, which afterwards became under the tasteful supervision of Mrs. M. J. Smiley, then a resident of Grand Rapids,



but now of Chicago, one of the most beautiful parlors upon the grounds.

So, on dedication day, everything which was objectionable was stowed away in this room. All except one object; the reason It was not stored away for the day and throughout the whole of the Fair, was because only one official favored the proceedings, while the rest were "dead against it." This official was a very winning person, but it was seldom It won. Its nature, at times, could honestly be compared to a gentle summer's breeze, but that was a fancy which was as deceitful as Lake Michigan itself; and the comparison drawn between this official and Lake Michigan is not libelous. It appeared serenely serene and placidly placid, just like the lake sometimes did, but we never knew when It like the lake would grow majestically angry, and from Its storm-crested waves throw quantities of bilious-looking foam, and when It madly rushed onto the "beach," the spectators always drew back to avoid It spitting in their faces.

On dedication day the archway between the Grand Rapids parlor and the corridor was covered with canvas, which was drawn smooth, then tacked to the woodwork. Then it was curtained by two large flags of the Union. A graceful drapery of Old Glory surmounted it. Folds of the nation's colors drooped over the unfinished fireplaces, all except the Muskegon reading room, which was first in being in perfect order for the reception of visitors at the Fair.

On the evening before the dedication none of the decorations had been accomplished. Neither had the clearing out process begun, while Michigan's lawns, and those about the "Art Palace," the driveways, and looking in all directions, were rough and muddy. Horses sank knee-deep, and wagon wheels nearly to the hubs in the miry substance, but hundreds of men labored all the night through by the aid of electricity, and when morning came, all of the unsightliness and discomfort had been changed to a scene of neatness and beauty. Green lawns and smooth white roadways greeted the eye, and the white limestone had been rolled down fine by means of the steam crusher.

Inside and outside of Michigan's home the transformation was indeed surprising. Hundreds of "Old Glories" were tastefully draped over its interior. Banks of flowers and vases of them graced mantels, tables and window-



seats. Smilax seemed to have grown to the ceilings in a night. Everywhere were seen cut roses in bloom. All of this prettiness displayed was contributed through the labor and fine taste displayed by Miss Beebe, of Detroit, matron of the building, whose force of servants, through her energetic ability, kept Michigan's State Building at all times the cleanest of any at the Fair.

By nine o'clock, hundreds of "Michiganders" had congregated to help celebrate the dedication of their building, of which they are proud to know, was the most hospitable, and home-like, of any, and it had all conveniences which would contribute to their comfort while visiting the Fair.

Presently the Benton Harbor Band played, and in grand concert pealed from Wolverine throats:

"Home of my heart, I sing of thee,  
Michigan, my Michigan."

Then again:

"Her sons still onward march to fame,  
Michigan, my Michigan."

Until it was finished by them, even the last line.

Then came a notable procession, President Palmer, "Michigan's own," escorted Governor Rich and staff, which was followed by Speaker Tatem, of the House of Representatives, and following after him came the Michigan Officials. This imposing representation from Michigan seated themselves on a broad landing leading to the first staircase, where were already seated many more of the State's distinguished citizens.

The address of welcome and the presentation of the solid silver key of the building, to which was attached a silver plate with the names of the Michigan officials upon it, was presented by President Weston.

His speech was a remarkably fine piece of oratory; so complete and perfect was its diction and beauty of language that it received favorable comments from the press, and all who heard him. The key was carried to Lansing by the Governor, and placed in the archives of Michigan's Capitol.

The Governor followed President Weston in a congratulatory speech upon the able work which had been done by him and Secretary Mark W. Stevens, and the officials. Then followed a speech made by Speaker Tatem, after which, citizens of Michigan, and her guests from sis-



ter States, ascended the grand staircase to the second floor, where refreshments were served. Following this, a tour of inspection was made over the building by the officials and guests.

The electric light fixtures here, as in many other buildings, were not in running order until June 1st. So the reception to the Governor and the dedicatory ball was held in the evening at the "Hyde Park," and that was another "red letter" night in this hostelry, which is so dear to the hearts of her World's Fair guests. Never had her rooms beheld a more imposing array of distinguished people of the world.

The Governor and Mrs. Rich, Speaker Tatem and wife, with the magnificently uniformed officers of the Governor's staff, made a handsome and brilliant appearance, standing near the marble stairs of the main reception parlors.

In fancy we are again living in that auspicious scene where Michigan's executive and his worthy wife, and the others mentioned, welcomed the Marquis Eurico Ungaro, private counselor to the King of Italy, Count R. Piola Casetti, Cav. Giuseppe Guetta, both of the Queen's Imperial Guards. After them there came for presentation over thirty representatives of Italy. Then Hon. Mr. Baker and wife, he, the Royal Commissioner of Dublin, Lady Arnaugh and daughter, cousins to Lord and Lady Aberdeen. These distinguished people arrived that evening, fatigued from their long journey, but in time for presentation, after which they begged to be excused. Then were presented two of the representatives of Her Majesty, the Queen of England, Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Austin, then Signor Zeggio, who had charge of the Queen's laces of Italy, and hundreds of distinguished notables to which space cannot be given.

Michigan's officials, headed by the Governor and Mrs. Rich, Speaker Tatem and wife, then foreign dignitaries and representatives for the World's Fair were followed by the Governor's staff, and lastly by Michigan officials and their ladies. They moved down the marble stairs and passed between stately palms standing in banks of green, dotted with flowers, thence into the ball room, where the ball was opened by leading dignitaries of the world. A unique, yet fascinating, sight it was, looking upon officers in the uniforms of their different countries. But none were so attractive and splendid to an American



as were the gold buttons, cords and epaulettes worn upon the blue and gray-coated soldiers of America. A country which has given to the world more literature, more great men and women of greater personal beauty, worth and wit, than has ever any country in the world's history.

And the Fair has been the means of establishing a strong bond of heartfelt respect and good feeling between Americans and foreigners. Upon this auspicious evening officials wearing red coats and white coats, embroidered in gold, moved about.

There were bright flashing glances of brown eyes and  
blue,  
Fair forms in drapery of every hue,  
Lightly all tripped in musical rhyme,  
In a fairy like revel which was o'er in due time.

Two fair goddesses reigned o'er the scene,  
'Twas Purity and Culture, and each was a queen.  
Love chained them together; friendships like these,  
With tearless eyes and hearts at ease.

In dreams again, in fancy we share,  
That eventful evening just before the World's Fair,  
And we send forth this greeting from all who were there,  
"Hyde Park is remembered as well as the Fair."



## ADDITIONAL REMARKS.

It has not been the intention of the writer to leave unmentioned many officials and other acquaintances of the Fair, but there are a few which should receive mention. James W. Flynn, of Detroit, Michigan, was one of the members of the Executive Committee on Finances. He was the Treasurer; a splendid financial manager and uncommonly well fitted to dispense Michigan's World's Fair money economically. This he did to the satisfaction of everyone, from ex-Governor Winans, who was the Chief Executive who appointed the Michigan Board; and Governor Rich, who followed him, was well pleased with Mr. Flynn, as was President Weston and every member of the Board. One evening there assembled in the Board room nearly all of Michigan's officials, other members of "Michigan's Home," and the servants of the house. It was a pleasant occasion which is remembered with pleasure by all of them. This occasion was the presentation of a diamond pin by all members of the household, to President Weston. A short but pleasing presentation speech was made in behalf of the inmates of the building by Secretary Mark W. Stevens. Mr. Weston was completely surprised, and after a few moments made an appropriate reply of appreciative thanks, then turning towards Mrs. ——— he requested her to perform the happy task of placing it upon his necktie. He was assured by the lady that it was one of the most delightful and honored privileges ever accorded her. Among the members who were in this assemblage, was one who was to be the first that should be called to God's summer land. It was the honored wife of J. J. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Michigan. A few evenings after she became suddenly blind, and did not recover from it for some time. Her friends were impressed that it was a premonition of further misfortune to her. It proved to be the case, for in one short year from that time she passed away. She was an interesting lady, she cherished high ideals of life and lived up to them. Mr. Woodman's son, an only child, and his pretty young wife, were the shadows of "Father and Mother Woodman." If any one member of this family was needed to be seen by any one, certain it was that in searching out the whereabouts of one there was always found all four



members of this agreeable family who were devoted in an unusual degree to each other. Mr. Woodman, Sr., and Mr. Judson Belden, Jr., had charge of the agricultural booth in the Agricultural Building. In this booth were seen the largest ears of corn upon the tallest of corn stalks, great sheaves of wheat, rye and oats with perfect cereals. An attractive decoration in this booth was a representation of wax figures dressed in the straws and fine grasses of the State.

It was called "The Farmer's Family," but was rechristened "The Happy Family." Mr. Edwin Belden, the eldest son of Mr. E. H. Belden, had sole charge of a large electrical exhibit in the Electricity Building. He is an electrical student of great ability. E. H. Belden, Executive Commissioner and Vice-President of the Michigan Board, took great pride in the horticultural exhibit. He had charge of this and many other departments.

Another valuable member of the Michigan Board was Hon. Peter White, of Marquette; also Mr. M. Henry Lane, of Kalamazoo, and Mr. George H. Barbour, of Detroit. These last named gentlemen were United States Commissioners for Michigan, and they, with all other officials, helped to make the showing from Michigan a grand success.

Only those are mentioned whom the writer knew personally, or those of whom the opportunity was given her to inquire into their lines of work. Mrs. E. J. P. Howes, of Battle Creek, United States Lady Manager, occupied the same official position as Mrs. S. C. S. Angell, of Ann Arbor. Both of these ladies were energetic and fully exemplified that they were most capable in their lines of work. Mrs. F. P. Burrows, of Kalamazoo, wife of the Hon. Julius Caesar Burrows, was Alternate Lady Manager and faithfully carried out her obligations to the State. She was eminently fitted to have been a United States Lady Manager, but it was an honor to be even a part or parcel of the Fair, for from the highest to the most subordinate position, it placed upon every official great responsibility. It is said of Mrs. Burrows' resident city, Kalamazoo, and of the City of Flint, that in wealth, elegant residences and attractive driveways, they rank next to Detroit. "Alternates" Ernest B. Fisher, of Grand Rapids, and Joseph T. Whittier, of Saginaw, fully exemplified their executive capabilities in their official positions in the Fair. I wonder if there is any harm in speaking of a



certain official if it is not stated in what State he resides? He was bright, witty, intensely amusing, the most interesting gentleman, all said who met him, that they ever knew. He used to often come into the Michigan Building to call up some one by telephone. It was always like this: "Hello" (impatient adjectives of a riotous order; this before it was possible for the party at the other end of the line to reply), and sooner than this explanation can be read by the reader, he would yell "good-by" (adjectives and some more of the same order). He had no patience with a telephone; he said it rattled him and made him feel like a wild man from Borneo. He said he hated impromptu speech-making, made by himself or any one else over the telephone. He used to remark if he could only write his messages out in Dr. Johnson's choicest style, then place them in the receiver, and blow upon it with his mouth to send them to their destination, and then receive an answer "lightning quick," back in the same manner, he would be satisfied. He said, "I cannot understand why Gray's telautograph is not used upon these grounds, instead of telephones;" he sighed wearily and proceeded with his remarks, saying, "I suppose the telephone company keeps saucy girls at the central station on purpose for just such people as myself. The fact is, the moment I hear one of those central girls yell back 'hello,' I forget what I wish to say, and feel as embarrassed as that Mr. Tennyson tells he felt when asked to respond to a toast at a banquet." Mr. Tennyson tells about it in his book entitled "A Tale of the World's Fair," published by P. T. Neely, of Chicago. The book was written in the interests of the Phenix Insurance Co. It abounds in details which are both picturesque and graphic to the imagination.

He gives a vivid description of a trip taken with thousands of "World's Fair" dignitaries to the White Sulphur Springs, where was held by these distinguished people a grand banquet. This erratic and eccentric State official, although he was a profound scholar, remarked that had he been called upon unawares to respond to "Beautiful Florida," or any other subject, he thought his mental condition at that time would be typical if not in a worse state of mind than was Mr. Tennyson, who writes, "Suddenly I heard my name called, I had been taken unawares, and was asked to respond to 'Beautiful Florida.' I thought that the lights went out and left me in total darkness, yet



I could dimly see hands flopping and handkerchiefs waving when they cheered. I thought the Charleston earthquake was being repeated and thought I felt the earth slipping from under me. I staggered to my feet. My hands were tightly clenched, and my teeth were set. I do not know as I said anything of what I thought. I was thinking of home, the peaceful retreat of youthful seclusion, and longed for a plunge into the Everglades. I was in a horrible nightmare of torture. The next morning I read in 'The Florida Times' a purport of my speech. I clipped it out. I have not the heart to disturb its serene garb."

Here it is, occupying its legitimate place in World's Fair history:

Ladies and Gentlemen: If there is one more than another who should drink to the health of this flower-bathed land, I am that drinker. In this sun-kissed State I first saw the color of light, and formed the acquaintance of my parents. This is a land of magnitude, of compass, of magnificent distances, heights and depths. From this land grows immensity itself. Strong in creative force, it is patient in detail. When it grew the mighty palm, it also grew the little blades of grass. When it wrought the everlasting hills, it wrought also the little grain of sand. When it formed these fathomless lakes it formed the tiny shell upon their shores. When it made the mighty seas, it made the insects that abide within them. When it grew me, it grew a daisy (enthusiastic applause). Great in history, bright in memories, it rose above the din of wrecking worlds without a tremor, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world. She sat upon her seven hills grand, gloomy and peculiar, and if that be treason make the best of it. Look at St. Augustine, that dark-browed, sweetly-smiling Sappho by the sea, ancient, gray-haired, and yet so strong. The Spanish blood that once proudly coursed its veins, was revolutionized in 1776, and Americanized during the last earthquake. Its fame is world extensive, and had there been another set of seven hills it would have been there. Look at our lakes, so clear that the heavens bend under the same as above, and where generations on generations have dragged up, drowned honor by the locks. (Cheers.) Look at our air, so clear you cannot see it, so gracious, so child-like and bland; it smelleth the battle afar off, and its neck is clothed with thunder. (Applause.)



Look at our sun, brighter than any sun as it rises up over the Rocky Mountains, stern sentinels of the stars, and spreads its burnished pinions to the east, bathes its plumage in the thunder's home, and settles down at night to rest upon its eastern crag. Look at our moon as it rises fresh washed from the western waves, floats like a radiant angel over southern seas, and, like a ball of far off fading fire (cheers), rolls down the eastern skies and wakes the sleeping nations under ground. (Wild applause.)

Look at our stars, the holes punched through the heavens to paradise, the windows of the new Jerusalem, shedding their light on this land of flowers like the beams of an angel's smile. (Applause.) When Florida rose as a tawny youth to do battle in its race with civilization, it girded its loins with the red band of sunset, bended its bows from the forests primeval and tipped its arrows with the horns of the moon. Before its strong arm the Indian, the Spanish, the French and the British were made to bite the dust (applause), but the dust still lives. (Uproarious applause.) But the American eagle, that fierce bird of war, now mates with the dove, that sweet emblem of peace. You may talk about your Lexingtons and Yorktowns, your Joshuas and suns and moons and your flying cars, but Columbus came nearer discovering America right here than any place in the world, and four hundred years have indorsed the wisdom of his choice. Where is the land thus honored? Where, gentlemen, in all the extent of a slumbering continent was it wakened from its sleep by the touch of civilization? Right here, here where the chariot rolled from out the sea and scattered the dews of a new life upon its quickening form. Here arose that splendor and grandeur which eclipsed the radiance of the east and set upon the brow of hoary age the signet of its own immortality. The eternal sun, the everlasting hills, the great globe itself bows in holy reverence to the matchless glory of this great commonwealth and crowns her the revered mother of all the States. Among these scenes was freedom first unchained and when its century-locked shackles burst, its voice of triumph broke through the day and rang down the ages, awaking patriotism in the slumbering valleys and up the immortal mountain heights, until throughout this land, o'er budding leagues and blooming States, the light of liberty burst from the billows of night. (Sensation.) Mother of States, I greet you. Spirit of freedom, unborn millions will bless you, and from the east,



west, north and south, the hymn of the new redemption will rise to crown your brow with song, and in thy lofty ears will hum the music of the spheres and the morning stars in chorus set, till in the words of that noble bard—the poet—poet—I have forgotten his name, but he said—he said—said—I've forgotten what he said, too. (Wild and continued applause.) As long as the heavens shall bend above us, as long as the earth shall stand beneath, so long will this, the crown and glory of all States, stand like the immortal matchlessness of everlasting eternity. The diadems of the Caesars and the crowns of potentates shall grow lusterless and faint in the presence of thy vaulting altitude and limitless boundlessness of the fathomlessness greatness of thy indeterminable extensiveness. States upon States, continents upon continents, worlds upon worlds, heavens upon heavens, time without end, ages without limit, eons, the World's Fair, Florida, hallelujah, Fourth of July. E pluribus unum, gloria.



## NEW YORK.

This great State appropriated \$600,000 to defray the expenses of its exhibits and building, which for real, solid grandeur, was the most noted of the States.

It was a reproduction, slightly modified, of the old Van Rensselaer residence, which for many years was one of the historic landmarks of New York City, and it recalls to us memories of an interesting period in our national history, when that great commercial and financial metropolis was but a straggling, seaport town.

The New York State Building was fifty feet wide by two hundred feet long. It represented an expenditure of over \$150,000. The outer and inner decorations were beautiful. The State was fittingly represented in every department of the Exposition.

At the right and left of the vestibuled porch were grotto fountains. About them on the walls were decorations in mosaics, done in the Venetian style, of Egyptian figures and faces, besides fishes, shells, and birds.

In the center of the main hall, on its marble floor, were the signs of the zodiac laid in brass. In the grand parlor was a gold-covered Steinway & Son's piano. The furnishings of every room were impressively grand, being hundreds of years old. There were gold-covered chests, fit to hold the linen and bridal finery of a princess, and antique cabinets, thickly set with queerly-shaped animals and birds. Strange, was it not, that some sightseers insisted on slyly digging out these pearl and ivory designs, we suppose to carry home as souvenirs. It ruined the looks and value of the cabinets, and it seemed to us an impossible art for any one to imitate those original designs, and it is very doubtful if it can be done as successfully as those were.

There were chairs, tables and screens of the Italian Renaissance. The screens were in beautiful designs of hand modeled leather. This particular kind is a lost art, which was done by artists in Italy hundreds of years ago. In all of the rooms was seen grand old tapestry, and mammoth chandeliers glittered with heavy ropes of crystal.

On the eastern porch, leading from the reading room, and ladies' parlor, was a fountain which, aided by the



breeze from Lake Michigan, made it delightfully cool there. On climbing the marble stairs, we gazed upon walls and ceilings rich in classic decorations. They were ropes of roses, and spreading vines, while hiding between them were classic figures. On arriving at the top of stairs, we found ourselves in a long, wide hall, which was hung with tapestries hundreds of years old. Next we passed into the magnificent banquet hall, which was also used for receptions and balls, which were given always in a splendid and expensive manner by the New York officials.

How shall we describe the splendor of this banquet hall? We can only try, and if in our anxiety to place it before you we could possibly carry out the plan, we would in fancy once more cause you to walk the length of the grand room, whose walls and pillars were completely covered with relief decorations of every description. These had the appearance of being carved out of cream-colored marble.

Gold and scarlet were prominent over its yellowish whiteness; this gave it a look of antiquity. The gallery was a marvel of golden openwork, with a background of red. At one end of the room were tall, heavy-globed electric lamps of solid brass. These were very large, elegant in pattern and proportioned in a massiveness to correspond with this mammoth room.

In the alcoves were old tapestries, and pictured upon them were ancient people of long ago going to war. Just then the band most appropriately happened to play "Yes, Let Me Like a Soldier Die." This band was directed by Sousa, and it filled our ears with sweet strains of music, while our eyes rested on beauties utterly unexplainable. It is hard to describe what our feelings and thoughts were; this much we knew: that happy moments were flying by. In one sense it was a butterfly existence; yet reverently and lovingly was touched the lyre of the soul's best impulses, and in thought we hastened on to greater happiness, that of doing work of an elevating nature, if perchance it awaited us. The Fair awakened grand impulses and noble aspirations in the heart of humanity. And all are better for having seen it, and most unwillingly they gave up those fleeting pleasures of which they knew, that like the fairies in fairyland, there would a time come when the revel must cease.

In another room hung two centennial banners em-



broidered by the women of New York. The one of 1776 was not as elaborate as the one of 1876; both were historically decorated in designs typical of the nation's history, which dated back to over one hundred years ago, and they progressed in delineating history up to nearly that of the present. An inscription upon one read:

"The Lord God be with you as He was with our fathers. From the daughters of New York to their sisters of the Union."

Next we passed into a very pretty room. Its oiled floor was spread with snowy white fur rugs. The walls were decorated with pumpkin vines and blossoms. There was a table covered with snowy damask, and very elegantly set with china for a teaparty.

In the room containing antiquities we found the Van Rensselaer cannon of two hundred years ago, which they brought to this country with them, and fired on the death or birth of any member of the family. There were exhibited large silver punch bowls, with covers, which were presented to Governor De Witt Clinton, on the occasion of the opening of the Erie Canal. These were loaned by his great niece, Mrs. Baldwin. Next we saw a freedom suit which was presented to Jonathan Sheldon in 1778, by his employer at the close of his apprenticeship. There were warming pans. These long-handled affairs looked as though they might have been convenient for many other things beside throwing into them hot coals, and then running them over a cold bed. We heard several say that perhaps they had sometimes been used to spank the "young 'uns" with.

There was shown the manuscript of a sermon, so worn it would not bear touching. It was delivered in July of 1722. It looked like a real long sermon, and we were glad we did not have to listen to it on that hot day in July, for we imagined that from it an odor of brimstone was wafted to our nostrils, and that we listened to this terrible sermon delivered by a "good man of God," and its sentiments sent all of God's loved children into outer darkness and into the fire that quenched not. On leaving this room we went to where the elevator was situated. The party were politely waved in by stately gestures given by a dignified colored gentleman dressed in livery. On arriving at the garden roof he again was no more polite than it was always his custom to be. An old lady of the party was deeply impressed, saying that "his polite man-



ners was worth a fortin to him. Why, he acted toward me as though he was salutin' the Queen o' Sheba. I feel real stuck up. Mebe he thinks I'm a Vanderbilt or an Astor." Her meek little husband, with a weak voice piped up: "Every one admires you, wifey, and though you are not Mrs. Astor, you are my old china astor just the same." Her dear old face glowed with pride, and she said:

"My old man can say the pertiest things, and he allus takes pains to say 'em to me instead o' to any un else."

Here was given us a fine view of buildings standing 'mid beautifully laid out grounds, lying amid forests of trees. The vast waters of Lake Michigan were dotted with steamers and barges of every description. We looked onto the roof of the Idaho Building, piled with rows of heavy stones. This effect helped to carry out the representation intended, that of a Tyrolese peasant house.

After leaving the roof of the New York Building we loitered for a time in its beautiful rooms, and then went over to the Delaware Building, where we were given some delicious peaches, all we wished of them to eat. There were hundreds of bushel baskets filled with the great, luscious fruit, which the Commissioners of Delaware gave to all visitors.

But we must return to New York.

No official is better remembered than the genial Mrs. Ralph Trautman, ex-lady manager of New York, who presided with dignity and grace at the grand receptions. The one given in honor of the West Point Cadets was an occasion not to be forgotten. It was an imposing array of military officers from over the whole world. Col. Fred Grant and wife were there, accompanied by Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris, Gen. Miles and wife, his staff, and hundreds of other noted people. Every one, especially the young ladies, were enthusiastic over the cadets, and said they were the finest specimens of manhood they had ever beheld.

Oh! how busy the "boy-god" Love was; he who was born when earth was created. His quivers were full. He let fly his arrows, while an extra force of Cupids at his command did most complete and artistic work, while for one week the cadets were encamped near the Government Building. Every day they went through with the most perfect evolutions in military tactics of any military body



in the world. They were sensible young men, or they would have been spoiled with flattery and the attentions which they received from all directions.

Most impressive was the scene when the cadets visited Col. Cody's "Wild West Show," when the armies representing the world came in on horseback. At the head of each column was carried the flag which represented their country. But when the glorious Stars and Stripes passed by, nothing could have been more impressive. The cadets arose in a body, removed their caps, and saluted the flag. It was the "red letter" week of the Fair to the "fair," all on account of the presence of the cadets.

All entertainments given that week were magnificent with the predominant glitter of uniforms and the richest of costumes worn by the ladies. All these caused those gatherings to be unusually bright and attractive; and when "tents dropped" and they marched away to the air played by the band, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," 'twas a sad day to the "fair," who, accompanied by their chaperons, tearfully waved handkerchiefs, while some said humorous and irrelevant things, which of course was to deceive and help them hide from the world's gaze their broken hearts. It should have proved a great consolation to them that their sentiments were only on a par with those of the cadets.

One of them, Mr. B., was so affected over taking his departure that he drifted in a wee bit of poetry and recited:

Love at first a pleasure  
Has become prolific of pain,  
For we part with saddest of heartaches,  
Yet hope to soon meet again.

The World's Fair farewell banquet, given to the World's National Commissioners and their friends, was held in the "Banquet Hall" of the New York Building. In other places upon the grounds and in the City of Chicago, were other social affairs in progress. Naturally all were sad at the prospect of parting with each other and leaving their "Heaven on Earth" as they were wont to call it, and it is no wonder that they felt that sentiment, for amid all the splendor of The World's Columbian Exposition, was constantly found kindly, cultured, and true-hearted



people, possessed of lovely natures which were typical of the beauty of the White City; and it was there we discovered one of the secrets of earthly happiness, that is, it depends upon what people really are; not what they try to impress one that they are. In this loved place predominated unselfishness and a real, heartfelt interest for each other; and when in one gathering of a large company they sang "Blest be the Tie That Binds," it was rendered in a manner which would have convinced the most skeptical, that brotherly love existed there in large measure. While the guests were feasting in the grand "Banquet Hall," voluptuous strains of music were played by an orchestra stationed in the golden balcony. It was a happy scene; yet there was felt a premonition of coming evil. Coming events seemed to cast their shadows before. Yes, death's messengers were prowling about, but all endeavored to throw care and sorrow to the winds, and to lift from their heavy spirits that which seemed like a dank, damp, black funeral pall. Some of the ladies wove a garland of laurels and placed it upon the snowy brow of the Hon. Col. Wyman, of Rhode Island. As he arose to make the farewell speech, he was pelted by all the guests with flowers. Standing in the midst of them, the venerable gentleman was "the fairest flower of all," and his speech carried us, in spirit, to the "better land." He said:

"I'm an old man, and it is certain that a few more years will close my life's page on earth, but when I've reached God's land, which lies in the bright beyond, and am standing on the shore of the crystal river, I shall gaze eagerly across its shining waves and keep tryst for the first World's Fair friend; and loved ones there with faces divinely fair, will clasp them to their breasts as closely as will I in the New World where friendships are never severed."

In the midst of his speech a messenger was admitted, who hastened to his side and whispered something in his ear. His white head dropped lower and lower, until his chin rested upon his breast. A dark, unfathomable mystery was present, spreading over the company like a funeral pall. In heart-broken tones he informed the guests that it was his sad duty to inform them that Mayor Carter Harrison had just been foully assassinated.

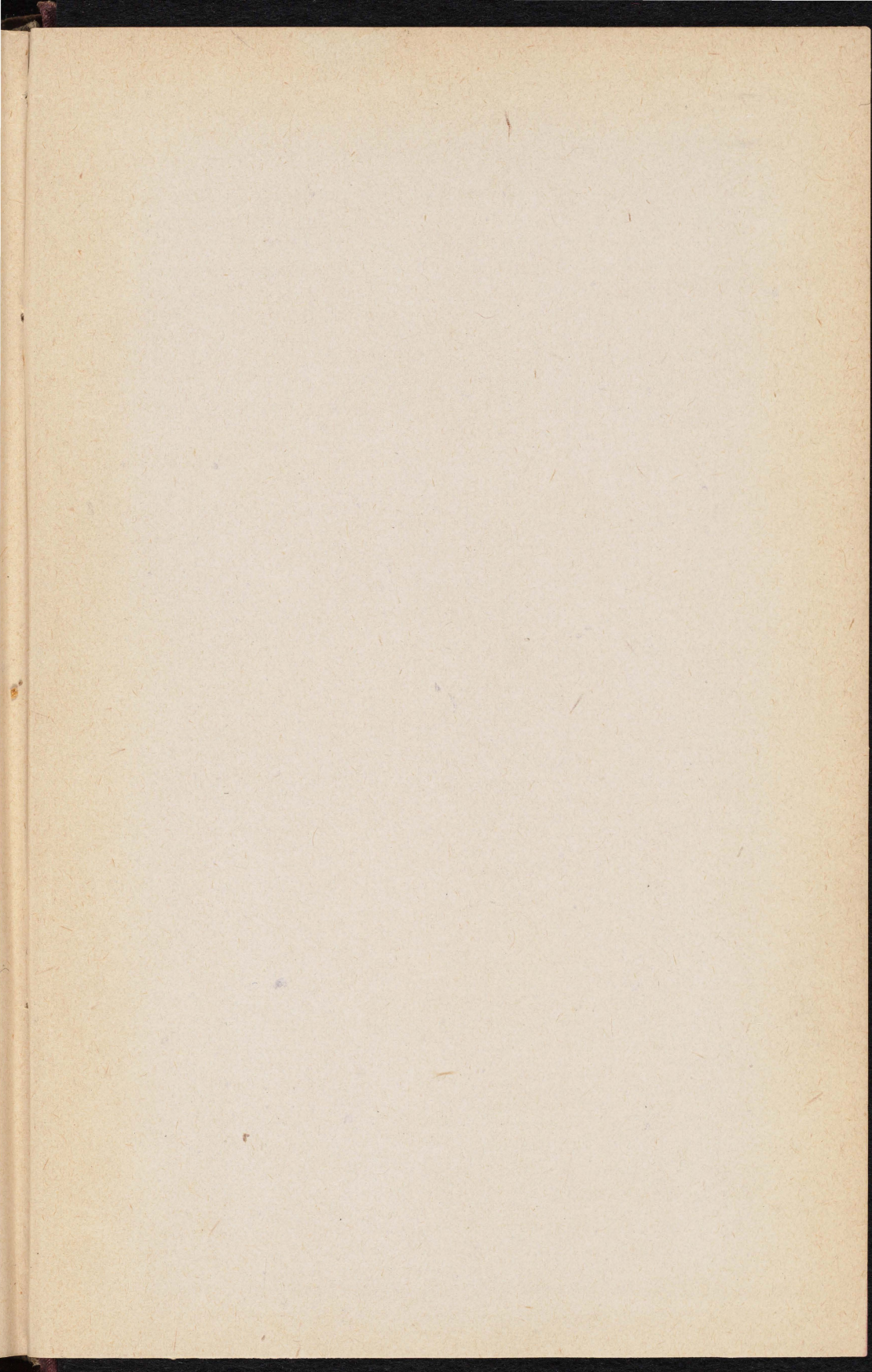
The company, like hundreds of other gatherings in the city upon that ominous night, filed slowly and sadly out



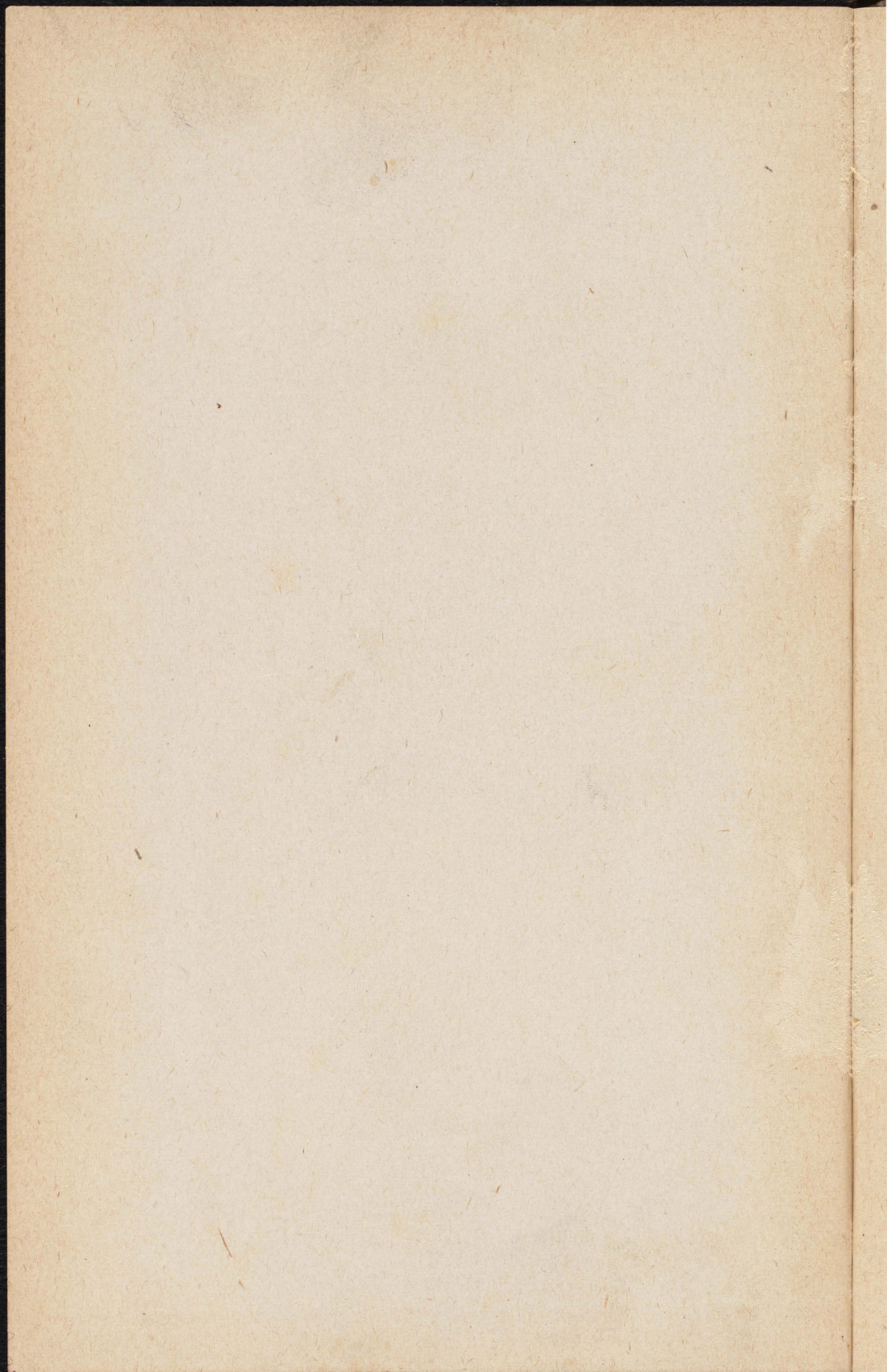
to the "Dead March from Saul"; all were wrapped in thoughts too sad to express. The grand festivities which were to have been at Festival Hall on the last day of the Fair were omitted, and instead a requiem was chanted. It was a sad ending to the mammoth Exposition which, had Mayor Harrison lived, might in a measure have been extended another year through the influence and interest which had, and surely would have been manifested by this kindly and public-spirited man.

Note.—The antique furnishings and all others in this building were lent by Cypher & Co., and the Duseen Bros., of New York.

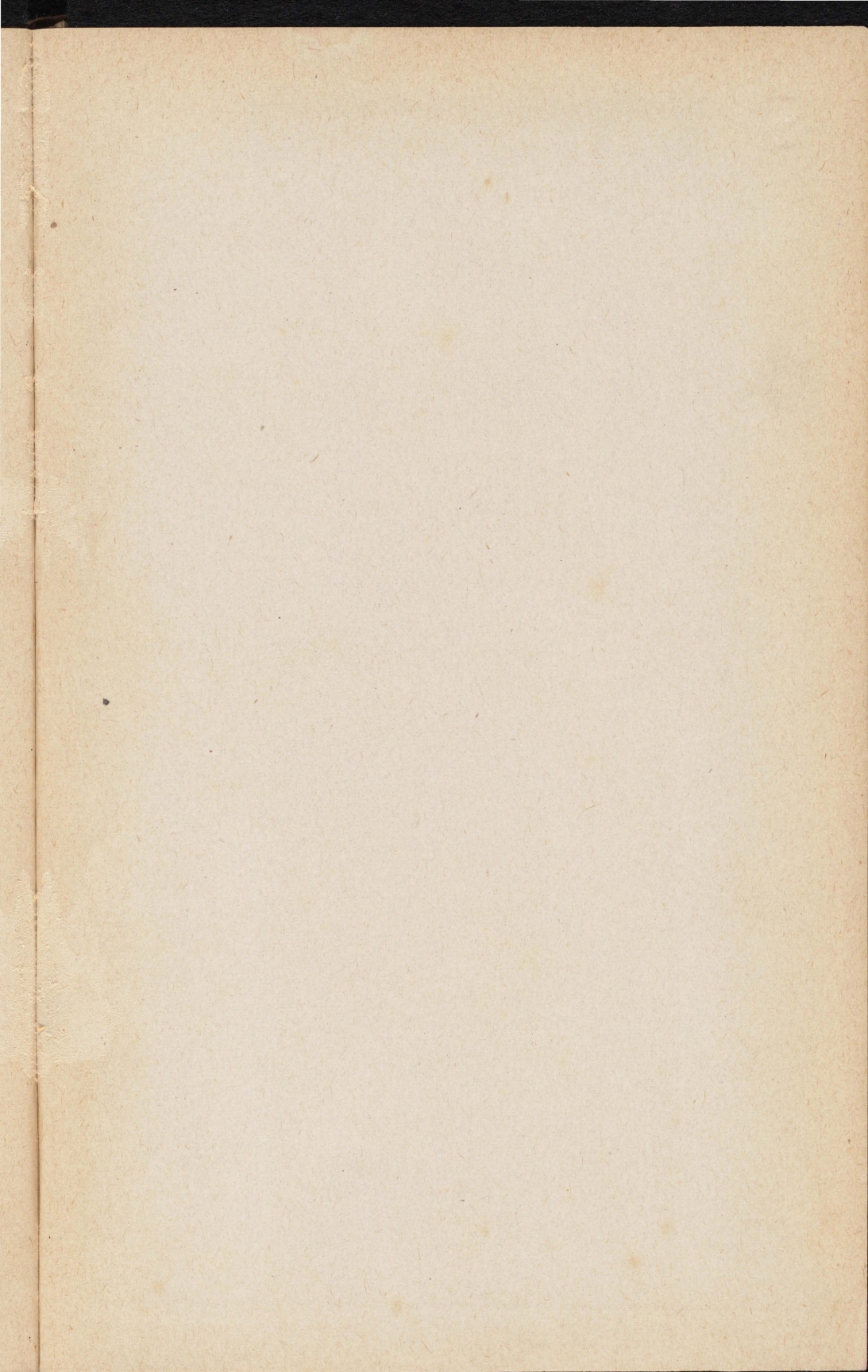




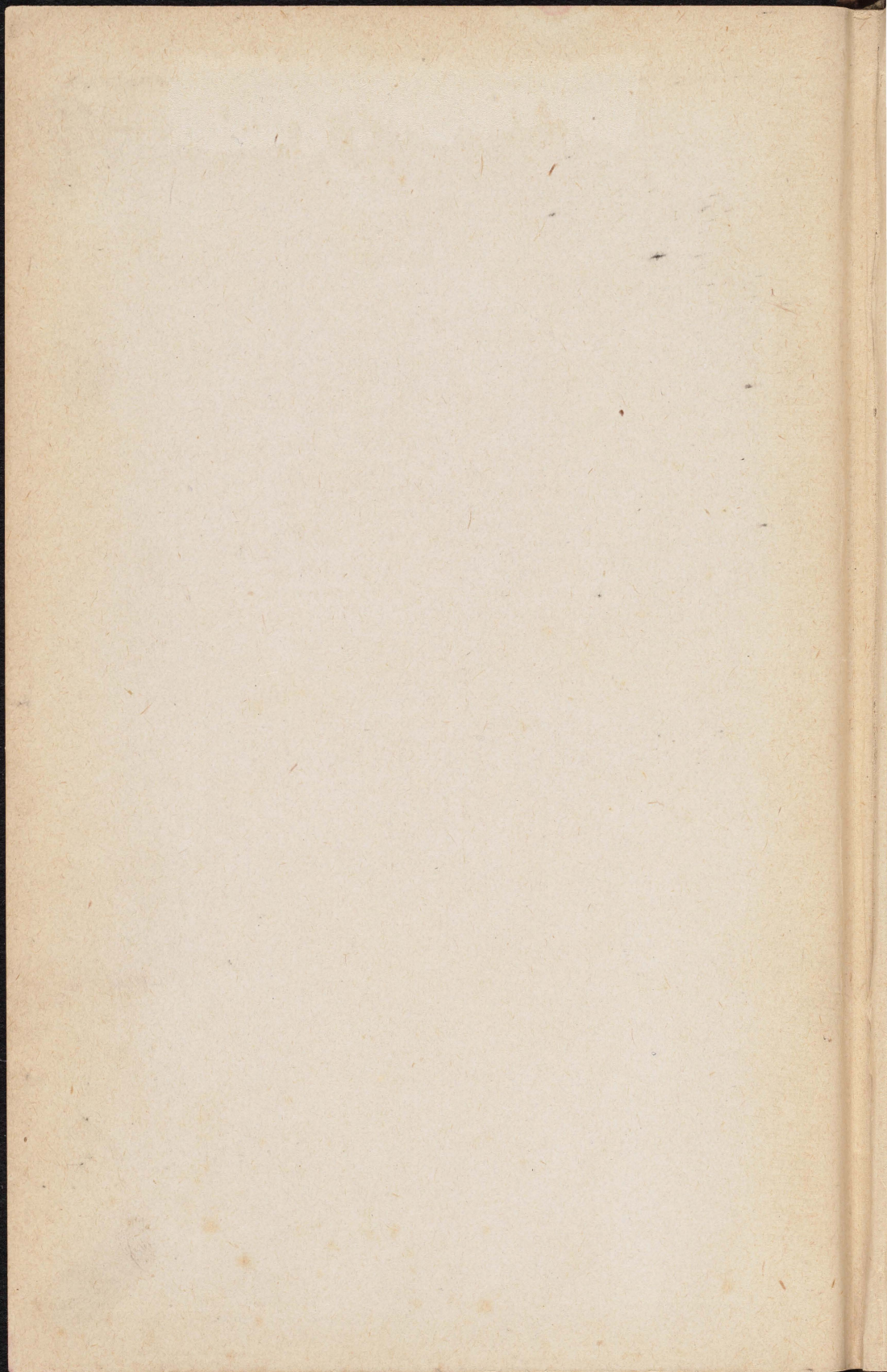














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